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# *The Port folio*

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THE  
PORT FOLIO.

VOL. 15

1833

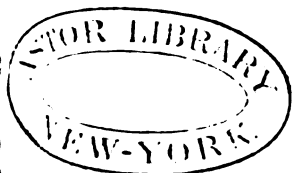
Vol. 15



*Published by Harrison Wallis*

70 South 4<sup>th</sup> Street,

PHILADELPHIA



21028. 2234 / 09

# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

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## DANGERS OF THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.\*

It is impossible to direct the attention of maritime nations too often, or too generally, to the distress and horrible captivity of their mariners, resulting from being shipwrecked on that part of the western coast of Africa called Sahara, and particularly on the flat part of the coast named by the natives *Sahel*.† This dangerous coast runs south-west from cape Noon to the latitude of the southern point of the island of Fortaventura, the southernmost of the Canary Islands, and the nearest to the African coast. The sea between that island and the continent has a current towards the African shore that is more fatal than Scylla or Charybdis. Besides this, which is the bane of mariners, particularly of the English, the atmosphere is so impregnated with the loose sand of the Sahara, impelled hither by the wind, as to obstruct the view of objects at a distance; and a tremendous surf breaking on the flat shore, adds to the delusion, insomuch that vessels often get into shallow water, and are irretrievably lost, ere the sailors imagine themselves in danger.

It was on this formidable coast, according to the Arabic letter of Hamed ben Solh, a fac simile of which is given in page 527 of the first volume of this interesting narrative, that the Sophia met her fatal catastrophe.‡

\* Naufrage du Brick Français La Sophie, perdu le 30 moi 1819 sur la côte occidentale d'Afrique, et captivité d'une partie des Naufragés dans le désert de Sahara; avec de nouveaux renseignements sur la ville de Timectou. Ouvrage orné d'une carte dressée par M. Lapie, et de planches dessinées par H. Vernet, et autres artistes distingués. Par Charles Cochelet, ancien payeur général en Catalogne, l'une des Naufrages. En deux volumes 8vo. Paris, 1821.

† The last English narrative relative to such a fact was by Alexander Scott, of the Montezuma of Liverpool, which was wrecked on the Sahel in 1810.

‡ It is somewhat extraordinary that the translation of this document by M. Amedée Jaubert, given in the same page, does not detail this circumstance; the fact, however, is nevertheless indisputable, for the words in the letter are as follows: *Enkassert assfinah fie ASSAHEL; assfinah France; khums Shaban, Ann 1234.* "There has been wrecked a ship on the Sahel, a French ship, 5th of Shaban, year 1234."—About three



Before the attention of the public was first excited to these disastrous wrecks, by Mr Jackson's Account of the empire of Morocco, &c. published in 1809, two or three ships were wrecked on this coast every year. Among these there was generally one out of three English. The crews of these unfortunate vessels generally suffered a long and tedious captivity, if death or conversion to Muselmism did not intervene; and all arising, it would seem, from want of that regard and interest which it would have been honourable in the nations of Christendom to have devoted to this important subject. The dangers of this coast were exposed and elucidated in the work before mentioned; and, in consequence, the sufferings of the British and other seamen, therein explained, engaged the attention of the Ironmongers Company with a zeal and energy that do credit to their feelings.\* In a short time they so effectually turned their attention to this matter, that they established an agent at Mogador, provided with the necessary funds for the purpose of redemption: and, it may be hoped, therefore, the captivity of British mariners, at least will be in future somewhat meliorated, and very considerably shortened. Moreover, there is reason to believe, that the frequency of these wrecks has been remarkably diminished by the elucidation of the dangers of this fatal coast given in the work now named.

The brig *La Sophie*, Captain Scheult, on her course from Nantes to Rio de Janeiro, in May 1819, was wrecked on the Sahel, in Lat. North  $26^{\circ} 45'$ . On the 29th May, soon after sunset, land had been discovered to the eastward, bearing the appearance of the island of Lancerotta; when, however, the morning of the 30th dawned, the crew saw themselves on the shores of this barbarous and inhospitable coast. The boat was now lowered and several of the crew resolved to proceed to the Canary Islands; whilst the remainder, six in number, trusted their fate to the Arabs. After fighting with the natives, these had to sustain various disasters and hardships, which at last became so grievous, that the writer of the narrative, who was mistaken for the captain, determined to terminate his life by drowning himself; but this the vigilance of the Arabs prevented him from executing. The unfortunate party consisted of M. Scheult, the captain; M. Mexia, a portuguese priest, of nearly 60 years of age; M. Souza, the mate; Jacques Affile, a sailor; M. Chalumeau, lieutenant; and M.

leagues from this flat shore, of Wedinoon, or the river Akassa, a bank of sand, near the level of the water, extends southward, towards Cape Bojador, which it is extremely dangerous to approach. See Jackson's enlarged Account of Morocco, p. 271.

\* The Ironmongers Company in London had a fund in hand left by a Mr Betton, for the redemption of British wrecked mariners on the African coast, which sum, for want of a proper elucidation of the circumstances attending these disastrous wrecks, had never been sufficiently applied to this philanthropic purpose. Ibid. p. 274.

Charles Cochelet, the narrator and passenger, who, after detailing the calamities they suffered, gives the following account of their daily occupations.

“ Every morning, at break of day, whilst the Arabs were prostrated on the sands, addressing their prayers to God and to the prophet, we went in quest of shell fish, on the sea-shore, which during eighteen days constituted almost our only food; about six o'clock in the morning, they called us to work, and this work, so long as the division of our plunder continued, was the same. At low water we were employed in transporting the various packages from the ship to the shore, at other times we were employed in spreading linens (part of the cargo) on the burning sand to dry, having been wet with the sea-water. The divisions of the property took place every evening, under the inspection of Fairry, our captor, amidst such howlings and disputes as frequently made him lose his authority. Every individual proprietor of the divided plunder retired with it at a distance, during the night, buried it in the sand, and left a sign whereby to recognise it. The daily arrivals of camels from various parts of the desert served to convey these hidden goods to the respective encampments of the plunderers.

“ We were sometimes obliged to make holes in the sand, big enough to bury twenty or thirty barrels of flour. This laborious work, under a vertical sun, and in the ignited atmosphere of the Sahara, was more painful than can be described. Our masters were reposed under their tents during the heat of the day, and the small number of animals which surrounded us, oppressed with heat, appeared immoveable. These camels and goats, with their heads inclined towards the burning and barren sand, were nourished by dried roots, which here and there appeared on the surface of the sands.—As for ourselves, strangers to this life of abstinence and drought, we found no relief to our unparalleled exertions, but in the cool of the evening, which, however, with our scanty supply of shell-fish, was hardly sufficient to support us.

“ On the 9th June, after the work of the day had terminated, Fairry made us all advance to the middle of the circle of Arabs, which was forming around us, and told us that they were going to separate us. We expostulated, but in vain. M. Mexia, Souza, and Chalumeau, remained the property of Fairry. M. Scheult became the property of an Arab called Mohammed, and myself and the sailor fell into the power of him whom I feared the most, that Hamet who had always shown so much hatred to me. Hamet had seen a fowl fall into the sea, which the Arabs, who were plundering the ship, had let fly out of the coop. The desire of getting this fowl took possession of him. ‘Go and fetch it, Christian,’ cried he with fury. I represented, that, not knowing how to swim, I could not execute his order without the risk of my life. Hamet’s dagger, with which I was immediately threatened, rendered my observation useless. I went after the fowl, and after swallowing

a great quantity of sea-water, I succeeded in getting it, and brought it to him, half drowned; he took it, and turning to the east (the tomb of Muhamed) he killed it with his knife.\* Faithful to his law he would not suffer a Christian to kill it. But having dispatched it himself, he threw it contemptuously in my face, making a sign to me to pluck it. It would appear that the Koran is less severe as to this second operation, and I performed it with such attention, that I forgot for the time my strange condition."

Several traits, characteristic of the Arabs, are related, but they so much resemble what has been reported by other travellers, that it is unnecessary to take up the time of the intelligent reader with a detail of them. The description of the arrival of a party of Bedoweens is interesting.

"On the 10th June, whilst the rays of the morning sun were reflected on the sand hills, we perceived on their summits, at a distance, a troop of Bedoween Arabs, who, in descending, directed themselves towards us. The brilliant brightness of their arms reflected by the sun's rays, discovered them in the distance, and the quickness of their camels soon brought them among us. Every camel carried two Arabs.—The first seated on a little saddle, like the women in Europe, who guided the camel by means of a cord, fixed to a ring through one of the nostrils of the animal; the second in the ordinary position of a man on horseback, behind the first, and separated from him only by his gun, which he rested on the camel's back horizontally before him. All those camels arrived successively, in a long trot, and stopping suddenly, gently kneeling, suffered their riders easily to dismount, who immediately put cords round one of the fore-legs with the knee bent, so as to prevent them from straying far off.

"Of these different troops there were about a dozen; each, consisting of about ten or twelve Arabs, took their position one after the other. The camels of burden arrived soon after, and, before the day was over, the place had the appearance of a camp. The appearance of these men, excited our curiosity: their exterior was noble and imposing, which was increased by the white and loose drapery of the hayk. This people were distinguished by regular features, handsome beards, and hair like our own; what was most surprising was their complexion, which was not so tanned as that of the inhabitants of Andalusia (in Spain) whom I had seen."

Our narrator informs us, that these Arabs were the Monselmynes,† a race quite different in manners and appearance from

\* Because the Muhamedans have an opinion that the English twist the necks of fowls or strangle them, which is contrary to the law of Muhamed, as well as to that of Moses, both of which direct that the blood be allowed to run out of the animal.

† The proper term is Muselmene, and the Ouadlims are the Woled Deleim. *Vide* a dissertation on this subject, in a letter from Mr. Jackson

the Ouadlims. They were returning home from Cape Bojador, but hearing of the wreck, had altered their course; and being too strong to be resisted, they shared with the Ouadlims that part of the plunder that was not already buried or removed. When the ship was quite unloaded, it was set fire to, in order to prevent her from being a mark or beacon to warn other vessels, against sharing a similar fate.

"Whilst the ship was still burning, a vessel hove in sight, with all her sails set, making directly for the Cape; when within two leagues of us, she suddenly turned, and with a fair wind proceeded on her course, not without discovering to the eyes of the crew the deplorable state, both of the wreck on the beach, and the wrecked."

After the arrival of the Monselmines, our author and his comrades were stunned with the continual repetition of the word *Sou-erah*; but it was always uttered with such fury that they could not derive any hope from its use. Nevertheless this word was the subject of various interpretations; and among these was that of M. Souza, who, supposing an analogy between this language and the French, assured the rest very seriously, that it meant "*ce soir*" i. e. *nous partirons ce soir*, [we shall depart this evening.] Soon after this, as our travellers were passing through the desert, driving three camels, which had been committed to their charge, "M. Mexia, weak and exhausted with continual fatigue, exclaimed, 'Leave me my friends, it is impossible for me to proceed further.' They stopped, and looking back found this poor and patient man fallen on the sand expressing the signs of the utmost despair. 'I cannot rise,' said he, 'I have no strength, and suffer the most unaccountable pains.' Then laying himself at his length upon the sand, with a melancholy resignation he added, 'Go, my friends, I see that this desert will be my tomb, leave me, go on; avoid, if you can, my wretched state, which I can no longer endure. How frightful it is to perish on such a spot!'"

It was impossible for his companions thus to leave him. They spoke to Sidy Hamet, who had proceeded in the caravan; but he would listen to no plan of accommodation, except that of lightening the burden of the camel that carried the wine, by emptying it, and putting M. Mexia in its place. To this the travellers readily agreed, and they continued their journey with M. Mexia riding on the camel.

An interesting account is given of the caravan's passage through a desert of moving sands, which are compared to the perfidious abysses of snow on the upper regions of the Alps. At the beginning of this traverse, and when the caravan was preparing to descend, the usual prayers of Sidy Hamet and his companion seem to have acquired a greater degree of fervency, to which they

to Sir Joseph Banks, inserted in the proceedings of the African Association; see also Shabeeny's account of Timbuctoo. &c. page 512.

added a kind of chant, replying one to the other with strong and piercing voices, and with extraordinary volubility. The figure of these two men, prostrate and trembling on the sands, imploring of Allah a safe passage through the chaos, left an indelible impression on the mind of the reporter. At the end of this perilous journey, the Arabs again prostrated themselves in prayer, and then eat a kind of pottage, which had been prepared with barley meal, before they left the wreck. This pottage, from being cold, had acquired a consistence like bread, and during several days, being mixed with some grains, was their only food. The sobriety of these people is inconceivable, and the *nonchalance* with which they support severe privations cannot be too much admired. Here they would often pass two days without drinking, and they eat but once a day. On the 19th June, worn out with fatigue and thirst, M. Souza was permitted to ride a camel; M. Mexia was also exhausted; and the whole party afterwards suffered intolerably from thirst,—a torment compared to which the evils they had before witnessed were nothing.

The following is the description given of that remarkable phenomenon the Serrab.

“What were all the ordinary interests of human life to us when I would have given all the riches in the world for a glass of water! But how happy was our lot! An immense extent of water appeared on the horizon before us. We could not be much more than two miles from it. Our strength returned to us, at the sight of this reanimating object. The assurance of an adequate help, so near at hand, was almost equal to the relief we sought; and we felt already relieved by the very anticipation that we should certainly soon have the means of quenching a thirst that was actually consuming us. We quickened our pace, and marched an hour without reaching the borders of the lake so ardently desired, but which, like an *ignis fatuus* seemed to retire from us in proportion as we advanced. Our ardour was redoubled, when this lake began to develop itself, and to occupy more than three leagues of the desert. We were surrounded with water, but could not approach it. We suffered the pains of Tantalus from the most poignant desire, joined to an absolute impossibility of gratifying it! At length our illusion disappeared. We had been deceived by the effect of the *Mirage* or illusory lake of the desert!! Vapours raised by the heat, and combined with the reflection of the rays of the sun, had produced, at a short distance of two miles, the surprising delusion we had just experienced!”

This delusion, however, contributed to sustain the party till they found water by digging in the sand a few feet deep.\*

\* The writer of this article was once hunting in the confines of the desert in lower Suse, and suffered the horrible pains of thirst. He travelled with an Arab guide in quest of water, which they did not find for several hours. The Arab knew by some beacon of the desert, the spot in a dell

Our travellers continued their journey till the 22d, in the direction of N. E. and E. when they came to a district covered with bushes, called by Sidy Hamet, Darmouse. This was the entrance to Sidy Hamet's country, and he repeatedly addressed our travellers with these words *N<sup>o</sup> Sarrah; Muselmine bseff\* darmousse*, i.e. "Christians! the Muselmén have plenty of Euphorbium plants." The Arabs used the wood of this corrosive plant for fuel. Among the darmouse was found the *che*,† which served for food to the camels and flocks of the Musselmén, inhabitants of this district. The rind of a pomegranate was also found. All these circumstances combined, presaged the approach to a productive and peopled country, and were calculated to relieve or support the minds of the travellers; but even hope itself has its limits, and though the party had cause to rejoice at their approach to a habitable country, the idea of being in the midst of a population that despised them made them tremble. On the 23d, our unfortunate captives reached the Douar of Sidy Hamet, and were treated with a contumely and scorn calculated to excite the angry passions of all whose spirits were not completely broken: Sidy Hamet himself soon sufficiently evincing the hypocrisy of character to which they seem to have all along been dupes.

They were introduced to the chief of the Muselmén, Chiek Beirouc Mouctar, who purchased them of Sidy Hamet; and soon after this was effected, a bag of gold, which Mr. Souza had contrived to conceal in a dirty piece of canvass, was discovered and taken from him,—a circumstance which excited the rage of Sidy Hamet, as much as it gave pleasure to Chiek Beirouc, to whom the prize belonged by virtue of the purchase.

On the 1st of July, at the dawn of day, the caravan departed with Cheik Beirouc for Ouednoun. Our travellers were now accommodated with camels; but these trotted so hard, that they complained of the violence of their motion. Beirouc, however, was lavish in their praises, and insinuated to our travellers that they did not value them as they ought. "(Djemel sefineh Sahara) the camel is the ship of the desert," said he, smiling with satisfaction; "moreover, this ship never made wreck!" The face of the country changed as our travellers advanced, and at eleven o'clock they reached the summit of some high mountains covered with brushwood. The rapid pace of the camels now presented to pierce with his hands. In a few minutes he made a hole two feet deep,—no water came, but only a moisture scarcely perceptible,—in a short time, "shue shue," said he, water will appear,—and it was so! No language can describe the luxury of a draught of water under these circumstances.

\* There is a drawing of this plant, of the natural size, in Jackson's Account of Marocco, page 134, and a description of it. The word is *dergmuse*, not *darmousse*, being spelt with the letter *grain*.

† *Che*, this is the *Sheh* described by Jackson in Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo, &c. p. 510.



the first beaten paths which had yet been seen,—the sure sign of a population.

“Arrived at the summit of these mountains, which we were to descend on the other side,” says our narrator, “with what an agreeable and surprising view were we struck! The country had completely changed its aspect; we had left behind us the arid and fatiguing monotony of the desert, to enter an inhabited country! In every direction the eye discovered considerable encampments, and many formed in the midst of an immense plain, circular enclosures, consisting of from 60 to 80 tents. In this plain we perceived horses, mules, and a great number of Arabs, variously occupied. Appearances of cultivation were discovered; and the land adjacent to some of the encampments, which had been sown with barley, had been already cut. From both sides of our road we started from time to time hares and partridges; every thing became animated; travellers crossed our road in all directions, some mounted on camels like ourselves, but the greater part on small horses, extraordinary for their elegance and agility.

Gardens of pomegranates, oranges, and figs of every kind were seen, and the country was every where well cultivated. In the midst of these plantations and groves, the herb *henne*\* was discovered so much valued by all the inhabitants of North Africa, particularly by the females, and which is used for imparting a coolness to the hands in hot weather.†

The most remarkable part of this interesting narrative is the following passage, which sea-faring men of every nation ought to have indelibly impressed on their minds, as it records a circumstance well deserving to be known if they happen to be wrecked on this fatal coast.

“The third day after our arrival at Ouednoun, Beirouc, accompanied by another chief came to visit us. This unknown chief inquired of us, to what nation we belonged; his numerous inquiries proved to us, that he was apprised that there were in Africa agents of the christian powers. He spoke often to us of Mogador, and of Souerah. The name of Souerah did not fail to awaken my attention, and I recollected the continual cry of the Ouadlims. We were soon convinced that these two words signified the same town. This happy discovery now created in our minds the first well-founded hope of communicating our misfortunes to Europeans. We could not doubt, notwithstanding all our uncertainty, that interest would proclaim its empire over the mind of Beirouc, and supplant that of hatred, as the money he would obtain for us might satisfy his desires. We gave him therefore to understand

\* *Vide* Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo for an account of this plant, p. 512.

† Our narrator observes, that the principal street of Ouednoun is called *Tassouca*; and for the information of African travellers, we may here observe, that the same is a Chellaw word, implying the street of the market or market-street.

without hoping it ourselves, that he would obtain money for us if he would allow us to write to Mogador and implore succour. He appeared to doubt our promises, but finally he acceded to our proposition. A distance of 70 leagues only separated us from Mogador, but the communication was difficult. We were totally ignorant of the intercourse between that port and Europe, and of the measures proper to be taken in circumstances so unfortunate as ours, where all was uncertain, even the existence of an European agent at Mogador.”\*

M. Mexia conjectured, from the commerce formerly carried on between Lisbon and Mogador, that there might be at the latter place a Portuguese consul; but reflecting that the English were more likely to have the regular establishments of commerce there, our narrator wrote to the British consul, Mr. Wiltshire, who had before distinguished himself by his kind attention to shipwrecked captives. This gentleman, it appears, delivered the letter to M. Casaccia, the agent of the French consul general, who wrote immediately to Mr. Cochelet a letter, that discovered to the captives their true situation, which had never before been conceived by them. Soon afterwards, a Jew, whom the narrator calls Amenahem, (a name which we strongly suspect is mistaken for Ben Haim) communicated to him that he was M. Casaccia's agent for their purchase, and enjoined secrecy as to this point. But delays and disappointments continued; and M. Chalumeau, quite exhausted, lost his reason, became delirious, and died.

\* Our narrator observes in a note, p. 288 as follows; “ Ought we not to desire that the names of towns, as they are pronounced in this country, should be inserted in maps? If we had known that Souerah meant Mogador, how many painful sensations might we not have avoided, and others before us.” It may here be aptly remarked, that the precaution recommended by our author had been adopted so long ago as 1809, by Mr. Jackson, who, in the map of West Barbary in his account of Marocco, *has* inserted the word Souerrah or Mogador, together with the latitude as observed by Sir Sydney Smith. When we reflect how long the crew of the *Sophia* had been spoken to, respecting Sonerah, without understanding its meaning, and that their ignorance, in this respect was instrumental in prolonging the unheard-of rigours of their lamentable captivity, we think this circumstance cannot be too often repeated. To propagate therefore its circulation through every possible channel, to exhort our brave and useful mariners to talk on this subject to their messmates, to tell it to their brother sailors, we regard as an important service to our country; and if by such a communication, one British sailor shall shorten his captivity in Africa, we shall consider ourselves amply rewarded. There are in Jackson's map above mentioned, other places of note, such as Cape de Gaer, Santa Cruz, &c. named in the language of the country, the knowledge of which names might be of incalculable service to persons so unfortunately situate as the crew of the *Sophia*; and there can be no doubt that the word Agadeer was often mentioned to them, although perhaps not noticed or recollected by them.

The letter from the French consul's agent at Mogador, giving them hopes of a speedy emancipation, was dated 13th July, but the month of August had expired, and they were still at Ouednoun. In this interval, then, they had buried one of their brethren in adversity, and two others, viz. M. Mexia, and M. Souza were expected every day to share the same fate. We admit the obduracy and total want of feeling on the part of Beirouc, but we never before heard that the callous heart of a Moor was insensible to his own interest, as it certainly seemed to be, when two captives were allowed to die with hunger. Knowing the Moorish character as we do, we therefore strongly suspected that this part of the narrative was overdrawn, or that there remained some incident unavowed, which was wanted to complete this representation; but on finding immediately afterwards that the Sheik had sent grapes and food to our captives, we found our opinion to be correct; for Beirouc says to them, "Well, if you die they will bury you; and it will be the will of God." Avarice, however, moved the heart of the tyrant, and the same day he sent our unfortunate captives meat to eat, and the most exquisite grapes from his own garden. The same day also Sheik Ibrahim treated the captives with *tacnare*.\* Our narrator wrote again to the French agent, in September we suppose, but no date is affixed to the letter.†

We have now finished the first volume of this work, leaving our captives under the influence of the most tormenting anxiety and disappointed hopes, at Ouednoun, about half way between the spot where they met their disastrous wreck and Mogador.‡ If any thing tended to relieve their sufferings during this first half of their journey to Mogador, it was, that their master Sidy Hamet suffered in the desert the same thirst and similar privations with themselves. The only difference was, that he was accustomed to such hardships.

Hamar,§ the servant of Beirouc, had engaged to accompany a

\* Tacnare, or more properly Takanareit, is the fruit of the opuntia (or cochineal tree.) This is the Shelluh term. The Arabs call it *Kermuse N'sarra*, i. e. the Christians' fig. The word *Tukanareit*, signifies the Canary fruit. There is a tradition in Suse, that in a remote age the communication with the Canaries was easy, and that this fruit was brought from there. Many reasons could be adduced in favour of this opinion; as the similarity of language, &c. for an elucidation of which, see Jackson's Account of Marocco, p. 232. See also Glass's History of the Canary Islands.

† It appears that the renown of Bonaparte had spread through Suse, as well as Fez, and that he was designated by the name of Parté. This is a confirmation of Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo, &c. p. 304.

‡ It appears, that, travelling N. E. from the place of the wreck of the Sophia, 27 leagues brought them to the coast, where they observed the masts of some ships and the remains of ancient wrecks. This spot is just north of Cape Juby, and in the same latitude with the southern point of the Island of Fortaventura, viz. in lat. N. 28° to 28° 30'.

§ The name *Hamar* we think means *Omar*, as *Hamar* is not Arabic.

merchant of Rabat to Timectou. They set out with an Akkabah, which collected at Fez to cross the desert to Timbuctoo. On their arrival at Ouednoun, a report prevailed of an Akkabah having been overwhelmed with sand in the Sahara, which so alarmed Hamar that he dreaded the journey. Sheik Beriouc at the same time made him an offer to enter his service which he accepted.

Our author disputes the authenticity of Adams's narrative, respecting Timectou, as also that of Riley, and adds, that the Sidy Hamet mentioned by Riley was likewise his master, and that he assured him he never had been to Timectou.

In the early part of September, after waiting forty days for it, Amenahem brought our narrator a letter from the French agent, Mr. Casaccia, at Mogador, of which the following is a translation:

"To Mr. Cochelet, at Ouednoun. *Mogador, Aug 27. 1819.*

"I have, Sir, the honour to inform you, that, in consequence of the representations made at the court of Morocco by Mr. Sourdeau\* and Mr. Colaco, his Majesty has given orders to his alkaid of Suse to purchase you at any price, and to send you to Mogador. I have this instant received letters from the Emperor, and I hasten to deliver them, by order, to the governor. At the same time, I send a courier to my agent, to suspend the purchase of you all, if he has not already purchased you.

"Communicate my letter to your unfortunate companions, and, in the hope of soon embracing you, I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

CASACCIA."

"It is impossible," says our narrator, "to describe the satisfaction produced by this letter; our rejoicings exceeded all limits, and we congratulated one another at being thus snatched from the hands of death."

Alkaid El Djelally, governor of the province of Suse, residing at Tarodant, was charged with the imperial order for the purchase of the unfortunate captives, and he sent persons to effect this purchase. It was agreed on the following day, that three independent Moors should proceed to Tarodant, and that, during their absence, three of those sent by the Emperor should be held as hostages till the purchase-money should be paid, and that then the French captives should be allowed to depart.

We have heard much of late years of a power that has been established in Suse and in the desert, *independent of the Emperor of Morocco*. The northern confines of this power may be said to extend east and west in the mountainous districts of Teselergt, Idaultit, Elala, Stuka, Dar Delemy, and Messa, and along the northern border of the rich and productive country of Ait Ba-

Mr. Soudeau, the French consul } general to the empire of Morocco.

\*Mr. Colaco, the Portugese do. } residing at Tangier.

† See the map of West Barbary in Jackson's Morocco, or in Shabeeny's Timbuctoo.

maran, wherein is the celebrated port of Gueder.\* The chief, who wields this power, has lately engrossed to himself the greater part of the lucrative trade with Timbuctoo; and not long ago, in reply to the Emperor of Morocco's invitation to him to visit him at Morocco, sent the Emperor a present of 500 Negro slaves, 500 camels, and 500 horses, all of the finest quality, accompanied with the assurance, that he would never trust his person in his dominions, and that his intention in sending him these presents, was to let him know that he was his equal. Beirouc, who was a confidential agent of this man, whose name was Sidy Ischem, now called Mr. Cochelet to him, and addressed him in these words:

"Charles, if the Sultan should send me the money that I require for your ransom, and that of your companions, it is probable that your arrival in your own country will not be delayed. Listen, then, under this supposition, to the project which I have conceived, and shall entertain you with. The power of Soliman, which you ought not to be ignorant of, cannot reach me here, and, in the country that I inhabit, I do not, in the least degree, fear his tyranny; but circumstances necessarily connected with the extensive commerce which I direct, oblige me to use, towards him, certain courteous measures, which leave me in a kind of dependence. The production† of the desert I can dispose of *in his country only*, and I am obliged to draw from his territory many things, which the country I inhabit does not produce. It is from this hateful dependence that I wish to withdraw myself. Dost thou think that the captains who command the ships of thy country, instead of sailing to the Emperor's ports, that of Souerah for example, would consent to direct their ships towards the point of coast where you were wrecked, and *could do so*? Judge of the advantages that would result to you as well as to me, in adopting a measure that would give me full liberty." By such a measure, the merchandize which you could bring from your country, and what the desert‡ produces would be no longer subject to duties or customs,§ which double the value. I could, if it were expedient, load every year, with gum, ostrich feathers, sheep's wool, camel's hair, goat-skins, and other articles, more than twenty of your vessels. Speak in thy country, when thou returnest, of the intention I have to realise my wish. Thou mightest at least announce that the money paid for your ransom, will be appropri-

\* For the situation of these places, see the map in Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo, p. 55.

† He means the productions of Sudan brought through the desert, and exchanged principally for *European goods* brought from different parts of the Morocco Empire.

‡ That is what the camels of the desert bring from Sudan.

§ Bees wax pays 12 Mexico dollars duty on exportation, and quintal, gum, almonds, copper, and ostrich feathers nearly as much as their cost at Mogador and other parts of Morocco.

ated to the building of a tower at the very place where you were wrecked! I would make of that tower, notwithstanding its distance from Ouednoun,\* a depot of merchandize, which I would establish there with provisions and men under my orders. At all events, and even if my proposition doth not suit you, I have determined to have on the coast an establishment of some kind. I know that your ships are often wrecked there. Till now I have not shared in their plunder,† but in future I am determined by my diligence to obtain my portion in them."

A speech of this nature, made to a person "in durance vile," was not calculated to meet encouragement from him, who was yet ignorant how Beirouc would dispose of his first merchandize. It is however evident from his manner, and his sending for patrons of the goods which he required for his Sudanic speculations, that Beirouc was in earnest. There would be some difficulty, it is true, in arranging an advantageous negociation with an independent chief, who has no law to control him; but such difficulty would vanish in the hands of an able negociator, who understood the nature of such a commerce sufficiently to show its reciprocal advantages by practical results, and who was acquainted with the language, manners, and habits, of this restless and enterprising race. Some little attention and favour from an European power, performed with decision and prudence, might create a confidence that would be succeeded by the best result, and *confidence once established with Arabs*, would not easily be effaced, particularly when built, as it would be, upon the respective interests of the contracting parties. However ludicrous, then, the proposition

\* It would be an extraordinary circumstance if the wrecks on the western coast of Africa should ere long lead to the discovery of Timbuctoo. There appears here to be a favourable opening for a commercial negociation, which might lead to incalculably beneficial results. The offer, here made resembles that which was made to Mr. Jackson, during his establishment at Agadeer. This gentleman, in page 56 of his Account of Morocco informs us, that some merchants of Mogador contemplated an establishment similar to the one here suggested to our narrator, between the latitude 27 and 30 north; and he assures us a very profitable commerce might be carried on here, which, says he, would effectually open a direct communication with Timbuctoo and Sudan, and supply that immense territory with European manufactures at the second hand which they now receive at the fifth and sixth. Also he tells us, this tract of coast holds out great encouragement to commercial enterprise, and secure establishments might be effected on it. See this matter fully discussed in the same work on Morocco, enlarged edition, pages 54, 256, and 276. We anticipate that the French will avail themselves of the offer of this chief of Suse, and form a factory perhaps at Gueder or port Hillsburgh, in the marine province of Ait Bamaran; for which, see the map of West Barbary, &c. in Jackson's Account of Morocco, and also in Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo, &c.

† It would be an easy matter to turn Sidy Hamet's mind from plunder to the fruits of an extensive and lucrative commerce with his own country.



might appear to *Mr. Cochelet*, under the combination of circumstances in which he stood in regard to Beirouc, *we* are serious and grave when we say, that this man has offered to lay open the road to the commerce of Timbuctoo and Sudan, in an eligible and effectual manner.

On the 28th September, the money arrived from the Emperor Soliman, and Beirouc entered the court yard where the captives were, followed by the brilliant escort from Tarodant. "I am going," said he, "to count the money that Soliman has now sent to us, and to-morrow you may depart from Ouednoun." The escort with the money consisted of five persons, accompanied with the son of Sidy Ischem, a genteel young man of twenty years of age, who, residing with his father on the frontiers of the Morocco empire, accompanied the escort, as a safeguard or protection through the country, where the authority of that Emperor is not acknowledged.

The shipwrecked party, on their journey to Tarodant, in their way to Mogador, met with the ruins of a Portuguese fort. They were hospitably received by Sidy Ischem, who invited them to repose a day or two, at his residence at the village of Talent.\* The country about Talent is extremely picturesque. Near it our narrator was shown the remains of a Portuguese castle on a neighbouring hill, in the midst of a forest of Argan olive trees. This castle he was informed by the Moor who brought him food, was formerly inhabited by a Christian chief, who, for a long period, kept the Moors in awe. Sidy Ischem showed our narrator some arms, among which was a gun presented to him by the English consul for his attention to the crew of a British vessel. He asked our narrator his opinion of this gun, which the latter praised above its value.

M. Mexia was so ill as to be unable to proceed. The revolting insensibility of the Moors was manifested on this occasion, but an additional day's rest was procured by our narrator's intercession with Sidy Ischem for that purpose; after which the Europeans were to be delivered to the Alkaid of Tarodant by a military order. The conductors put M. Mexia on a mule, and obliged him to proceed. After a quarter of an hour's march from Talent, they reached Illekh,† the residence of Amenahem. *Abdul Kerim* would not allow them to stop for refreshments, but pursued his journey to the banks of a river, called Ras el Ouadi, one league distant from Tameleh, the frontier town of the Empire of Morocco. Sidy Ischem and the Alkaid of this town are always hostile one to the other. Tameleh contains about thirty castellated houses, the principal of which belongs to the Sheik.

\* See the map in Vol. 1st of this work.

† The town, called in the original *Illekh*, is *Ilirgh*. See the map of West Barbary in Jackson's Morocco, and in Shabeeny, Long. W. 9. Lat. N. 28. 40.

On their approach to the city of Tarodant, the capital of Suse, a powerful kingdom many centuries ago,

"The road began to assume a most enchanting aspect, with the richest vegetation. Our guides showed us the minarets of the city rising above the trees, which cover the plain, in which the city is situated. At two leagues distance we discovered that cultivation which announces the approach to a great city; in every direction were seen fields of Indian corn, (called libshenah,) of water melons, date trees, olive trees, and vines loaded with enormous grapes.\* We passed as it were among gardens, as the narrow road through which we travelled was bordered by them on each side. Bubbling brooks watered these gardens in all directions; distributed artfully into innumerable canals, they meandered in serpentine flowings throughout these cultivated grounds. The care with which these springs were managed, proved to us, that the system of irrigation is never better understood than in districts which happen to be in the neighbourhood of countries, where nature has denied the salutary sources which procure fecundity."

Their reception at Tarodant by Alkaid Djelally, the governor of that city and of upper Suse, was as favourable as that of Sidy Ischem, and must have been most congenial to the feelings of our unfortunate sufferers, after so many hardships and privations.

The transition from the street amidst the noise and imprecations of the mob, to a quiet and retired garden, appeared like a dream, and is thus described:

"The most perfect silence surrounded us. The sound of some bubbling brooks and the vibratory motion of the leaves gently agitated by a zephyr, alone interrupted the silence of a fine star-light night. We found ourselves transported into an immense garden. The darkness prevented us from judging of its beauty, but the delectable perfume of the orange-flower, which embalmed the air, announced to us a delicious retreat. A magnificent avenue of these orange-trees conducted to a pavilion at the end of the garden. The secretary of the governor, preceded by slaves holding lights, conducted us to it, announcing to us, as we entered, that Alkaid Djellaly had appropriated it to us for our asylum during our sojournment at Tarodant. Our conductor assured us that this pavilion was occupied by the Emperor when he visited his southern capital. He informed us that no Christian had ever before entered it, and that we owed this indulgence to the watchful care which the governor observed for us. You may, added the secretary, ask for whatever is necessary for you; every thing will be immediately supplied, and to-morrow the governor himself will visit you." The governor informed us we should remain several days at Tarodant to recover our strength,

\* These enormous and exquisite grapes have been before described in Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo, &c. p. 147.

and ordered the Jews to supply us with (Muhia) brandy; he told us, that, in receiving us with distinction, he only executed the orders of the Emperor, whose letter, ordering him to purchase us, I got translated, and is as follows:

“ Praise be to God the only God. Benediction be on our Lord Muhamed, on his family, and his companions, and health. Our servant Alkaid el Djelally el Rahamany, health be with you and divine mercy. — We command thee to seek the French Christians mentioned in the enclosed letter, to purchase them at the best possible price, to take them and direct them to the port of Mogador, to be delivered into the hands of the Kaid of that town, who will return them to their vice-consul, God willing, without fail. God protect thee and peace. The 14 day of Shoual, the blessed year 1234,” corresponding with 1819, A.D.

In a few days our travellers departed for Mogador under the safeguard of Abdul Kerim and Sidy el Araby, Alkaid Djelally's nephew, taking the road to Agadeer. Here their reception was rather cold and inhospitable. They were disturbed in the night also by the Jews, whose synagogue was their dormitory. The beauty of the Jewesses of Agadeer is described as somewhat extraordinary. The town, it seems, is in ruins, with the exception of a few houses. The road up the mountain of Agadeer from the south, and down it towards the north, is described as impassable; and the clouds beneath prevented them from perceiving the sea, which was not above a mile off.\*

Our narrator, describing the habitations of the mountainous Shelluh province of Huha, says, they are almost all isolated, and appeared like castles, with quadrangular walls, from the midst of which arose one or more towers. These buildings are so numerous, that they are met every now and then; they are generally erected on the summits of hills, produce a very pleasing effect, and have a most romantic appearance. Two days after this brought our travellers within sight of Mogador. Their arrival at that place, and their reception and interview with the consuls and merchants, are similar to what other narratives of a like nature have recorded. It is a satisfaction to us to see our countrymen discharging the duties of hospitality as becomes men and Christians; and this satisfaction we felt, when we read our narrator's observations on the conduct of Mr. Wiltshire, the British vice-consul, who has rendered a service to his country and to mankind, by his uniform attention to mariners who have been shipwrecked on this coast.

\* The passage over the mountains at Cape de Geer is not, as our narrator says, one of the highest points of the Atlas. Mr. Jackson informs us, he has passed it several times; that it is *never* covered with snow, but that the highest points of Atlas *always* are, summer as well as winter. The name of this mountain, according to Mr. Jackson, is *Edeawmagoren*, or some such name.

The three following chapters of this work contain a good description of Mogador,—a sad account of the decay of its commerce originating in the present Emperor's anti-commercial policy,—and a notice of the narrator's departure by sea with three of his companions for Tangier. They had an interview with the French Consul-general, M. Sourdeau, at Tangier, who accompanied them to chapel to return thanks to Providence for their emancipation, and received the unfortunates with admirable hospitality, and with a reflection or a proverb of the Arabs, aptly applied to their present situation, "Die saet, maat," i.e.

"Le malheur qui n'est plus n'a jamais existé."\*

The mode of living among the consuls, according to our author, is not such as to make Tangier a desirable residence; but if this account is not overdrawn, it is at least very different from what the state of European society at Tangier was fifteen or twenty years ago, when the writer of this article passed three months there most agreeably, and experienced from all of them the greatest attention, and the most generous hospitality. The fanaticism of the Moors at that port is intolerable, and there is too much reason to apprehend that the constituted authorities connive at it. Notwithstanding what our author mentions in the note, p. 202. of 2d volume, respecting Captain Riley, we shall do the latter the justice to say, that he was, in his description of the official etiquette among the consuls, perfectly correct; and we are disposed to attribute the non-intercourse among them, as described by our author, rather to the consequences of the plague, than to a spirit of voluntary seclusion.

The 25th chapter describes the revolution among the Brebers and Shelluhs of Mount Atlas, who had so closely blockaded the Emperor in the city of Mequinez, during six months, that it was with difficulty he could convey his orders to the distant provinces of his empire. This state of things was the result of a battle, which was fought seven months before,—a battle which describes the African character accurately, and shows them to be the same people now, that they were in the time of Jugurtha, as described by Sallust.

There are several remarkably well drawn traits, characteristic

\* Whilst we were searching for apt words to convey the condensed force of this line, we recollected a remark which has frequently been made in conversation by one of the most elegant scholars of our day; that there was no sentiment which he would not undertake to produce in Shakspeare expressed in a better manner than it could be found in any other author. This referred us to the great "Dictionary of Nature," as the immortal dramas have been entitled by the same distinguished individual, and a suitable version soon presented itself in the language of Luciana in the Comedy of Errors:

"No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone." Ed. P. F.

of the Moors and their system of government, in this interesting work, which show the intelligence of the narrator, and that he had made the best use of his time during his short sojourn in the country. For these interesting details, we are sorry we have not room—the following however is a specimen of them.

“A soldier, who knew the murderer of Muley Ibrahim, the prince who was killed in the battle near Zayan, pursued with activity the vengeance of his blood. The murderer, to evade the search, sought every where an asylum against his redoubtable enemy, but finding none, he conceived the design of imploring pardon or mercy from the mother of his enemy. He explained to this woman his motive for the hospitality which he sought of her.

She receives him, and at the instant that her furious son enters the house, she gives her breast to the refugee, as if for him to draw the milk. The soldier, astounded, stands still like a statue, and his fury subsides! “Come,” exclaims his mother “let me present to you a brother; he has become such in taking the same milk with you, and you can no longer persevere in your designs against him.”\*

Our narrator had flattered himself that a Moor who had repeatedly rendered him kind services, would be permitted to accompany him to Marseilles, and that he should then be able to give him such instructions as would make him a valuable agent of the French government, and enable him to bring an interesting and detailed account of Timbuctoo. But the Moor's mother opposed his departure, and thus the plan was frustrated. Our traveller being thus disappointed, suggests the impracticability of a Christian's penetrating to Timbuctoo through the Sahara, or from Senegal; and he adds, that he does not hesitate to say that any such attempt would necessarily become abortive. We are obliged in this particular to differ from our intelligent and well-informed traveller, and we do differ from him materially. We think a most advantageous negotiation might be effected with the power that has been formed between this branch of the mountains of At-

\* It is particularly among the Arabs that the custom of imploring protection cannot be dispensed with. The *Muh el Hellib*, milk mother, q. d. wet nurse, is not only considered one of the family, but is never forsaken by the parents; and is always highly esteemed by the family to whom she has given her milk. Some chiefs of Suse, enemies of Muhamed Wold Delemy, viceroy of Suse, about the end of the last century, had excited the anger of the Emperor, who sought to take them. They got intelligence of this intention, and made their escape from Morocco. They went immediately to the castle of their enemy, knowing that he only had power to protect them. They sought his protection and hospitality, and although the Emperor would have paid any sum of money to lay hold of them, Wold Delemy declared that he should forfeit his title to Arabian descent if he gave them up. Moreover, he furnished them the means of escaping into the Sahara, and the Emperor sought for them in vain.

las that runs from\* E. to W. through Teselergt, Edaultit Elata, Dar Delemy, and Shtuka, to the Messa river. About the 29th degree of N. Lat. a good understanding had with Sidy Ischem might produce the most advantageous results; and it is impossible to calculate the benefits of a friendly intercourse and correspondence, founded on mutual confidence and a reciprocity of good offices, with Sidy Ischem's government. There is no nation that has the advantages and opportunities of forming an alliance with this powerful and independent chief of the Sahara that the English have. A short time before the port of Agadeer or Santa Cruz was shut, the merchants, and the prince, its governor, were ordered to repair to Morocco to the imperial presence. Mr. Jackson had written to Sir Joseph Banks, recommending a person to be sent out from England to undertake the journey to Timbuctoo, under the protection of a Sheik of the desert, and a friend of Mr. Jackson's, who had offered to take a person to that emporium and bring him safe back for an adequate pecuniary remuneration; but before this scheme could be executed, Mr Jackson crossed the Atlas mountains, by order of the Emperor, to Morocco, where the latter informed him that the port was closed to foreign commerce. We think such another opportunity now offers, with many additional and signal advantages; and that a man properly chosen, and well acquainted with the Arabic language, might, under the immediate protection of Sidy Ischem, proceed without difficulty to Timbuctoo, and Sudan, and establish a trade through the desert to Wednoun, where a British factory, under the auspices and support of Sidy Ischem, might be established. We are informed that all the inhabitants of Suse, of Sahara, and of Sudan, would hail the establishment of such a factory, and that it would in a very short time annihilate the trade to Fez, excepting that in Negro slaves, which would greatly diminish from the flowing of commerce into different channels, heretofore unheard of.

It appears that the four Frenchmen, and Mr. Mexia the Portuguese priest, were redeemed at the expense of 12,500 francs, or at 2500 francs, 456 Mexico dollars, or 100*l.* sterling each person, (vol. ii p. 287.) But in the French consul's letter, vol. ii. p. 314, it is stated, that the Emperor paid 500 Mexico dollarst a head for

\* For the northern confines of this recent sovereignty or Sheikship, see the map of West Barbary in Shabeeny, or in Jackson's Morocco.

† Captain Driver and his crew, in or about the year 1793, consisting of thirteen men, were redeemed on account of the British government by Messrs. Court and Jackson, who were the only European merchants who had establishments at Mogador, and at Santa Cruz. This house paid less than 200 Mexico dollars a-head for them, and Mr. Jackson, who was then consul at Santa Cruz, sent them by land to Mogador, each sailor mounted on a mule; they were forwarded to Gibraltar (we think) by the Bull-Dog sloop of war. The price is therefore more than doubled since then, which has proceeded from the great interest excited for them since the year 1809, when a full and detailed account was given of their various long sufferings in the Sahara, and their incredible privations.

them to the Sheik in Suse,—we say Mexico dollars, although that term is not used in the French consul's letter, and we do so to prevent them being mistaken for current dollars, which are not known in West and South Barbary. Mr. Cochelet recommends the establishment of a French agent at Mogador, for the purpose of procuring the redemption of mariners belonging to his country, that may hereafter be wrecked on the western coast of Africa. (2d vol. p.287.) We already stated that there is now established at Mogador, a regular agent of the Ironmongers Company in London, for the redemption of British wrecked mariners, and others sailing under the British flag.

In the last chapter of this interesting work, the attention of mariners is drawn to the strong currents which constantly set on to the coast of Africa, eastward of the Canary Islands. The celebrated geographer Major Rennel, has published a learned and useful dissertation on these currents, entitled, *Remarks on the Currents of the Ocean on the North Western Coast of Africa*; for which, see an account of the captivity of Alexander Scott, &c. in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* for January 1821; also elucidations of the same, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, March 1821 p. 352. Our narrator intimates, that he has been blamed for representing himself to his captor as a protected subject, and that, if his friends in Europe knew of his thralldom, they would devise means of procuring his liberation; but he gives weighty reasons for having given such representations, which we are persuaded every feeling person who really commiserates the misfortunes of his brethren, will readily admit. Indeed, we are disposed to think, that, if he had not made these representations, he, as well as his comrades, would have fallen victims to their extraordinary sufferings.

A few itineraries are given, which seem useful towards forming a more correct map of Northern Africa than has hitherto been published. There are also some observations on a passage in Captain Riley's Narrative, which is called, (perhaps incautiously) a romance. The reply to this passage is by P. Don Pedro Martin, a Franciscan friar, and Arabic interpreter to the Spanish consul. This priest complains of Capt. Riley's want of gratitude in calumniating him, after the *hospitable entertainment* which the Captain received at the domiciliary at Laraiche; and denies that the Catholic establishment in West Barbary is so rich as Riley represented it, and that that gentleman was very incorrect when he informed the public that the holy father had given 400 dollars to two converted Jews, to keep them in the right path.

The work concludes with rather an interesting dissertation on the map of north-western Africa, in which, however, we regret to see so much theory and so little practical knowledge. The barbarous or unintelligible term *Ouadlims* is still retained in this

map, though the word is unquestionably a corruption of the term Oualid\* Deleim, as Labdissibas is of Wold Abbusebah. Tafilelt† is placed too much to the south, and Sejin Messa is too near Tafilelt by at least 100 leagues. In other respects the map is good, and we owe him thanks for the labour. Finally, we ought perhaps to remark, that if Tafilelt was as far south as it is placed in this map, it would not be so far to go to Morocco from thence, by the pass of Draha, as it is to go to Fez direct from Tafilelt: it is, however, well known in West and South Barbary that this is not the case, it being several days farther from Morocco to Tafilelt than from Fez to Tafilelt; besides, Tafilelt is unquestionably more to the north than the city of Morocco, incontestible proofs of which might be given. The river Suse, one of the most remarkable in the Morocco empire, is erroneously called *Ras el Ouad*, instead of Ouad Suse, or the river Suse. To the river of Messa, which is a separate stream, a little to the south of the river Suse, no name is given. We mention these circumstances because we know we are correct in our notion of them, and we recommend them, on that account to the attention of African geographers.‡

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### DRESS OF THE ROMAN LADIES.

The following article on the attire of the "Roman dames," is extracted from a volume entitled 'Sketches of the Domestic Manners and institutions of the Romans,' which has lately been published by Carey & Lea. The work has been chiefly extracted from the well-known labours of Professor d'Arney; but the compilations of Kennet, Potter and Adam have also been liberally drawn upon. To these may be added the splendid publication of Count Caylus, together with the commentators on the principal Latin poets. It is a volume of great utility to those who seek a more familiar acquaintance with ancient customs and manners than can be acquired from general history.

WHILE the Romans were confined to a frugal and laborious life, it may naturally be supposed, that their wives partook of their cares, and were restrained to great simplicity of dress and manners. Even at a later period, ladies of the first distinction were occupied in household duties, and the superintendence of their slaves and families: nor was the celebrated Cornelia—the daughter of the great Scipio, and the mother of the Gracchi—who, when asked to show her jewels, presented her children, a singular instance of the domestic affections triumphing over the

\* See Mr Jackson's letter to the late president of the Royal Society in the Proceedings of the African Association.

† Not Tafilet, as the map has it, because it is unquestionably Tafilelt. See the Emperor of Morocco's letter to George III. in Jackson's account of Morocco, enlarged edition, p. 320, 7th line.

‡ In a postscript to this important communication we are informed that it is from the pen of James G. Jackson Esq. whose account of Morocco was published some years ago. Ed. P. F.



love of parade and dress. But when the men resigned the dignified plainness of their ancient manners for the foreign innovation of foppery and effeminate refinement, it may also be imagined, that the women were not slow in following their example. The Roman ladies usually bathed at an earlier hour than the men.\* Like them, they generally made use of the public thermæ, and even occasionally practised some of the athletic exercises to which such places were adapted. But they were attended, on those occasions, by their own servants, and, as the baths afforded the convenience of private apartments, they sometimes made use of them for all the purposes of the toilet.

Ladies of distinction had numerous female attendants, to each of whom a separate department was assigned: thus, one was the hair-dresser, another had the care of the wardrobe, a third of the perfumes and paint, while a fourth adjusted the robes; and instead of the indiscriminate appellation of waiting-maid, they were distinguished by the name of their employment. There was, also, a superior order, who formed the privy council of the dressing-room, and whose only duty was, to assist at the deliberations on the important business of decoration, and to decide on the contending claims of rival fashions. This cabinet was composed of the female parasites who attached themselves to women of rank; and if we may credit the poets, their office was far from being a sinecure. Juvenal, very ungallantly, accuses the ladies of his day of occasional fits of spleen, which, he says, they sometimes vented on their attendants; and even more than hints, that these little petulancies were, in some instances, provoked by the apprehension of being too late to attend the temple of Isis—a convenient goddess who presided over the mysteries of the rendezvous—or by embarrassments thrown in their way by the surly jealousy of ill-bred husbands: and his translators have rather heightened than softened the colours of the scene depicted by the Roman poet.† But whatever truth there may have been in the original picture, should, in candour, be attributed to the prevalence of slavery, which, by presenting human nature in a state of moral debasement, and affording constant opportunities for the exercise of uncontrolled dominion, must have insensibly led to impatience of contradiction, and irritability of temper.

There is no account, in any of the ancient authors, of the inte-

\* “ *The Roman ladies usually bathed at an earlier hour than the men.*” This would appear to be contradicted by a passage in the celebrated sixth satire of Juvenal, in which a lady is accused of keeping her company waiting supper while she was at the bath; and even of being assisted by the common male attendant of the thermes. There are also instances of females bathing at the same time with men: but the usual practice was as stated in the text.

† See the sixth Satire of Juvenal.

rior arrangements of the ladies' dressing-rooms. Nor, however minute the descriptions which have been recorded of the separate parts of their customary apparel, is it possible to follow them through all the revolutions of fashion, or to form more than a general idea of their united appearance. The same desire to please which actuates the modern belle, no doubt influenced the Roman beauty; for time and place make no other difference in a passion that has ever been the same, than in the manner of its display. We may therefore conclude, that the mysteries of the toilet, in all their refinement, were not unknown in ancient Rome; and, indeed, some details which have been preserved, seem to prove, that if they were not as well understood, they were at least as sedulously attended to, then, as now.

The dressing-table appears to have been provided with all its usual appendages, except that useful little modern instrument—the pin. But its inseparable ornament, the mirror, did not possess the advantage of being formed of glass, in lieu of which plates of polished metal were substituted. That looking-glasses were wholly unknown, has indeed been doubted, on the authority of an ancient author,\* who certainly distinctly alludes to their having been made in Egypt. But, although various articles of glass are enumerated among costly pieces of Roman furniture, mirrors are only mentioned among plate; and no distinct account of the modern invention occurs until the thirteenth century. Those anciently in use, are supposed to have been generally of pure silver, although they are known to have been also composed of mixed metal: they were kept in cases to preserve their polish, and were often sufficiently large to reflect the entire figure.

No other head-dress was worn than the hair variously arranged and ornamented; except, indeed, that, at one time, a cap, in the form of a mitre, was in vogue; but it soon fell into disuse with all but women of an abandoned character. The combs were of ivory, or box, and sometimes of metal; and a heated wire was used, round which the hair was curled into the required form. The most usual was to plait, and roll it as a bandeau round the head, on the crown of which it was fastened in a knot; and it became fashionable to raise these tresses so high, that they were heaped upon each other until they were reared into a kind of edifice of many stages, where—

“With curls on curls like diff’rent stories rise  
Her towering locks, a structure to the skies.”

*Owen's Juvenal, sat. vi.*

False hair was then had recourse to; which at length assumed

\* “Ancient author.” *Plin. Hist. Nat. l. xxxvi. c. 26.* See also, *Caylus, Recueil d'Antiquites*—and *Beckman's Hist. of Inventions, art. Mirrors.*

the form of a wig; and at one time, it was the mode to dress it in imitation of a military casque. The curls were confined with small chains, or rings of gold, and bodkins studded with precious stones. Fillets of purple, or white riband, ornamented with pearls, were also worn on the head, and splendid jewels in the ears. There were some decorations for the head which were considered peculiarly indicative of female decorum: such was a plain broad riband with which some matrons tressed their hair; others appertained exclusively to particular families; but it is probable that these distinctions were soon lost, or confounded in the maze of fashion. During the early part of the commonwealth, ladies never appeared abroad without a veil; but it was gradually laid aside as the reserve of their manners declined, and was eventually only used for mere ornament, or convenience.

Fair hair was the most esteemed, and both men and women used to stain it with a flaxen dye. Various essences were used to perfume and give it lustre, and sometimes, it was powdered with gold dust to render it still more resplendent. This latter mode came from Asia: Josephus says, that it was practised by the Jews: some of the emperors adopted it; and the hair of Commodus is said to have become so fair and bright by its constant use, that, when the sun shone upon it, his head appeared as if on fire. But the powder used by the moderns was unknown to the ancients: their authors do not mention it; and the reverend fathers of the Church make no allusion to it amongst all the means which they reproach the women with having adopted to heighten their charms; neither do the old romances, which yet give such minute details respecting dress; nor is it seen in any of the antique portraits although the painters of those days usually copied the dress and ornaments as actually worn.

If the hair exacted such attention, it may be presumed the face was not neglected; and, indeed, we read of almost as many cosmetics as fill the columns of a modern newspaper. To enumerate them all, would be as endless, as it probably would be but little instructive to the very able professors in the mysterious and important arts of personal embellishment of which the present age can boast; but one precious receipt from the pen of the bard who sung the "Art of Love," cannot, it is presumed, be even now, wholly uninteresting to the accomplished votaries of the toilet who may deign to honor these pages with a perusal:—

"Vetches, and beaten barley let them take,  
And with the whites of eggs a mixture make;  
Then dry the precious paste with sun and wind,  
And into powder very gently grind.  
Get hart's-horn next, but let it be the first  
That creature sheds, and beat it well to dust:  
Six pounds in all; then mix, and sift them well,

And think the while how fond Narcissus fell:  
Six roots to you that pensive flow'r must yield,  
To mingle with the rest, well bruis'd, and cleanly peel'd.  
Two ounces next of gum, and thural seed,  
And let a double share of honey last succeed—  
With this, whatever damsel paints her face,  
Will brighter than her glass see every grace.

*Ovid: Art of Beauty—Anonym.*

Pliny speaks of a wild vine, with very thick leaves of a pale green, the seeds of the grape of which were red, and being bruised with the leaves, were used to refresh the complexion. Fabula, says Martial, feared the rain on account of the chalk upon her face, and Sabella, the sun, because of the ceruse with which she was painted. The same author mentions a depilatory which was employed to eradicate obnoxious hairs: and Plautus alludes to the use of rouge. Many ladies used to wash themselves in asses' milk; and the celebrated Poppæa, the wife of Nero, bathed daily in it. This lady, we are told, invented an unctuous paste which was in universal esteem as a softener of the skin: it was spread over the face as a mask, and was very generally and constantly worn in the house; thus creating a kind of domestic countenance for the husband, while that underneath was carefully preserved for the more favored admirer, or the public.

The Roman ladies were extremely careful of their teeth: they used small brushes, and tooth-picks: the latter sometimes of silver, but those most esteemed were made of the wood of the mastich tree. Of what, besides water, they employed to cleanse them, we only know, that there was a favourite lotion, which they received from Spain, the chief ingredient in which was a liquid that undoubtedly would not recommend it to modern notice. False teeth are mentioned by both Horace and Martial, as being common in their time.

Art had not, indeed, then arrived at the perfection of supplying the absolute deficiency of an eye: but means were not wanting to increase their lustre and to make those which were small, or sunk, appear larger and more prominent than they really were. This was effected by burning the powder of antimony, the vapour of which being allowed to ascend to the eyes, had the effect of distending the eye-lids; or the powder, and sometimes, indeed, common soot, was gently spread with a bodkin underneath the lid, and the tint which it imparted was supposed to give an expression of liquid softness to the eye. Pencilling the eye-brows was a constant practice; nor was there any ignorance of the effect produced by a skilfully disposed patch,\* or of any other of the

\* "*A skilfully disposed patch.*" It has been doubted whether the Roman ladies did actually employ the "artillery of patches." But not only are they repeatedly mentioned in Martial's Epigrams, but the younger Pliny

numerous arcana by which the charms of the person are heightened and displayed. Ovid, whose authority on such a subject can no more be questioned than his tenderness towards the sex can be suspected, says that—

“ Women, with juice of herbs gray locks disguise,  
And art gives colour which with nature vies;  
The well-wove tours they wear their own are thought,  
But only are their own as what they’ve bought.  
They know the use of white to make them fair,  
And how with red lost colour to repair;  
Imperfect eye-brows they by art can mend,  
And skin when wanting o’er a scar extend.  
Nor need the fair one be ashamed, who tries,  
By art to add new lustre to her eyes.”

*Congreve. Art of Love. b. ii.*

It has been already observed, that the tunic, as well as the toga, was common to both sexes, with the exception of a slight difference in the shape of the former. In the early ages, women wore the tunic so high about the throat, and it descended so low, that the figure of the wearer was entirely concealed, and to expose it would have been considered a departure from feminine reserve and delicacy. But it gradually became customary to display more and more of the neck, until the tunic was worn in such manner that the left sleeve only was fastened over the shoulder, while the right fell negligently down upon the arm; and some merely closed the front of the sleeves with clasps, instead of seams, so that the arms were barely covered, but not concealed. This robe was confined round the waist with a broad embroidered girdle, and it was considered graceful to slightly raise the right side of it when walking. At first one tunic only was worn; but the example of the men introduced the fashion of wearing three; the under one as a chemise, the next as a short frock, and the upper in the manner already described. The latter acquired, in the course of time, so many folds, and such various ornaments, that it at length entirely superseded the toga,<sup>3</sup> and became the chief female habiliment under the new title of the *stola*. It then received a train, with a deep border of gold and purple tissue, and was closed in front from the girdle downwards; the upper part was left open to display the second tunic, over which young persons wore ribands crossed upon the breast to support the

tells us, that even a grave lawyer had recourse to their aid, and that, according as he was to plead for plaintiff or defendant, he used to wear a white, or a black patch, over the right or the left eye! *Plin. Epist. l. vi. ep. 2.*

\* “*Toga*.” The female toga was afterwards worn only by women of profligate manners. Those convicted of adultery were forced to appear in it as a mark of public disgrace.

bosom. These gradually assumed the form of the *corset*, and of all the apparel of a Roman lady it became the most brilliant: it was resplendent with gold, pearls, and precious stones; and even females of inferior rank, who could not command those ornaments, yet wore a stomacher of coarse embroidery.\* Over the stola was thrown a mantle, attached merely to the shoulders with a clasp, and falling thence upon the ground with a sweeping train: it was generally worn with an inclination to the left shoulder, in order to give more liberty, and perhaps more grace to the right arm; it thus formed several folds, which together with its vast length, gave it an appearance of great dignity.

The clothes were made of various materials; of woollen-cloth, linen, and silk; but the most usual was a mixture of silk and wool. During nearly the whole period of the republic, both linen and pure wove silk were unknown. The rarity of the latter, even during the reigns of many of the emperors, was such, that Aurelian is said to have refused a mantle of silk to the Empress because of its extravagant price; and it appears, that raw silk was then, in the latter end of the third century, of the same value, weight for weight, as gold. The Romans were indeed, for a long time, ignorant of the manner in which silk was produced; and the silk-worm was not known in Europe until the middle of the sixth century. What silk they had was procured from China, through the medium of their commerce with Arabia, and the East Indies; and in the then imperfect state of mercantile intercourse it was obtained with difficulty, and was, consequently, so exorbitantly dear, as to place it, in its pure state, beyond the reach of all but persons of the highest rank. Wherefore, a large portion of what was received in a manufactured state, was unraveled, and re-wove, with an intermixture of wool, into a stuff of a very slight texture, and transparent appearance, which was usually worn by ladies of the middle class of society, and, on ordinary occasions, even by women of distinction.

A modern commentator,† whose opinion is entitled to great attention, hazards the conjecture, that the Roman ladies were also provided with muslin from the East Indies, and applies to it some lines of an ancient poet, quoted by Seneca, who indignantly exclaims—

“A woven wind should married woman wear,  
And naked in a linen cloud appear.”

But he does not take upon him to determine that it actually was muslin which thus excited the spleen of the moralist; and the

\* “*Stomacher of coarse embroidery.*” It is remarkable, that this part of the ancient female costume, and a very close imitation of the stola, also, are yet preserved in the dress of the peasantry in the vicinity of Rome.

† “*A modern commentator.*” Gifford, notes to the translation of Juvenal, sat. ii. ver. 99.

term "woven wind,"\* was often, poetically, applied to any stuff of a thin texture.

White was the only colour originally worn; it was also considered, for a long time, as more elegant than any other except purple, by which the dignitaries of the state were distinguished. But fashion afterwards introduced a greater variety, and the ladies being no longer bound by any rule except its capricious dictates, seem to have indulged their taste in all the tints of the rainbow; although the different shades of purple appear to have been always held in superior estimation.

Notwithstanding this inconstancy in the colour of the robes, that of the shoes and buskins remained, during a considerable period, uniformly whit.: it was not until the reign of Aurelian that women began to wear them of red; for which that Emperor not only gave them a special permission, but at the same time deprived the men of that privilege, which he reserved to the ladies and himself. His successors followed his example, and it has been continued even to the present day; for it was from the emperors of the west that the Popes received the custom, by which they are still distinguished, of wearing red shoes. Women also wore slippers and socks; but the latter were merely ribands bound over the feet; the colour was usually red, and they appeared through the opening of the buskin, which was itself laced with a garter crossed several times upon the leg. The emperors loaded their buskins with ornaments, one of which was the figure of an eagle in embroidery enriched with pearls and diamonds, and there is reason to suppose, that this also was adopted by ladies.

The taste for jewelry was likewise displayed in bracelets, necklaces, and every kind of female ornament. Indeed, the use of jewels was so general, that Pliny says, it would have been considered derogatory to a female of rank to have appeared without them; and he estimates those worn in full dress by Lollia Paulina

\* "*Woven wind.*" This, and synonymous terms, are frequently applied in ancient authors to the silk and woollen stuffs alluded to in the text. Pliny says, they were so thin that the body shone through them (*Hist. Nat. l. vi. c. 20.*) Tibullus calls them *vestes pellucidæ*, and Petronius, *ventus textilis*: It, however, is by no means improbable, that manufactured cotton, as well as silk, was imported into Rome from the East; and a passage in the Georgics of Virgil, which evidently alludes to the cotton-plant, tends to confirm Mr. Gifford's opinion, that it was obtained from the country of the *Seres*, from which the stuff, called *Serica*, which he supposes to have been muslin, was named:—

"*Quid nemora Æthiopum, molli canentia lana,  
Velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia seres.*"

"Of Æthiops' hoary trees and woolly wood,  
Let others tell: and how the Seres spin  
Their fleecy forests in a slender twine."

*Dryden, Georg. ii.*

—the repudiated wife of Caligula—and belonging to her in her own right, as inherited from her family, without including either state-jewels or presents from the prince, at a sum equivalent to more than *three hundred thousand pounds of our money*.\*

Notwithstanding this prodigality of expense, the Romans do not appear to have been acquainted with the art that gives value to our most precious gem: they indeed possessed diamonds,† but were ignorant of the means of rendering them brilliant: notwithstanding that they employed diamond-dust to polish various other stones. They placed an extraordinary value on amber, which their distance from the coasts of the Baltic sea, where it is chiefly found,‡ and their slight intercourse with a country then in a state of barbarism, rendered extremely rare. But the pearl§ was the most costly jewel, and besides its own intrinsic beauty, and great rarity, its value was enhanced by the difficulty of imitating it; for, although they were adepts in the art of counterfeiting most precious stones, yet to that of making pearl beads, which is now carried to such perfection, they had not attained. Of the excellence of their workmanship, comparatively with that of the moderns, we have but scanty means of forming an accurate opinion; but, from some specimens of ancient jewelry preserved in collections of antiquities, we should conclude, that the Romans had acquired considerable proficiency in the various branches of the lapidary's art.

#### REMARKS ON MILMAN'S "MARTYR OF ANTIOCH."¶

It is usually a dangerous experiment for the professors of an art to exhibit a public specimen of their own powers of execution, since they are not only sure to meet with a severely critical reception proportioned to the opinion which the world have been led to conceive of their professional skill, but because the qualifications which may be sufficient to form an excellent instructor of others, are not always of the kind necessary to qualify an individual to illustrate his own lessons. The talents requisite for a modern professor of poetry in the University of Oxford, are rather

\* "*Three hundred thousand pounds of our money*." Although the jewels of Lollia Paulina have been estimated, by a very learned author, at the exact sum of 322,916*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* yet the text of Pliny, on which the calculation is founded, is, by many, considered to admit of a construction which would reduce the valuation to one tenth of that sum. See *Arbuthnot on Ancient Coins*.

† "*Diamonds*." See Note No 8. Chap. xiii.

‡ See *Malte Brun—Picture of Poland*.

§ "*Pearl*." See Note No 9. Chap. xiii.

¶ *The Martyr of Antioch, a Dramatic Poem*. By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. London, 1822. pp. 168.



those which qualify him to judge well of the poetical merit of others, and to convey in his lectures the critical principles of his art, than those which would necessarily render him an eminent poet himself. But the recently elected academical laureate is not content with the honour of being the cause of poetry in other men, but comes forward in his own person to claim the wreath, with which it is his office to adorn others. In his *Martyr of Antioch* he has issued forth with his chaplet scarcely settled upon his brow, and just escaped from the dust and toil of a successful election, to vindicate to the world at large the suffrages which his academical fame has obtained for him from his learned constituents.

We trembled for his Alma Mater, when we read on his title-page, "Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford." We had almost wished him to have "bridled in his struggling muse," with whatever "pain," for the statutable ten years of his appointment.

These dangers, however, existed only in the imagination. The taste of the university, in the selection of Mr. Milman, is justified before the great public by Mr. Milman himself.

The subject both of the *Martyr of Antioch* and of his more recent poem of *Belshazzar*, is such as became well the author's sacred profession and academical station; and the manner in which he has worked up these poems is singularly elegant and classical; too elegant and classical we almost fear for the popular taste. Mr. Milman's poems are rather for solitary perusal in academic groves, or in the cool retirement of a shady hamlet, than for the rapid glance of busy civic readers, or unfortunate periodical critics, who read the products of the silent hour and academical shade, in the din and clatter of far other scenes than those of Pindus, or "of Siloa's brook," and at a distance equally remote from Helicon and from Zion. In truth some of Mr. Milman's poems, especially the *Martyr of Antioch*, are too pure, and flowing, and polished, too closely modelled on the great masters of antiquity, and too little conversant with the modern artifices of the poet's trade, to suit any but those who can relish the composed and finished beauties of a truly Grecian production.

The subject and intention of the *Martyr of Antioch* are thus explained by the author:

"This poem is founded on the following part of the history of Saint Margaret. She was the daughter of a heathen priest, and beloved by Olybius, the Prefect of the East, who wished to marry her. The rest of the legend I have thought myself at liberty to discard, and to fill up the outline as my own imagination suggested. Gibbon has so well condensed all the information which remains to us from Strabo, Chrysostom, Sozomen, and the writings of Julian the Apostate, relative to Antioch the Temple and sacred grove of Daphne, that the reader will be able to comprehend from his florid, and too glowing description, most of the allusions to these subjects contained in the poem. The passage occurs in his twenty-third chapter.

"The martyrologists have dwelt almost exclusively on the outward and bodily sufferings of the early Christians. They have described with almost anatomical precision the various methods of torture. The consequence has been, the neglect of their writings; in perusing which a mind of the least sensibility shrinks with such loathing and abhorrence from the tedious detail of suffering, as to become insensible to the calm resignation, the simple devotion, the exulting hope of the sufferer. But these writers have rarely and briefly noticed the internal and mental agonies to which the same circumstances inevitably exposed the converts. The surrender of life, when it appeared most highly gifted with the blessings of Providence; the literal abandonment of this world, when all its pleasures, its riches, and its glories were in their power; the violent severing of those ties, which the gentle spirit of Christianity had the more endeared; the self-denial not of the ungodly lusts, but of the most innocent affections; that last and most awful conflict, when "brother delivered brother unto death, and the father the child," when "a man's foes were those of his own household,"—it was from such trials, not those of the fire and the stake alone, that the meek religion of Christ came forth triumphant. In such a situation it has been my object to represent the mind of a young and tender female; and I have opposed to Christianity the most beautiful and the most natural of Heathen superstitions—the worship of the Sun. The reader, it is to be hoped, will recollect that although the following poem is in most part a work of imagination, there were multitudes who really laid down their lives for the faith of Christ under circumstances equally appalling and afflictive; for that faith, to the truth or falsehood of which they had demonstrative evidence in their power and in their possession." (Intr. p. 5—7.)

The heroine, Margarita, the converted daughter of the heathen priest Callias, is thus exquisitely described:

*Macer.*

What, then, is wanting?

*Second Priest.* What, but the crown and palm-like grace of all,  
The sacred virgin, on whose footsteps Beauty  
Waits like a handmaid; whose most peerless form,  
Light as embodied air, and pure as ivory  
Thrice polish'd by the skilful statuary,  
Moves in the priestess' long and flowing robes,  
While our scarce-erring worship doth adore  
The servant rather than the God.

*Third Priest.*

The maid

Whose living lyre so eloquently speaks,  
From the deserted grove the silent birds  
Hang hovering o'er her; and we human hearers  
Stand breathless as the marbles on the walls,  
That even themselves seem touch'd to listening life,  
All animate with the inspiring ecstasy.

*First Roman.* Thou meanst the daughter of the holy Callias;  
 I once beheld her, when thronging people  
 Prest round, yet parted still to give her way,  
 Even as the blue enamour'd waves, when first  
 The sea-born Goddess in her rosy shell  
 Sail'd the calm ocean.

*Second Priest.* Margarita, come,  
 Come in thy zoneless grace, thy flowing locks  
 Crown'd with the laurel of the God; the lyre  
 Accordant to thy slow and musical steps,  
 As grateful 'twould return the harmony,  
 That from thy touch it wins.

*Third Priest.* Come, Margarita,  
 This long, this bashful, timorous delay  
 Beseems thee well, and thou wilt come the lovelier,  
 Even like a late long look'd-for flower in spring.

*Second Priest.* Still silent! some one of the sacred priests  
 Enter, and in Apollo's name call forth  
 The tardy maiden. (P. 12—14.)

Our readers have thus seen the almost angelic vision; they shall now catch a few accents from her lips, as they burst from her in her lonely musings in the grove of Daphne, in the sweet tranquillity of a summer's evening.

Oh, thou polluted, yet most lovely grove!  
 Hath the Almighty breathed o'er all thy bowers  
 An everlasting spring, and paved thy walks  
 With amaranthine flowers—are but the wind,  
 Whose breath is gentle, suffer'd to entangle  
 Their light wings, not unwilling prisoners;  
 In thy thick branches, there to make sweet murmurs  
 With the bees' hum, and melodies of birds,  
 And all the voices of the hundred fountains,  
 That drops translucent from the mountain's side,  
 And lull themselves along their level course  
 To slumber with their own soft-sliding sounds;  
 And all for foul idolatry, or worse,  
 To make itself an home and sanctuary?

Oh, second Eden, like the first, defiled  
 With sin! even like thy human habitants,  
 Thy winds and flowers and waters have forgot  
 The gracious hand that made them, ministers  
 Voluptuous to man's transgressions—all  
 Save thou, sweet nightingale! that like myself,  
 Pourest alone thy melancholy song  
 To silence and to God—not undisturb'd—  
 The velvet turf gives up a quickening sound  
 Of coming steps:—Oh, thou that lov'st the holy,  
 Protect me from the sinful—from myself!  
 'Twas what I fear'd—Olybius!

(P. 26, 27.)

We wish we could afford to introduce our readers to a scene of yet deeper pathos; the scene in which the fond but bigoted Callias first becomes acquainted with the conversion of his daughter to

the Christian faith; but it is impossible to omit the following part of the dialogue.

*Callias.* Lightnings blast—not thee,  
But those that by their subtle incantations  
Have wrought upon thy innocent soul!

Look there.—

*Margarita.* Father, I'll follow thee where'er thou wilt:  
Thou dost not mean this cruel violence  
With which thou dragg'st me on.

*Callias.* Dost not behold him,  
Thy God! thy father's God! the God of Antioch!  
And feel'st thou not the cold and silent awe,  
That emanates from his immortal presence  
O'er all the breathless temple? Dar'st thou see  
The terrible brightness of the wrath that burns  
On his arch'd brow? Lo, how the indignation  
Swells in each strong dilated limb! his stature  
Grows loftier; and the roof, the quaking pavement,  
The shadowy pillars, all the temple feels  
The offended God!—I dare not look again,  
Dar'st thou?

*Margarita.* I see a silent shape of stone,  
In which the majesty of human passion  
Is to the life express'd. A noble image,  
But wrought by mortal hands, upon a model  
As mortal as themselves.

*Callias.* Ha! look again, then,  
There in the east. Mark how the purple clouds  
Throng to pavilion him: the officious winds  
Pant forth to purify his azure path  
From night's dun vapours and fast-scattering mists.  
The glad earth wakes in adoration; all  
The voices of all animate things lift up  
Tumultuous orisons; the spacious world  
Lives but in him, that is its life. But he,  
Disdainful of the universal homage,  
Holds his calm way, and vindicates for his own  
Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude  
Of peerless glory unapproachable.  
What means thy proud undazzled look, to adore  
Or mock, ungracious?

*Margarita.* On yon burning orb  
I gaze and say,—Thou mightiest work of him  
That launch'd thee forth, a golden-crowned bridegroom.  
To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp  
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,  
Creation's eldest born, was tabernacled.  
To thee was given to quicken slumbering nature,  
And lead the seasons' slow vicissitude  
Over the fertile breast of mother earth:  
Till men began to stoop their groveling prayers  
From the Almighty Sire of all to thee.  
And I will add,—Thou universal emblem

Hung in the forehead of the all-seen heavens,  
 Of him, that with the light of righteousness  
 Dawn'd on our latter days: the visitant dayspring  
 Of the benighted world. Enduring splendour!  
 Giant refresh'd! that evermore renew'st  
 Thy flaming strength; nor ever shalt thou cease,  
 With time coeval, even till Time itself  
 Hath perish'd in eternity. Then thou  
 Shalt own, from thy apparent deity  
 Debased, thy mortal nature, from the sky  
 Withering before the all-enlightening Lamb,  
 Whose radiant throne shall quench all other fires. (P.47—50.)

Margarita's account of her conversion to Christianity, with the evening song of the maidens heard at a distance from her dungeon are too beautiful to be passed by.

*Callias.* Hard heart!  
 Credulous of all but thy fond father's sorrows,  
 Thou wilt believe each wild and monstrous tale  
 Of this fond faith.

*Margarita.* I dare not disbelieve  
 What the dark grave hath cast the buried forth  
 To utter: to whose visible form on earth  
 After the cross expiring men have written  
 Their witness in their blood.

*Callias.* Whence learnt thou this?  
 Tell me, my child; for sorrow's weariness  
 Is now so heavy on me, I can listen  
 Nor rave. Come, sit we down on this coarse straw,  
 Thy only couch—thine, that wert wont to lie  
 On the soft plumage of the swan, that shamed not  
 Thy spotless limbs—Come.

*Margarita.* Dost thou not remember  
 When Decius was the Emperor, how he came  
 To Antioch, and when holy Babylas  
 Withstood his entrance to the Christian church,  
 Frantic with wrath, he bade them drag him forth  
 To cruel death? Serene the old man walk'd  
 The crowded streets; at every pause the yell  
 Of the mad people made, his voice was heard  
 Blessing God's bounty, or imploring pardon  
 Upon the barbarous hosts that smote him on.  
 Then didst thou hold me up, a laughing child,  
 To gaze on that sad spectacle. He pass'd,  
 And look'd on me with such a gentle sorrow;  
 The pallid patience of his brow toward me  
 Seem'd softening to a smile of deepest love.  
 When all around me mock'd, and howl'd, and laugh'd,  
 God gave me grace to weep. In after time  
 That face would on my noontide dreams return;  
 And in the silence of the night I heard  
 The murmur of that voice remote, and touch'd  
 To an aerial sweetness, like soft music  
 Over a tract of waters. My young soul

Lay wrapt in wonder, how that meek old man  
 Could suffer with such unrepining calmness,  
 Till late I learnt the faith for which he suffer'd,  
 And wonder'd then no more. Thou'rt weeping, too—  
 Oh Jesus, hast thou moved his heart?

*Callias.*

Away!

Insatiate of thy father's misery,  
 Wouldst have the torturers wring the few chill drops  
 Of blood that linger in these wither'd veins?

*Margarita.* I'd have thee with me in the changeless heavens,  
 Where we should part no more; reclined together  
 Far from the violence of this wretched world;  
 Emparadised in bliss, to which the Elysium  
 Dream'd by fond poets were a barren waste.

*Callias.* Would we were there, or any where but here,  
 Where the cold damps are oozing from the walls,  
 And the thick darkness presses like a weight  
 Upon the eyelids. Daughter, when thou served'st  
 Thy father's Gods, thou wert not thus: the sun  
 Was brightest where thou wert—beneath thy feet  
 Flowers grew. Thou sat'st like some unclouded star,  
 Inspired in thine own light and joy, and mad'st  
 The world around thee beauteous; now, cold earth  
 Must be thy couch to-night, to-morrow morn—  
 —What means that music?—Oh, I used to love  
 Those evening harpings once, my child!

*Margarita.*

I hear

The maids; beneath the twilight they are thronging  
 To Daphne, and they carol as they pass.

*Callias.* Thou canst not go.

*Margarita.* Lament not that, my father.

*Callias.* Thou must breathe here the damp and stifling air.

*Margarita.* Nay, listen not.

*Callias.* They call us hence.—Ah me,

My gentle child, in vain wouldst thou distract  
 My rapt attention from each well known note,  
 Once hallow'd to mine ear by thine own voice,  
 Which erst made Antioch vacant, drawing after thee  
 The thronging youth, which cluster'd all around thee  
 Like bees around their queen, the happiest they  
 That were the nearest. Oh, my child! my child!  
 Thou canst not yet be blotted from their memory.  
 And I'll go forth, and kneel at every foot,  
 To the stern Prefect show my hoary hair,  
 And sue for mercy on myself, not thee.

*Margarita.* Go not, my father.

*Callias.* Cling not round me thus,

There, there, even there repose upon the straw,  
 Nay, let me go, or I'll—but I've no power,  
 Thou heed'st not now my anger or my love;  
 So, so farewell, then, and our Gods or thine,  
 Or all that have the power to bless, be with thee!

[*Departs.*]

In every part of the poem the author has thrown around Margarita an almost unearthly loveliness. She would form a delight-

ful study for a painter, and we could almost fancy while we read, that we see before us those ideal forms of sainted maidens which the artists of Italy beheld in their golden slumbers, and transferred uninjured to their imperishable canvass. Let the reader listen to the following prayer of the meek victim, and to the glowing chorus that follows it, and deny, if he can, to our author a very high and dignified station amongst the purest, the tenderest, and the most Christian of living poets.

THE PRISON.

*Margarita.* Oh Lord! thou oft hast sent thy plumed angels,  
And with their silent presence they have awed  
The Heathen's violence to a placid peace.  
The ravening beasts have laid their fawning heads  
In love upon the lap of him, whom man  
Had cast them for their prey: and fires have burn'd  
Unharming, like the glory of a star,  
Round the pale brows of maidens; and the chains  
Have dropt, like wither'd flax, from galled limbs;  
And whom the infuriate people led to death,  
They have fallen down, and worshipp'd as a deity.

But thou hast sent a kindlier boon to me,  
A soft prophetic peace, that soothes my soul,  
Like music, to an heavenly harmony.  
For in my slumber a bright being came,  
And with faint steps my father follow'd him,  
Up through the argent fields, and there we met  
And felt the joy of tears without the pain.  
What's here? the bridal vestments, and the veil  
Of saffron, and the garden flowers. Olybius,  
Dost think to tempt me now, when all my thoughts,  
Like the soft dews of evening, are drawn up  
To heaven, but not to fall and taint themselves  
With earth again? My inmost soul last night  
Was wrung to think of our eternal parting;  
But now my voice may tremble, while, I say  
"God's will be done!" yet I have strength to say it.

But thou, oh morn! the last that e'er shall dawn  
Through earthly mists on my sad eyes—Oh blue,  
And beautiful even here, and fragrant morn,  
Mother of gentle airs and blushing hues!  
That bearest, too, in thy fair hand the key  
To which the harmonious gates of Paradise  
Unfold;—bright opening of immortal day!  
That ne'er shalt know a setting, but shalt shine  
Round me for ever on the crystal floors  
Where blessed Spirits tread. My bridal morn,  
In which my soul is wedded to its Lord,  
I may not hail thee in a mourner's garb:  
Mine earthly limbs shall wear their nuptial robes,  
And my locks bloom once more with flowers that fade.  
But I must haste, I hear the trumpet's voice.  
Acclaiming thousands answer—yet I fear not.  
Oh Lord! support me, and I shall not fear.

But hark! the maidens are abroad to hail  
Their God; we answer through our prison grates.  
Hark!

CHORUS OF HEATHEN MAIDENS.

Now glory to the God, who breaks,  
The monarch of the realms on high;  
And with his trampling chariot shakes  
The azure pavement of the sky.  
The steeds, for human eyes too bright,  
Before the yoke of chrysolite  
Pant, while he springs upon his way,  
The beardless youth divine, who bathes the world in day.

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS (*from the prison*).

Now glory to the God, whose throne,  
Far from this world obscure and dim,  
Holds its eternal state alone  
Beyond the flight of Seraphim:  
The God, whose one omnific word  
Yon orb of flame obedient heard,  
And from the abyss in fulness sprang,  
While all the blazing heavens with shouts of triumph rang.  
*Heathens.* Now glory to the God, that still  
Through the pale Signs his car hath roll'd,  
Nor ought but his imperious will  
E'er those rebellious steeds controll'd.  
Nor ever from the birth of time  
Ceased he from forth the Eastern clime,  
Heaven's loftiest steep his way to make  
To where his flaming whells the Hesperian waters slake.

*Christians.* Now glory to the God, that laid  
His mandate on yon king of day;  
The master-call the Sun obey'd,  
And forced his headlong steeds to stay,  
To pour a long unbroken noon  
O'er the red vale of Ajalon;  
By night uncheck'd fierce Joshua's sword  
A double harvest reap'd of vengeance for the Lord.

*Heathens.* Now glory to the God, whose blaze  
The scatter'd hosts of darkness fly;  
The stars before his conquering rays  
Yield the dominion of the sky;  
Nor e'er doth ancient Night presume  
Her gloomy state to reassume;  
While he the wide world rules alone,  
And high o'er men and Gods drives on his firewheel'd throne.

*Christians.* Now glory to the Lord, whose Cross  
Consenting nature shrinking saw;  
Mourning the dark world's heavier loss,  
The conscious Sun in silent awe  
Withdrew into the depths of gloom;  
The horror of that awful doom  
Quench'd for three hours the noontide light,  
And wrapt the guilt-shak'n earth in deep untimely night.



*Milman's Martyr of Antioch.*

*Heathens.* Now glory to the God, that wakes

With vengeance in his fiery speed,

To wreak his wrath impatient breaks

On every guilty godless head;

Hasty he mounts his early road,

And pours his brightest beams abroad:

And looks down fierce with jocund light  
To see his fame avenged, his vindicated rite.

*Christians.* Now glory to the Christ, whose love

Even now prepares our seats of rest,

And in his golden courts above

Enrols us mid his chosen Blest;

Even now our martyr robes of light

Are weaving of heaven's purest white,

And we, before thy course is done,

Shall shine more bright than thou, oh vainly-worshipp'd Sun!

(P. 117—132.)

We must trespass, if it be a trespass, with another passage of  
the richest and most lofty character.

*Margarita.* What means yon blaze on high?

The empyrean sky

Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending.

I see the star-pav'd land,

Where all the angels stand,

Even to the highest height in burning rows ascending.

Some with their wings dispread,

And bow'd the stately head,

As on some mission of God's love departing,

Like flames from midnight conflagration starting;

Behold! the appointed messengers are they,  
And nearest earth they wait to waft our souls away,

Higher and higher still;

More lofty statures fill

The jasper courts of the everlasting dwelling.

Cherub and Seraph pace

The illimitable space,

While sleep the folded plumes from their white shoulders swelling.

From all the harping throng

Bursts the tumultuous song,

Like the unceasing sounds of cataracts pouring,

Hosanna o'er Hosanna louder soaring;

That faintly echoing down to earthly ears,

Hath seem'd the consort sweet of the harmonious spheres.

Still my rapt spirit mounts,

And lo! beside the founts

Of flowing light Christ's chosen Saints reclining;

Distinct amid the blaze

Their palm-crown'd heads they raise,

Their white robes even through that o'erpowering lustre shining.

Each in his place of state,

Long the bright Twelve have sate,

O'er the celestial Sion high uplifted,  
While those with deep prophetic raptures gifted,  
Where Life's glad river rolls its tideless streams,  
Enjoy the full completion of their heavenly dreams.  
Again—I see again  
The great victorious train,  
The Martyr Army from their toils reposing:  
The blood-red robes they wear  
Empurpling all the air;  
Even their immortal limbs, the signs of wounds disclosing.  
Oh, holy Stephen! thou  
Art there, and on thy brow  
Hast still the placid smile it wore in dying,  
When under the heap'd stones in anguish lying  
Thy clasping hands were fondly spread to heaven,  
And thy last accents pray'd thy foes might be forgiven.  
Beyond! ah, who is there  
With the white snowy hair?  
'Tis he—'tis he the Son of Man appearing!  
At the right hand of One,  
The darkness of whose throne  
That sun-eyed seraph Host behold with awe and fearing.  
O'er him the rainbow springs,  
And spreads its emerald wings,  
Down to the glassy sea his loftiest seat o'erarching.  
Hark—thunders from his throne, like steel-clad armies marching—  
The Christ! the Christ commands us to his home!  
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come, we come, we come!  
(P. 146—149.)

The catastrophe is conducted with considerable skill. The reader, indeed, knows beforehand that the sainted heroine is to fall a sacrifice to the fury of her heathen persecutors, but the circumstances are so artfully managed, that the interest is kept up to the last; at least till the account of her martyrdom, at which point the piece ought to have concluded. The subsequent popular suffrage to Christianity in consequence of the affecting death of Margarita, with the "Christian Hymn" that follows, however pleasing in themselves, are extrinsic to the catastrophe, and ought not, if introduced at all, to have occupied more than a simple notice after it is known. Addison blames Milton for admitting the two concluding lines of the *Paradise Lost*; the poem, he thinks, should have ended with,

"The world was all before them where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

The addition of

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow  
Through Eden took their solitary way,"

he objects to, chiefly from its renewing in the mind of the reader

that anguish which had been pretty well laid aside by the consideration that the primæval pair were under the protection of a kind and unerring Providence. We are not quite persuaded of the justness of the criticism; but, if it be correct, Mr. Milman may plead the very same reason for lengthening his poem *beyond* the catastrophe, which Addison alleges for curtailing Milton's,—the repose and satisfaction of the reader; which certainly are much augmented by the conversion, though by the way, not a very reasonable one, of Callias and the multitude, and the hymn with which the poem concludes. We have space for but one citation, namely, the part which narrates the circumstances of the martyrdom, which the poet has classically kept out of sight.

“Non tamen, intus

Digna geri, promas in scenam; multaque tolles  
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens;  
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.  
Aut humana palam coquet exta nefarius Atreus.”

The passage is as follows:

—Speak to me, I charge you,  
Nor let mine own voice, like an evil omen,  
Load the hot air, unanswer'd.  
*Callias.* Hark!  
*Vopiscus.* Didst hear it?  
That shriek, as though some barbarous foe had scaled  
The city walls.  
*Olybius.* Is't horror or compassion?  
Or both?

*The above.* FOURTH OFFICER.

*Olybius.* What means thy hurried look? Speak—speak!  
Though thy words blast like lightning.

*Officer.* Mighty Prefect,  
The apostate Priestess Margarita—

*Olybius.* How?  
Where's Macer?

*Officer.* By the dead.

*Olybius.* What dead?

*Officer.* Remove  
Thy sword, which thou dost brandish at my throat,  
And I shall answer.

*Olybius.* Speak and instantly,  
Or I will dash thee down, and trample from thee  
Thy hideous secret.

*Officer.* It is nothing hideous—  
'Tis but the enemy of our faith—She died  
Nobly, in truth—but—

*Callias.* Dead! she is not, dead!  
Thou liest! I have his oath, the Prefect's oath;  
I had forgot it in my fears, but now  
I well remember, that she should not die.

Faugh! who will trust in Gods and men like these?

*Olybius.* Slave! Slave! dost mock me? Better twere for thee

That this be false, than if thou'dst found a treasure  
To purchase kingdoms.

*Officer.* Hear me but a while.  
She had beheld each sad and cruel death,  
And if she shudder'd, 'twas as one that strives  
With nature's soft infirmity of pity,  
One look to heaven restoring all her calmness;  
Save when that dastard did renounce his faith,  
And she shed tears for him. Then led they forth  
Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden cry  
Of Callias, and a parting in the throng,  
Proclaim'd her father's coming. Forth she sprang,  
And clasp'd the frowning headsman's knees, and said  
"Thou know'st me, when thou laid'st on thy sick bed  
"Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow.  
"There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,  
"And thy pale cheek would smile and weep at once,  
"Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child—  
"Oh! by its dear and precious memory,  
"I do beseech thee, slay me first and quickly;  
" 'Tis that my father may not see my death."

*Callias.* Oh cruel kindness! and I would have closed  
Thine eyes with such a fond and gentle pressure;  
I would have smooth'd thy beauteous limbs, and laid  
My head upon thy breast, and died with thee.

*Olybius.* Good father! once I thought to call thee so,  
How do I envy thee this her last fondness;  
She had no dying thought of me.—Go on.

*Officer.* With that the headsman wiped from his swarth cheeks,  
A moisture like to tears. But she, meanwhile,  
On the cold block composed her head, and cross'd  
Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heaved,  
She was so tranquil; cautious, lest her garments  
Should play the traitors to her modest care.  
And as the cold wind touch'd her naked neck,  
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,  
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up  
As softly to reproach his tardiness:  
And some fell down upon their knees, some clasp'd  
Their hands, enamour'd even to adoration  
Of that half-smiling face and bending form.

*Callias.* But he—but he—the savage executioner——

*Officer.* He trembled.

*Callias.* Ha! God's blessing on his head!

And the axe slid from out his palsied hand?

*Officer.* He gave it to another.

*Callias.*

And——

*Officer.*

It fell.

*Callias.*

I see it,

I see it like the lightning flash—I see it,  
And the blood bursts—my blood!—my daughter's blood!  
Off—let me loose.

*Officer.*

Where goest thou?

*Callias.*

To the Christian,

To learn the faith in which my daughter died,  
And follow her as quickly as I may.

(P. 157—162.)

In this day of "rebuke and blasphemy," when so many writers, in poetry and prose, are sapping the faith and morals of the people by their productions, we cannot forbear thanking the writer of this poem for displaying Christianity in so beautiful a light, as contrasted with the fairest forms of heathenism. It is something gained to the cause of truth, to have our associations and feelings engaged on the right rather than the wrong side as respects the Gospel even as a system; though incomparably happier are those who, allured by the exquisite proportions of the exterior of the temple, are persuaded to enter its hallowed walls, and to fix their abode within the precincts of the spiritual "Beauty of Holiness."

#### EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS BEFORE THE SCOTS JURY COURT.

The following examination took place in a question tried in the above mentioned court, between the trustees on the Queensferry passage and the town of Kirkaldy. The witness was called on the part of the trustees, and apparently full of their interest. The counsel having heard that the man had received a present of a coat from the clerk to the trustees before coming to attend the trial, thought proper to interrogate him on that point; as by proving this it would have the effect of setting aside his testimony.

Q. Pray where did you get that coat? The witness looking obliquely down to the sleeve of his coat, and from thence to the counsel—with a mixture of effrontery and confusion, exclaimed,

A. Coat, coat, Sir? whare got I that coat.

Q. I wish to know where you got that coat?

A. May be ye ken whare I got it?

Q. No, but we wish to know from whom you got it?

A. Did ye gie me that coat?

Q. Tell the jury where you got that coat.

A. What's your business wi' that?

Q. It is material that you tell the court where you got that coat.

A. 'Am no' obliged to tell about ma coat?

Q. Do you recollect whether you bought that coat, or whether it was given to you?

A. I canna recollect every thing about ma coats; whan I get them, or whare I get them.

Q. You said you recollected perfectly well about the boats 40 Jyears ago; and the people who lived about Kirkaldy then, and ohn More's boat; and can you not remember where you got the coat you have on at present?

A. 'Am no going to say any thing about coats.

Q. Did Mr. Douglass, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?

A. How do you ken any thing about that?

Q. I ask you did Mr. Douglass, &c.

A. 'Am no bound to answer that question, but merely to tell the truth.

Q. So you wont tell where you got that coat?

A. I didna get the coat to do any thing wrong for't; I didna engage to say any thing that wasna true.

The Lord Chief Commissioner, when the witness was going out of the box, called him back, and observed, "the court wish to know from you something farther about this coat. It is not believed that you got it improperly, or that there is any reason for your concealing it. You have been disinclined to speak about it, thinking there was something of insult or reproach in the questions put from the bar. You must be sensible that the bench can have no such intention, and it is for your credit, and the sake of your testimony, to disclose fairly where you got it. There may be discredit in concealing, but none in telling where you got it."

Q. Where did you get the coat?

A. 'Am no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. True; you are not obliged to tell where you got it; but it is for your own credit to tell.

A. I didna come here to tell about coats, but to tell about boats and pinnaces.

Q. If you do not tell, I must throw aside your evidence altogether.

A. 'Am no gaun to say any thing about ma coat; 'am no obliged to say any thing about it.

Witness went away and was called back by Lord Gillies.

Q. How long have you had that coat?

A. I dinna ken how long I hae had ma coat. I hae plenty o' coats. I dinna mind about this coat or that coat.

Q. Do you remember any thing near the time; have you had it a year, a month, or a week? Have you had it a week?

A. Hoot ay, I dare say I may.

Q. Have you had it a month?

A. I dinna ken; I cam here to speak about boats, and no about coats.

Q. Did you buy the coat?

A. I didna mind what coat I bought, or what I got.

The evidence of this witness was rejected.

## THE WHITE-HEADED, OR BALD EAGLE.\*

THIS distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice.

He has been long known to naturalists, being common in both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude, to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold: feeding equally on the produce of the sea and the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by any thing but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to the changes of temperature; as, in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is therefore found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits; but prefers the borders of lakes and rivers, from the great partiality he has for fish.

In procuring these he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions; but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow white gulls slowly winnowing the air, the busy tringæ coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight and balancing himself, with half opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the Eagle are all ardor, and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase,

\* *Falco Leucocephalus.* Wilson's *Ornithology*.

soon gains on the fish-hawk, each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime ærial evolutions. The unincumbered Eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish: the Eagle poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill gotten booty silently away to the woods.

These predatory attacks and defensive manœuvres of the Eagle and the fish-hawk, are matters of daily observation along the whole of our sea board, from Georgia to New England, and frequently excite great interest in the spectators. Sympathy, however, on this as on most other occasions, generally takes side with the honest and laborious sufferer, in opposition to the attacks of power, injustice and rapacity, qualities for which our hero is so generally notorious, and which, in his superior, man, are certainly detestable. As for the feelings of the poor fish they seem altogether out of the question.

When driven, as he sometimes is, by the combined courage and perseverance of the fish-hawks from their neighbourhood, and forced to hunt for himself, he retires more inland in search of young pigs, of which he destroys great numbers. In the lower parts of Virginia and North Carolina, where the inhabitants raise vast herds of those animals, complaints are very general against him. He also destroys young lambs in the early part of spring; and will sometimes attack old sickly sheep, aiming furiously at their eyes.

In corroboration of the remarks I have myself made on the manners of the Bald-eagle, many accounts have reached me from various persons of respectability, living on or near the sea coast; the substance of all these I shall endeavour to incorporate with the present account.

Mr. *John L. Gardiner*, who resides on an island of three thousand acres, about three miles from the eastern point of Long Island, from which it is separated by Gardiner's bay, and who has consequently many opportunities of observing the habits of these birds, has favoured me with a number of interesting particulars on this subject: for which I beg leave thus publicly to return my grateful acknowledgment.

"The Bald-eagles," says this gentleman, "remain on this island during the whole winter. They can be most easily discovered in the evenings, by their loud snoring while asleep on high oak trees; and when awake their hearing seems to be nearly as good as their sight. I think I mentioned to you that I had myself seen one flying with a lamb ten days old, and which it dropped on the ground, from about ten or twelve feet high. The struggling of the



lamb, more than its weight, prevented its carrying it away. My running, hallooing, and being very near, might prevent its completing its design. It had broke the back in the act of seizing it; and I was under the necessity of killing it outright to prevent its misery. The lamb's dam seemed to be astonished at seeing its innocent offspring borne off into the air by a bird.

"I was lately told," continues Mr. Gardiner, "by a man of truth, that he saw an Eagle rob a hawk of its fish, and the hawk seemed so enraged as to fly down at the Eagle, while the Eagle very deliberately, in the air, threw himself partly over on his back, and while he grasped in one foot the fish, extended the other to threaten or seize the hawk. I have known several hawks unite to attack the Eagle; but never knew a single one to do it. The Eagle seems to regard the hawks as the hawks do the kingbirds, only as teasing troublesome fellows."

From the same intelligent and obliging friend I lately received a well preserved skin of the Bald-eagle, which, from its appearance, and the note which accompanied it, seems to have belonged to a very formidable individual. "It was shot," says Mr. Gardiner, "last winter, on this island, and weighed thirteen pounds, measured three feet in length, and seven from tip to tip of the expanded wings, was extremely fierce looking; though wounded would turn his back to no one; fastened his claws into the head of a dog and was with difficulty disengaged. I have rode on horseback within five or six rods of one, who, by his bold demeanor, raising his feathers, &c. seemed willing to dispute the ground with its owner. The crop of the present was full of mutton from my part-blood merinos; and his intestines contained feathers, which he probably devoured with a duck or winter gull, as I observed an entire foot and leg of some water fowl. I had two killed previous to this which weighed ten pounds avoirdupois each."

The intrepidity of character, mentioned above, may be farther illustrated by the following fact, which occurred a few years ago near Great Egg Harbour, New Jersey. A woman who happened to be weeding in the garden, had set her child down near, to amuse itself while she was at work; when a sudden and extraordinary rushing sound, and a scream from her child alarmed her, and starting up she beheld the infant thrown down, and dragged some few feet, and a large Bald-eagle bearing off a fragment of its frock, which, being the only part seized, and giving way, providentially saved the life of the infant.

The appetite of the Bald-eagle, though it is habituated to long fasting, is of the most voracious and often the most indelicate kind. Fish, when he can obtain them, are preferred to all other fare. Young lambs and pigs are dainty morsels, and made free with on all favourable occasions. Ducks, geese, gulls and other sea fowl, are also seized with avidity. The most putrid carrion, when nothing better can be had, is acceptable; and the collected

groups of gormandizing vultures, on the approach of this dignified personage, instantly disperse, and make way for their master, waiting his departure in sullen silence, and at a respectful distance, on the adjacent trees.

In one of those partial migrations of the squirrels, that sometimes take place in our western forests, many thousands of them were drowned in attempting to cross the Ohio; and at a certain place not far from Wheeling, a prodigious number of their dead bodies were floated to the shore by an eddy. Here the vultures assembled in great force, and had regaled themselves for some time, when a Bald-eagle made his appearance, and took sole possession of the premises, keeping all the vultures at their proper distance for several days. He has also been seen navigating the same river on a floating carrion, though scarcely raised above the surface of the water, and tugging at the carcase, regardless of snags, sawyers, planters or shallows. He sometimes carries his tyranny to great extremes against the vultures. In hard times, when food happens to be scarce, should he accidentally meet with one of these whose craw is crammed with carrion, he attacks it fiercely in the air; the cowardly vulture instantly disgorges, and the delicious contents are snatched up by the Eagle before they reach the ground.

The nest of this species is generally fixed on a very large tree, often in a swamp, or morass, and difficult to be ascended. On some noted tree of this description, often a pine or cypress, the Bald-eagle builds, year after year, for a long series of years. When both male and female have been shot from the nest, another pair has soon after taken possession. The nest is large, being added to and repaired every season, until it becomes a black prominent mass, observable at a considerable distance. It is formed of large sticks, sods, earthy rubbish, hay, moss, &c. Many persons have stated to me that the female lays first a single egg, and that after having sat on it for some time she lays another; when the first is hatched, the warmth of that, it is supposed, hatches the other. Whether this be correct or not, I cannot determine; but a very respectable gentleman of Virginia assured me that he saw a large tree cut down, containing the nest of a Bald-eagle, in which were two young, one of which appeared nearly three times as large as the other. As a proof of their attachment to their young, a person near Norfolk informed me, that in cleaning a piece of woods on his farm, they met with a large dead pine tree, on which was a Bald-eagle's nest and young. The tree being on fire more than half way up, and the flames rapidly ascending, the parent Eagle darted around and among the flames, until her plumage was so much injured that it was with difficulty she could make her escape; and even then, she several times attempted to return to relieve her offspring.

No bird provides more abundantly for its young than the Bald-

eagle. Fish are daily carried to them in numbers, so that they sometimes lie scattered round the tree, and the putrid smell of the nest may be distinguished at the distance of several hundred yards. The young are at first covered with a thick whitish or cream-coloured cottony down; they gradually become of a gray colour as their plumage develops itself; continue of the brown-gray until the third year, when the white begins to make its appearance on the head, neck, tail coverts and tail; these by the end of the fourth year are completely white, or very slightly tinged with cream; the eye also is at first hazel, but gradually brightens into a brilliant straw colour, with the white plumage of the head. Such at least was the gradual progress of this change, witnessed by myself, on a very fine specimen brought up by a gentleman, a friend of mine, who for a considerable time believed it to be what is usually called the Gray-eagle, and was much surprised at the gradual metamorphosis. This will account for the circumstance so frequently observed, of the gray and white-headed Eagle being seen together, both being in fact the same species, in different stages of colour, according to their difference of age.

The flight of the Bald-eagle, when taken into consideration with the ardour and energy of his character, is noble and interesting. Sometimes the human eye can just discern him, like a minute-speck, moving in slow curvatures along the face of the heavens, as if reconnoitering the earth at that immense distance. Sometimes he glides along in a direct horizontal line, at a vast height, with expanded and unmoving wings, till he gradually disappears in the distant blue ether. Seen gliding in easy circles over the high shores and mountainous cliffs that tower above the Hudson and Susquehanna, he attracts the eye of the intelligent voyager, and adds great interest to the scenery. At the great cataract of Niagara, there rises from the gulf into which the falls of the Horse-shoe descend, a stupendous column of smoke, or spray, reaching to the heavens, and moving off in large black clouds, according to the direction of the wind, forming a very striking and majestic appearance. The Eagles are here seen sailing about, sometimes losing themselves in this thick column, and again re-appearing in another place, with such ease and elegance of motion, as renders the whole truly sublime.

High o'er the watery uproar, silent seen,  
Sailing sedate in majesty serene,  
Now midst the pillar'd spray sublimely lost,  
And now, emerging down the rapids tost,  
Glides the Bald-eagle, gazing calm and slow,  
O'er all the horrors of the scene below;  
Intent alone to sate himself with blood,  
From the torn victims of the raging flood.

The white-headed eagle is three feet long, and seven feet in extent; the bill is of a rich yellow; cere the same, slightly tinged

with green; mouth flesh-colored; tip of the tongue bluish-black the head, chief part of the neck, vent, tail-coverts and tail, are white in the perfect or old birds of both sexes; in those under three years of age these parts are of a gray-brown; the rest of the plumage is deep dark-brown, each feather tipped with pale brown, lightest on the shoulder of the wing, and darkest towards its extremities; the conformation of the wing is admirably adapted for the support of so large a bird; it measures two feet in breadth on the greater quills, and sixteen inches on the lesser; the longest primaries are twenty inches in length, and upwards of one inch in circumference where they enter the skin; the broadest secondaries are three inches in breadth across the vane; the scapulars are very large and broad, spreading from the back to the wing, to prevent the air from passing through; another range of broad flat feathers, from three to ten inches in length, also extend from the lower part of the breast to the wing below, for the same purpose; between these lies a deep triangular cavity; the thighs are remarkably thick, strong and muscular, covered with long feathers pointing backwards, usually called the femoral feathers; the legs, which are covered half way below the knee before, with dark brown downy feathers, are of a rich yellow, the colour of ripe Indian corn; feet the same; claws blue-black, very large and strong, particularly the inner one, which is considerably the largest; soles very rough and warty; the eye is sunk under a bony or cartilaginous projection, of a pale yellow colour, and is turned considerably forwards, not standing parallel with the cheeks; the iris is of a bright straw-colour; pupil black.

The male is generally two or three inches shorter than the female. the white on the head, neck and tail being more tinged with yellowish, and its whole appearance less formidable; the brown plumage is also lighter, and the bird, less daring than the female, a circumstance common to almost all birds of prey.

The eagle is said to live to a great age, sixty, eighty, and some assert, one hundred years. This circumstance is remarkable, when we consider the seeming intemperate habits of the bird; sometimes fasting, through necessity, for several days, and at other times gorging itself with animal food till its craw swells out the plumage of that part, forming a large protuberance on the breast. This, however, is its natural food, and for these habits its whole organization is particularly adapted. It has not, like men, invented rich wines, ardent spirits, and a thousand artificial poisons in the form of soups, sauces and sweetmeats. Its food is simple, it indulges freely, uses great exercise, breathes the purest air, is healthy, vigorous, and long lived. The lords of the creation themselves might derive some useful hints from these facts, were they not already, in general, too wise, or too proud, to learn from their inferiors, the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.

## THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

BY HANS KELLERMAN.

I HAVE heard it said,—and they were no fools who said it,—that the romance of life was over, that the days of adventure were gone by; but how can this be, when so many volumes, quarto, octavo, and duodecimo, give the lie direct to the assertion? Every body now has his adventures; and they who cannot find monsters at home, contrive to make them in a twelvemonth's tour of the continent. There is no fatigue that a genuine tourist will not endure for the sake of talking of it afterwards, and if he is not lucky enough to meet with any robbers, he is sure to hear of them, which answers his purpose every jot as well; nay, I once had a friend who, having travelled a whole year to no purpose, flung himself in despair into the English river Thames, but by some singular accident swam to shore instead of sinking, and afterwards wrote a pretty account,—a very pretty account indeed of his drowning and subsequent recovery to life. For my own part, however, I have been more fortunate; without stirring a step beyond my native city, I have seen and done enough to make a decent quarto, allowing the usual quantity of margin. In good truth I may say that no one has *suffered* more for his country than myself, and I have no doubt that you will agree with me, that all the terrors which have ever terrified poor human nature, whether by ghost or gunpowder, dirk or devil, are mere jokes to what I endured on that dreadful day when Vienna was bombarded by the French!—the horrible French!—the grinning, grimacing,—chattering, swearing,—cringing, dancing,—frog-eating, man-killing, French!—But to my story.

This bombardment of Vienna took place in the year 1809, on the 11th of May, at the hour of nine—exactly to a minute. I want no memorandum to recollect the date: it cleaves to my memory like the first whipping I received at school, and now it is my *anno domini*,—the centre point to which I refer all the past, present, and future transactions of my life. Nor will you, my kind friends, wonder at it, when you have heard my story; oh, it will make your hearts ache, and your eyes run over! It is, indeed, almost too terrible for belief; posterity will hardly credit the tale; I shall be called a Trenck, a Tott, a Bruce, a Munchausen; but indeed, I only speak the truth, and that too with becoming modesty; Cæsar himself did not tell his tale with greater candour; and again, I boldly say, that no one has *suffered* more for his native land than I have done.

When in the spring of 1809 Napoleon Bonaparte had advanced as far as Linz with the whole of the French army, my worthy friends and fellow patriots began to have fears for the city of Vienna, or,—to, speak it more correctly,—for themselves in the city of Vienna; for, as to the imperial brick and mortar, that was

a trifling consideration. I, as in duty bound, being a colonel of volunteers, endeavoured to comfort them, and bade them take courage, though in simple verity I did not then know what courage was; when, however, on the 10th of May, the Duke of Monte Bello appeared before Vienna, I soon learnt what it was not, and that knowledge was at least worth the other half of the mystery.

I felt a cold shudder creep over me at the sight of the Frenchmen, and I had very little difficulty in bringing over reason to the side of fear;—"Is there not danger?" quoth FEAR. "Very great," replied REASON; "Is man," continued Fear, "educated, clothed, and fattened, at so much expense of time, labour, and money, only to be shot down like an old crow after all? Would not any lean, ignorant, ragged rascal be just as good food for powder, besides being a great saving to the nation?"—"Certainly," replied Reason—and certainly Reason was in the right: nobody shall persuade me that I have cost myself and my mother so much pain, only to be exposed to the discretion of a bullet—a creature that is proverbial for the want of discretion—a beast that makes no distinction of persons, and would as soon kill a prince as a peasant; Oh, the thing is not to be thought of; it is not good; it is not fit; it is abominable.

With this conviction, it may be easily supposed, I had no violent desire for fighting, though the enemy were Frenchmen; it was true, that I heartily hated the whole race of them, but then we are not bound to cut the throat of every man who does not happen to be to our taste. And yet what was to be done? As a colonel of volunteers, I could not handsomely run away from my men and indeed, there was much more fear that the lean slaves would run away from me, for my legs carried four times the load of any given pair in the whole regiment, and therefore were likely to be four times as slow in a retreat. Then too, if by any extraordinary chance they should stand firm, my plight would not be a jot the better; with my rotundity of person I should be a bull's eye to the target, and every gun would be aimed at me; escape would be impossible.

Such were my reflections in the hungry interval between the laying of the cloth and the serving up of dinner, that tedious prologue which all cooks contrive to make as long as possible.

This day too I thought it was longer than usual; but at last the fish made its appearance; it was a fine carp, and I had just tasted enough to be able to say so much, without the imputation of rashness, when in bounced my cousin David with the words, "the enemy will attack us this evening."

The carp turned to wormwood in my mouth; never in my life had I eaten so bitter a morsel, and though few had ever suspected me of being a conjuror, yet now I had the faculty of second sight and of second hearing too in full perfection.

**And coming events cast their shadows before.**

I saw the glitter of the French bayonets, and heard the din of the French muskets, though all the time there was neither bayonet nor musket within five miles of the city. But evening came and with it came, both the one and the other, when by a strange preversion of things I could neither see nor hear distinctly: still where my safety was concerned, I had a natural instinct which answered all the purposes of reason, and I clearly felt that it would never do to stay at home and receive a domiciliary visit from the bombs and balls; for in the first place, I reckoned that my quarter would be the chief point of attack; and secondly, I held that any one's cellar would be much more convenient on the present occasion than my own attics, where the bullets would tumble fresh from the air.

All Vienna now was in confusion,—dogs barking, children squalling, women crying and men swearing,—but by this time I had acquired inconceivable presence of mind, for while every body else was running without any definite object, I knew perfectly well which way I was going. With more speed than I had before thought my legs were capable of, I posted off to the opposite side of the city, on a visit to my cousin Joseph, or rather to my cousin Joseph's cellar, which at this moment was to me the dearest spot on earth. I thought it, however, more civil to make himself the ostensible cause of my coming, in which I believe that I only follow the fashion of most guests, whose visits are, generally speaking, less to the host than to his wine-bins.

With my cousin I found a stranger, who, by his pale face, evidently had an eye to the cellar as well as myself. He had on a blue-coat, and wore at his side a sabre of most terrific dimensions; if it had not been for the newness of his garments I should have supposed him to be a poet, for he was as thin as a paper-knife, and, with the green feathers in his hat, looked prodigiously like an eel set up on its tail, and its head stuck with fennel. But poet or not, I felt he was, like myself, a coward,—and why should I be ashamed to own myself of that numerous fraternity? Cowardice may be a misfortune, but it cannot be a vice; valour is as much a gift of Heaven as the genius for poetry or painting; and if a man have it not by nature he will never acquire it by education; you cannot whip courage into a boy like the classics. But I am far from thinking cowardice a vice; on the contrary, I deem it a virtue of the highest order, a sort of necessary cement, without which society would not hold together for eight-and-forty-hours; if all men were Cæsars, the world would be too hot to hold them. Nor do I at all regret that I belong to the cement of society, but rather am thankful to dame Nature for having been so economical to me in the article of courage; I shall live twenty years the longer for her discretion on this score, and twenty years of life are worth

having to a man who eats three hundred and sixty-five good dinners in the course of the twelve-month, not forgetting a suitable accompaniment of wine, ale, and brandy. Besides, I am no friend of killing any more than of being killed; let those who think otherwise follow their own inclination; I have not the slightest objection to their stabbing, slashing, shooting or otherwise slaying, any one, provided that one be not myself; but let them in return leave to me my whole skin,—a necessary article of clothing which indisputably belongs to myself, and myself only. The subject, however, is inexhaustible, and I must perforce leave that, as I left my cousin Joseph, to look after my troop of heroes.

With this view I set off for the North Gate, and my step was as light as if I had been marching to a feast, so much had my courage risen with the certainty of a snug retreat in my cousin's cellar. Scarcely had I got over half the ground, when the stranger with the pale face was at my elbow.

"We are probably going the same way," said the pale-face.

"To the walls," I replied in a determined tone, and was myself almost terrified at the valour of my own voice. In fact, I began to fear that I was not a coward after all, and that my courage might lead me into some danger; of all my fears, however, that was the most superfluous. "We shall have a dreadful night of it, I am afraid," said the pale-face, "the French are terrible engineers." "Psha!"—I was growing bolder ever minute,—"*Psha! dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. Follow my example and be firm."

"Such a mass of flesh may well be firm," replied the pale-face; "it is not a trifle that can shake it; but for a poor, meagre, lath-and-plaster devil like myself,—why the very sneezing of an enemy would upset me."

"Sir, sir, be thankful to Heaven that you occupy so little space in the world; nothing but chance could ever direct a ball to an object so invisible; and, if it should, the breath of the ball would knock you down long before the lead itself could reach you."

The pale-face was nettled at this remark; he began to grow personal, but I had an instinctive knowledge, that he was more afraid than myself, and accordingly gave my hat the defying cock, and said:

"It is your good luck that I have other and more important business on my hands, or here should be my answer."

With this I touched my sword significantly, and strutted off into another street in the hope of getting rid of him. Still I had some fear that he might follow me, and did not venture to look over my shoulder lest his pale face should be grinning there. Thanks, however, to my gaurdian saint, and my own admirable presence of mind, I got out of this troublesome business without any other injury than a little ruffling of the spirits.

I found my company already at their post, and took it into my



head to muster them partly to show my zeal for the service, and partly to lay in a stock of reputation, while it might be had at a cheap rate; so that if my after conduct should call my valour in question, my present stoutness might be adduced in its defence. Of course, I expected to find that half my troop had forgotten to come, for it was natural to suppose that the worthy souls were animated by the same peaceful sentiment as their colonel; but no, there they all were, young and old, thick and thin, short and tall, resolved, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, to conquer or to perish. I thought it a pity so much good spirit should be suffered to cool, especially as it was likely there would be great occasion for it; so to keep up the fire, I harangued them; quoted to them all the heroes of antiquity, like a bead-roll of saints, (the schoolmaster of the regiment had supplied me with their names,) and was about to retreat again to my cellar, when the officers on the same station would compel me take an early supper with them, much against my inclination; not that I objected to a supper; I was too good a citizen for that; but my better genius kept whispering to me, "Go to your cousin's cellar; you know not what may happen." Would that I had listened to its suggestion.

The splendid appearance of the officers, and the smell of the hot meats, acted very kindly on my nerves. There was talking and laughing, and singing and swearing, drinking and eating, though no one knew whether the tables might not be turned, and himself be a supper for the worms before the morning. Even I felt the cheerful influence of the roast and boiled, and joined most vigorously in the patriotic toasts that followed rather closely on each other. In half an hour I had become a hero—a Bonaparte—when an unlucky varlet thought proper to drink, "To those who shall fall for their native land and Emperor!" Never was any thing more displaced than such a toast; every eye too was directed at me, as if I were the destined victim, and they were drinking my safe journey to the other world. From that moment my courage fell like the English stocks; the ringing of glasses was to me like the tolling of death-bells; and the voices about me sounded like so many requiems. If a chair fell, I thought the house was coming down; and if a door slammed, the bombardment had begun. Internally I vowed to get to some snug retreat with the first opportunity,—a measure which did not at all derogate from my patriotism, for the city would still have my good wishes; and as to my presence, my military talents were not so great but that the state might make a shift to do without me.

In amends for my deficiencies, my brother officers were all growing more and more valiant; they agreed, *nem. con.* that the French would not dare to attack us; that they wanted troops, wanted time, wanted courage, wanted ammunition, wanted every thing, in short, but the inclination; and however strong inclination may be, it is not strong enough to knock down walls of brick and mortar. All

this was convincing, and I was convinced, that is, my head was convinced; but I could not bring my heart over to the same belief, though the impossibility of an attack was proved to a demonstration; nothing could be clearer, it was two and two make four. An officer of grenadiers, with a most heroic pair of whiskers, had the goodness to enter into a particular argument with me on the subject, and had just proved that not a cannon would or could be fired that night, when the clock struck nine, and at the first stroke it was as if heaven and earth would come together; the bombardment had really begun. The whole assembly seemed for several minutes struck into lifeless statues, like the king's court in the Arabian Tale, each limb being fixed in its immediate attitude. My neighbour on the left hand had just brought a slice of pudding to his mouth, and there it remained immoveable. My neighbour on the right had dipped his spoon into the gravy of a dish on which smoked a fine hare, and now it seemed as if he were feeding the animal that obstinately turned away its nose. Several knives and forks, that had only arrived half way to their respective mouths, were fixed in air; and the jaws of my opposite friend, having dropped down to his breast, showed a cavity like the entrance to some unknown region. The only sign of life in the assembly was with a lieutenant, who, when the first bomb fell was employed in filling his glass, and now continued the same action, while the overflowing wine ran about on all sides. But this state of things could not last long; the drums beat to arms, the company separated for their posts, and I set off for cousin Joseph's cellar, when, as the devil would have it, I was met by a multitude in full tide for the walls. To pass through them was impossible: I squeezed myself close to the wall, hoping that the stream might pass by me; but no; it seemed as if the crowd were come for no other earthly purpose than to carry me to my post, whither I was borne by simple pressure in spite of all my resistance. Here I found my troop, their arms gleaming in the black torch-light. There was no retreating now, for one of the links shone on me most unmercifully, while the balls and bombs were whizzing like a swarm of cockchafers over our heads or rather over my head, for every bullet was directed at me—at nobody but me.—The object of the French seemed not so much to bombard Vienna as my innocent person; and, what was still more extraordinary, the balls, one and all, had an intuitive knowledge of where I was to be found. Most willingly would I have retreated rather than expose my dear friends to so much danger on my account, for to stand near me was like standing near steel in a storm of lightning; but I could not move; the dense rows behind me prevented all hopes of flight, so that all I could do was to screw myself into as small a compass as possible, and trust the rest to Providence.

By this time some hundreds of bullets had passed over us without hurting any one,—a circumstance attended with the most bene-

cial effect on my companions. Their courage came to them as the danger seemed to lessen, at which I was not at all surprised; for it must be owned that nothing does so much injury to valour as the presence of danger. Some were even bold enough to talk of volunteering on the walls, when whiz! burst a bomb amongst us, and stretched several of my heroes on the ground. In an instant all was flight and confusion, and I of course felt it my duty to call back my men to theirs; so off I flew in pursuit of them, running and bawling might and main, till by some accident I found myself deposited in an ice-cellar.—Oh! I would not have exchanged it for the best room in the Emperor's palace. I was, however, far from being at my ease, being crumpled up in a corner amidst women and children, who were screaming, praying, scolding, swearing, and making a concert that only wanted the braying of the long-eared animal to be quite perfect in its kind. Some of my troops, too, had followed me to this place of safety, either from natural instinct, or because they held it incumbent on them to follow their leader in the paths of honour, even though they should happen to lead to an ice-cellar. Still there was a wall between me and danger, and I felt perfectly satisfied, though my crushed legs served as a seat for half a dozen heavy-armed grenadiers; when on a sudden, a dreadful crash was heard over head, and the walls of the cellar fairly trembled. Those who were before me fell plump against my frontal protuberance; those behind tumbled on my neck and shoulders; while at least twenty legs, and as many hands, garnished with the usual proportion of claws, were digging at my sides. I firmly believed that the cellar was tumbling about us, and shouted most furiously. My men answered by a shout of corresponding vigour; with their bass mingled the tenors and sopranos of the women and children, and such a concert was raised as never had been heard since the siege of Troy.

By degrees our vocalists grew weary, and at the end of half an hour, the boldest of the party took courage enough to express a hope that we were still living. I ventured to ask if the cellar had not fallen; no one in his own person had reason to suppose it, though each had believed his neighbour was not only dead, but comfortably buried without the assistance of a sexton. As soon however, as we found that all of us were safe and sound our valour rose to the very top of the thermometer; but it was quickly damped by the smell of smoke, that now crept in upon us from a thousand invisible crevices. Every-nose was agreed as to the fact, and a little consideration told us, that we were sitting under a burning house, the smoke of which increased so much in a few minutes, that we were almost stifled. Still no one could find in his heart to venture out from his snug retreat, amidst the shower of bullets that rained incessantly. As a sort of compromise between terror and prudence, we opened the cellar door,—an expedient that was not without its evils; for it not only let in the air,

but a party of troops, sent out to recal the runaways to their posts. Necessity, says the proverb, is the mother of invention; I bound my red pocket-handkerchief about my head, groaned piteously, and besought them to let me have a surgeon, and the fellows being tolerably drunk, my scheme succeeded. I again began to feel myself in safety, when a second party appeared with an equal affection for the ice-cellar. Unfortunately there was no room for these new-comers, and they, fancying our cellar concealed a store of wine, threatened to storm our little fortification. Upon this, the garrison within took up their arms; the assailants without did the same; and in an instant we were threatened with a *bellum plusquam civile*. What could be more absurd? Every shot must inevitably hit me who stood in the centre. In despair I cried out, "Halt! I am the Colonel!" Whether it was the force of my voice, or the force of subordination, I know not, but the soldiers drew back without firing a single shot! At the moment I felt that I had achieved a victory; I felt myself a real patriot; I had by my own unassisted wit prevented a civil war, and saved my own life, as well as the lives of others. Truly, I began to think I was a hero after all, but that my valour had lain locked up in my heart, like the fire in a flint, and could only be called forth by collision.

It was not till the break of day that the bombardment ceased, when, with proper precautions, I thrust my head again into the open air. All was quiet, except in my own ears, that still rang with the noises of the night. I hastened, therefore, to assume a military appearance, shook myself like a ruffled hen, cocked my hat valiantly, brought my sword to the proper position—it had travelled round to my right side;—took the handkerchief from my head, coughed thrice, and by the time I reached my company, looked something like a hero. My soldiers, too, had recovered their valour, now that there was no occasion for it—My case always! just when I don't want valour, I am sure to find him at my elbow; but the moment he is wanted, the ungrateful rascal runs away, and leaves me in the lurch. This by the way though!—Not one of my party was missing, save those who were wounded by the fall of the shell; all looked heroes, yet many who now wore most terrific faces smelt confoundedly of the cellar: my nose was too well acquainted with the smoke to be in any doubt about the fact; but I wisely held my tongue, and have ever since passed for a man of valour, and been known among my peaceful neighbours by the appellation of the *Colonel*.

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THE London Literary Gazette, 5 Oct. 1822, speaks of England as "the land of beauty and valour, the only nation where human nature has arrived to its highest perfection!"

After this we hope we shall have no more sneering at the most enlightened nation in the world.

JANUARY, 1823.—NO. 249. 8

For the Port Folio.

## THE AMERICAN LOUNGER. NO. 520.

SOBER REFLECTIONS. *By a Village Beau.*

The following reflections are evidently not from one of those who would exclaim with Cinna, the Poet, "wisely, I am a bachelor." The churlish chidings of a December blast have inspired my correspondent with other thoughts, and he has uttered a fervent exhortation to matrimony for which, peradventure, he may be rewarded by a nosegay of bachelor's buttons from some of the sisterhood.

In this inclement season, when Nature, like a lovely nun, has veiled herself in snowy vestments, and no longer spreads her roses, and her lillies, and her thousand soft enchantments to the delighted eye of man, it may not be unprofitable to indulge those meditations which the passing hour inspires. "The father of the tempest" has come forth in all his majesty, and the little creatures of this world fly before him, or sink benumbed at his approach. The songster has left the grove, the beast retired to his cover, and even the poet finds the current of his genius frozen. To the poor this is the season of supreme poverty, and the wretched feel that the hand of God is upon them. But of all the animated world the solitary Bachelor has most reason to dread the approach of winter—cold and comfortless is his habitation—the raging blast whistles mournfully to his ears, for, like Park in the wilderness, he has "no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." He was idle in the harvest, and has gathered no grain; he strolled in the vineyard until the grapes grew sour. Like the foolish virgins in the parable, he has neglected, until too late, to procure that which is essential to his happiness,—and lo! the winter cometh, and he has no wife! "Such a man do I profess myself." The benevolent reader will therefore exercise a charitable patience, if he find my speculations as dull as I myself am solitary, nor marvel that the meditations of an isolated being, who shivers over a lonely hearth, without a partner to comfort, or a friend to enliven, should evaporate in *sober reflections*.

Wintry, indeed, is the heart,—bleak and cold are the prospects of an Old Bachelor. He stands alone like the tree in the desert waste, when the wind whistles among its leafless branches. As the waters freeze and cease to flow, when the warmth of the sun is withdrawn, so does his blood congeal when the smiles of beauty cease to play about his heart. If he look out upon the trees, and behold their spreading tops loaded with snowy clusters, they remind him of the hoary locks that will soon adorn his own temples. To others age is honourable, but to him it brings no pleasure. The wise son of Sirach has said that "a faithful friend is the medicine of life"—but a bachelor has no friend. In this world the only "friend who sticketh closer than a brother," is a virtuous wife.

Such are the cool reflections of him who lives and dies in "single blessedness;" and there is scarcely an hour of the day, or an event in life, which does not produce something to awaken them. When the spring of youth has passed away, and his manhood has mellowed into the "sear and yellow leaf," he looks round among his early companions for a friend—but some have removed to a distant country, some are married, and some are dead. He seems to have stood still while others pressed forward in the race of life: and there is none left whose feelings are congenial with his own. Some have left the stage of existence, while others have assumed its important characters; but he remains a *single gentleman*, neither richer, wiser, nor by *his own account*, older, than when he began the world; and he now exclaims with Hamlet, "how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, appear to me the uses of *this life*."

But although the old bachelor may be willing to call himself a *young man*, because he is a *single man*, he soon discovers that the ladies are far from agreeing with him in opinion. He that was once thought an agreeable partner in a country dance, a brilliant wit, and even a tolerable poet, now finds his jokes neglected, and his verses without a listener. The ladies use their beaux as they do their nosegays—they wear them with pride while they are blooming, but cast them off when they wither, and gather those that are more fresh. The bachelor, who is thus repelled, can only solace himself by exclaiming in the bitterness of his heart:

"Strange! that a breast so formed to move,  
In all the elegance of love,  
Should harbour danger and deceit,  
And spurn the form it sought to greet!  
Strange! that an eye so soft, so bright,  
With all the grace of eastern light,  
Should gaze a while, then turn away,  
And after fresher objects stray!"

But he still loves to bask in the sunbeam of beauty: An old wagon-horse loves the crack of the whip—and a super-annuated beau delights in the caprices of his fair tyrants. Like the worn-out charger, turned out to graze, he will bow his neck and point his ears, at the sound of the trumpet. Indeed, I am of the opinion that a bachelor should never despair, for "while there is life there is hope"—and

"There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,  
May find some honest gander for a mate."

Moses, the Jewish lawgiver, was forty years old when he went to the land of Midian; but having been brought up by Pharaoh's daughter, he had figured in the best circles, and was doubtless an accomplished man. When he saw Jethro's daughters watering their flocks at the well, he showed himself to be much of a gentleman: for he politely stepped forward, and drew water for them. This gallantry of Moses was not unrewarded, for he became the

husband of one of the fair shepherdesses whose labours he had lightened. Gentlemen of forty should remember the example of Moses, and not become "weary of well doing." Let them loiter by the fountains, where nymphs resort, and practise civility, and haply they may be rewarded with smiles as sweet and as sincere as those that beamed on the delighted Israelite.

The good Book has said, "be in peace with many, nevertheless, have but *one* counsellor;" and I will add, let that counsellor be a female, and have her lawfully sworn in, according to the good old Presbyterian form, to "love, honour, and OBEY"—then shall she be like the wine described in the Scripture, "when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure."

We are told to defer not till to-morrow that which may be done to-day. The bachelor who neglects to enjoy "the last best gift of Heaven" until a more convenient season, may share the fate of the maiden, who went out into the fields to gather flowers. While her companions culled the choicest buds, she was listening to the melody of the birds, and chasing the yellow-winged butterflies. When she saw all the rest adorned with garlands, she bethought herself of gathering also a wreath. As she had delayed her choice so long, she was now resolved to outshine her fair companions—but she could find no flowers to please her fastidious taste. At last she was roused by the voices of her friends—the merry troop were about to return home—she could not bear to be left or to go unadorned, and grasping hastily the nearest bud, she placed it in her breast, and found, too late, it was a thistle! Beware, then how ye loiter by the way—listen not to the song of the syren, nor chase the butterflies of pleasure—but gather the flowers while they bloom, nor wait until it be too late, lest ye grasp a weed.

I shall now conclude with a few practical remarks. "It is not good for man to be alone." He is a social creature, and must have company. Woman is the

"—nearest and loveliest thing

He can twine with himself; and make closely his own!

and if he neglect to secure the happiness of her society, he must cling to something else which may turn out to be less congenial with his nature. While the bachelor is "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," the married man has many sociable, quiet duties to employ his time. "As a walled town is more honourable than a village," says Shakespeare, "so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor." Let him then, who would cheer the solitude of a winter's evening, and avert the horrors of old age, get married. My friends must not expect me to set them the example—my day has gone by—"once I was young, but now I am old"—and they must do as I *say* not as I *do*; and the best wish that I can put up for them is—that they will avoid the fate, and profit by the *sober reflections*, of

A VILLAGE BEAU.

## THE CUMBERLAND ROAD.

Recollections of the National Road over the Alleghany Mountains, extending from Cumberland on the Potomac, to Wheeling on the Ohio. By a late traveller.

(*Concluded from* vol. xiv. p. 125.)

A MILE or two further on lie, or rather *did* lie, the remains of the unfortunate Braddock, who was interred in the middle of the then road to Cumberland, with a view to prevent the discovery of the body by the pursuing Indians. The baggage-wagons were afterwards driven over the place to obliterate every appearance of a grave. It remained for white savages, in the shape of an unfeeling Supervisor, and his attendants, to dig over the spot, which had been respected for half a century, by the common consent of travellers; who till then spontaneously passed to the right or left of the well known spot, leaving a small hillock in the midst—but the hillock is now no more, and the bones of general Braddock have been unfeelingly dispersed in the neighbourhood, for the idle gratification of unmeaning curiosity.

Thriving towns now succeed each other at intervals between smiling orchards, and cultivated fields, till you reach Brownsville, originally Redstone, on the Monongahela, where a traveller from the eastward is astonished at the height of the banks, and the depression of the water, which in spring and fall rises fifty feet and upwards, in consequence of the interminable length, and sinuous course of the Ohio, and Mississippi; which must be coursed for little less than two thousand miles before the waters of the Alleghany and Monongahela, uniting at Pittsburgh, can find a vent in the bay of Mexico.

A bridge over the Monongahela is yet wanting to complete the line of the National Road to the boundless regions of the West. Perhaps this, and one other over the Ohio at Wheeling, may be properly deferred till the road itself shall have been completed to the mouth of the Missouri; for the course of which commissioners are now exploring the country, and it is understood have already agreed upon the route as far as Zanesville on the Muskingum.

After crossing the Monongahela, nothing particularly worthy of remark is recollected, beside the frequent indications of coal and iron, amid charming views of open, champaign scenery, in which endless fields of Indian corn were occasionally interspersed, with patches of tobacco, and a rampant growth of hemp, till you reach the county-town of Washington, one of the finest towns in the western parts of Pennsylvania.

From hence the National Road takes the most direct practicable course for the river Ohio; though it has sometimes been found more eligible to wind round the hills rather than to go across them; a circumstance to which the traveller owes some of the striking effects of contrast, which may be supposed to occur in leading a gigantic



causeway over a perpetually undulating surface, affording every variety of hill and dale.

A few miles from Washington, (one of the twenty or thirty post towns that have received the same name in different parts of the Union, to the great inconvenience of post-masters and tourists) the National road crosses the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Virginia. The southern line of Pennsylvania not reaching the Ohio below Beaver creek, and the state of Virginia claiming the strip of land that thus remains between Pennsylvania and Ohio, this circumstance leaves a narrow tract of territory, about seventy miles in length, and from ten to thirty in width, between the states of Pennsylvania and Ohio; the jurisdiction of which is with difficulty asserted by Virginia, not merely on account of the remote and isolated situation of this slender tract of country, but because the difference of laws and customs between a slave-holding state, and the adjacent free states, render it difficult and invidious for Virginia planters to assert their legal rights. They are accordingly selling off their slaves from this narrow tract, as a kind of property too precarious to be held in such a situation, where a few hours run on either hand will transfer a slave to a different jurisdiction, and give him a chance for liberty, the most precious boon of human existence. The prevailing habits and predilections of the two adjacent states are said to be in other respects at variance with those of Virginia, and to render the jurisdiction of that state more or less irksome and ungrateful to the residents on this ambiguous tract. It is to be regretted that this narrow strip of land had not been ceded to Pennsylvania, leaving the Ohio as the natural boundary between the two states of Pennsylvania and Ohio, at the same time that the triangle upon lake Erie was allotted to Pennsylvania.

As yet nothing has been observed to warrant the presumption that this national undertaking, vast and beneficial at it is, in conducting an easy line of artificial road over the Alleghany mountains, from the navigable streams of the Atlantic to those of the Mississippi, a distance of little more than one hundred and thirty miles, could have cost the enormous sum of 1,350,000 dollars. Such, however, is said to be the fact, that in the five or six years from the time when the first appropriations were made by Congress, upwards of a million had been expended; when the sum of 250,000 more was asked and obtained, chiefly, it was supposed, by the influence of Mr. Clay, in the House of Representatives, for the purpose of finishing the work; but we are now about to enter upon a part of the road which called for a large portion of the expense, and which has been executed in a style so masterly as to countenance the expenditure, however extravagant it may seem.

For about fourteen miles before reaching Wheeling, the road passes along a narrow valley, or rather deep ravine, between two steep, and in some places almost perpendicular ridges; by which

the lesser branch of Wheeling creek, running through it to its junction with the greater branch, near the place where it disembogues itself into the Ohio, was so confined, upon a surface nearly horizontal, as to cross the valley from side to side, at least fifteen times in its usual course; and in freshets to occupy the whole width of the level between the mountains, and to force the weary traveller to climb up their sides to avoid the torrent. This tortuous and occasionally impracticable pass at present affords the best and most interesting part of the National road, as a work of art and ingenuity.

The road now pursues, by means of thirteen bridges and nearly as many causeways, an undeviating course along this romantic valley. In two or three instances a new channel has been dug for the creek, that the road may occupy its former bed; wing walls protect the road from the encroachments of the water, in some places; in others, and particularly on the broader parts of the flat, which are yet liable to transient risings of the torrent, provision is made by footways of simple yet permanent and ingenious construction, for the safety and expedition of foot passengers, who might otherwise, even now, be obliged to wade occasionally through a rapid stream of water, or wait for the falling of the current.

The numerous bridges which span the main stream, and leave it sometimes on the right, and sometimes on the left of the traveller, throughout this Alpine valley, are handsomely constructed of hewn stone. They are all of ample width, and run from fifty to two hundred feet in length, over one, two, or three bold arches, as the case required, not, for the most part, crossing the creek at right angles, and necessarily creating so many abrupt turns in the road, but preserving, as nearly as possible, the range of carriage way, by winding outlines transversely crossing the devious course of the water.

On the left wing of the last bridge before you reach the Ohio, upon a complicated pedestal, crowded with ornaments, in utter incongruity with the majestic simplicity of the bridge to which it has been appended, stands a diminutive figure of Liberty, with her cap and spear. It is said to have been erected at the charge of a neighbouring proprietor, and that the inscriptions attribute too much to the individual exertions of the Western member before-mentioned, however meritorious, in procuring or completing this road. If so, it must be allowed to be an indecorous appropriation of a *national work*, begun and completed by act of Congress, at the *public expense*.

Now that we are upon fault finding, we shall venture to mention an error in the plan of this magnificent road, upon the suggestion of an intelligent fellow traveller. It is that the mountainous ridge which runs parallel to the town of Wheeling, and prevents the approach of the Ohio, but by a long and laborious ascent, to be

redeemed immediately by descending as much on the other side, was not either cut down to the level of the valley, or pierced through and through, so as to have admitted of arriving at the river, on an even level with the streets of the town. Indeed if the side wall, which now supports the ascending road at a giddy height above the subjacent valley, should ever give way, and it has already begun to do so in several places, it would even now be better to relinquish the unnecessary ascent, and carry the road straight through the ridge of the hill, which it approaches at right angles. This may not be considered as a novel or difficult experiment; since the passage to the bank of the river would hardly be more than one half the length of the Grotto of Pausillippo, by which one of the suburbs of Naples has been so long conveniently connected with the adjacent country.

The effects of this road are already perceptible in the new improvements which have taken place and are going on upon its course. They are particularly conspicuous, as you approach Wheeling, in the numerous and extensive houses of entertainment which have been lately erected. Among them may be remarked two large and handsome edifices of cut stone, ornamented with rustic coins, and tabular frontispieces not unworthy of the neighbourhood of a capital city; and the traveller of taste will not fail to be struck with the fine effect of the bold arched window of a new Roman Catholic chapel.

Near this spot resides one of the master-masons who were employed upon the neighbouring bridges. We were told they were scientific architects from Edinburgh; and on stopping to inquire of one of them after the mineral and fossil treasures of the neighbouring hills, we were presented with an interesting specimen of impressions of fern leaves, &c. in the calcareous rock, which forms the bed of the torrent.

Upon this grand outlet for the surplus population of the Atlantic states, the traveller overtakes at all seasons, but particularly in the spring of the year, large companies of men, women, and children, proceeding to seek their fortune in the Western wilderness in every description of rustic conveyance, sometimes on foot like the patriarchs of old, accompanied by flocks and herds. Western traders are met in parties on horseback, going to the Eastern cities to procure European luxuries; and trains of heavy waggons are observed continually going and coming with the abundant produce of the soil, or the various articles of domestic consumption. Once in a while you are amused with the chiming of bells from one of those heavy teams of the Flanders breed, which pass you tossing their heads, as if conscious of distinction, or sensible of communicating pleasure. On this road, too, you occasionally meet with a Dutch Menonist, or a German Dunkard, with a long beard, a flapped hat, and an honest simplicity of countenance that might have served for a model to Rembrandt Van Rhyn, at the time

when their scrupulous progenitors forsook the contracted circles of Germany for the civil or religious freedom of our then unbounded wilds.

Repairs are already needed upon this national highway, and applications will probably be made to Congress at their next session, for appropriations for that purpose. It is obvious that some provision must be made, ere long, to preserve from dilapidation what has been so nobly constructed. It has been suggested that a permission to erect gates, and take a small toll, to be laid out in repairs, might, by making it the interest of individuals to attend to the business, be a better way to keep the road in repair, than by occasional appropriations of public money, so liable to be uselessly squandered among contractors and *sub-contractors, ad infinitum*. To this expedient there is perhaps no more serious objection than the changing the national character of the road, after so liberal an expenditure, from an open highway to the unwelcome obstruction of a turnpike gate, and a toll-gatherer; but even this objection might perhaps be sufficiently obviated by confining the toll to pleasure carriages, and those of heavy burthen, *unless rolling upon broad wheels*, leaving all others, together with horses and cattle to go free as heretofore.

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### A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

(With an Engraving.)

Talk with a man out of a window! a proper saying.

*Much Ado About Nothing.*

Our Publisher has selected, for the embellishment of the Port Folio, for this month, a scene in Guy Mannering (vol. 1. chap. xvii. which is so well described by the lady who is the most attractive personage in it, that we shall present it to our readers in her own language. Two very good reasons may be assigned for this measure: in the first place, we avoid some labour; and in the second, we are thus enabled to lay before our female readers, whom we are always sedulous to please, a model for a letter from a sentimental young lady to a boarding-school friend. We need only add that the scene represents young Bertram of Ellangowan (or Brown as he was then called) under the balcony of Julia Mannering.

“How shall I communicate what I have now to tell?”

“My hand and heart still flutter so much that the task of writing is almost impossible. Did I not say that he lived? did I not say I would not despair? How could you suggest, my dear Matilda, that my feelings, considering I had parted from him so young, rather arose from the warmth of my imagination than of my heart?”

JANUARY, 1823.—NO. 249. 9

O! I was sure that they were genuine, deceitful as the dictates of our bosoms so frequently are. But to my tale—let it be, my friend, the most sacred, as it is the most sincere pledge of our friendship.

“Our hours here are early—earlier than my heart, with its load of care, can compose itself to rest. I, therefore, usually take a book for an hour or two after retiring to my own room, which I think I have told you opens to a small balcony, looking down upon that beautiful lake, of which I attempted to give you a slight sketch. Mervyn-Hall, being partly an ancient building, and constructed with a view to defence, is situated on the verge of the lake. A stone dropped from the projecting balcony plunges into water deep enough to float a skiff. I had left my window partly unbarred, that, before I went to bed, I might, according to my custom, look out and see the moonlight shining upon the lake. I was deeply engaged with that beautiful scene in the Merchant of Venice, where two lovers, describing the stillness of a summer night, enhance upon each other its charms, and was lost in the associations of story and of feeling which it awakens, when I heard upon the lake the sound of a flageolet. I have told you it was Brown’s favourite instrument. Who could touch it in a night which though still and serene, was too cold, and too late in the year, to invite forth any wanderer for mere pleasure? I drew yet nearer the window, and hearkened with breathless attention: the sounds paused a space, were then resumed—paused again and again reached my ear, ever coming nearer and nearer. At length, I distinguished plainly that little Hindu air which you called my favourite. I have told you by whom it was taught me—the instrument, the tones were his own!—was it earthly music, or notes passing on the wind to warn me of his death?

“It was some time ere I could summon courage to step on the balcony—nothing could have emboldened me to do so but the strong conviction of my mind, that he was still alive, and that we should again meet; but that conviction did embolden me, and I ventured, though with a throbbing heart. There was a small skiff with a single person—O Matilda, it was himself! I knew his appearance after so long an absence, and through the shadow of the night, as perfectly as if we had parted yesterday, and met again in the broad sunshine. He guided his boat under the balcony, and spoke to me; I hardly knew what he said, or what I replied. Indeed I could scarcely speak for weeping, but they were joyful tears. We were disturbed by the barking of a dog at some distance, and parted, but not before he had conjured me to prepare to meet him at the same place and hour this evening.

“But where and to what is all this tending?—can I answer this question? I cannot—Heaven, that saved him from death and delivered him from captivity; that saved my father too, from shedding the blood of one who would not have blemished one hair up-

on his head, that heaven must guide me out of this labyrinth. Enough for me the firm resolution, that Matilda shall not blush for her friend, my father for his daughter, nor my lover for her, on whom he has fixed his affections."

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**TRANSALLEGHANIA;**

OR,

**THE GROANS OF MISSOURI.**

A POEM.

By H. R. Schoolcraft.

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The things we know are rich and rare,  
But how the devil came they there? POPE.

WHEN wilds that were lately the panther's retreat,  
Were turn'd to plantations, and covered with wheat;  
When emigrants thickened, and congress debates,  
Turn'd full on the west, and they cut off new states,—  
The King of the Metals, (who, deep under ground,  
Repos'd with his subjects in slumber profound,)  
Alarm'd by the tumult he heard upon earth,  
From Mexico travell'd in haste to the north;  
Nor paus'd he for river, or mountain, or plain,  
Till he reach'd the frontiers of his golden domain;  
There stopp'd on a mountain, all reeking with heat,  
(Th' Arkansaw winding along at his feet,)  
And survey'd with amazement the torrent that press'd—  
The stream of migration that roll'd to the west.  
From mountain to mountain a survey he takes—  
From the gulf on the south to the northernmost lakes;  
And all the wide scene, valley, hillock, and glen,  
Resounds with the tumult of business and men:  
They are driving the savage before them amain,  
And people each forest, and culture each plain.  
He sees how they struggle with fortune and fate,  
How toil to be happy, and pant to be great;  
He hears the axe sounding on every high hill,  
And the woods are re-echoing liberty's thrill:  
All countries and climates, "the bond and the free,"  
'To people the wilderness closely agree.

From Maine's rocky borders the emigrants pour,  
And are leaving the fruitful Connecticut's shore:  
The Hudson, Potomac, and Delaware, sigh,  
For friends who have quit them, they hardly know why:  
The exiles from Europe, the poor, the oppressed,  
All, all, are now bending their steps to the West.  
One object impels them, one passion inspires—  
The rage for improvement, for, wealth the desires.  
And alike in all countries, conditions and states,  
This passion is cherished, prevails, and elates;  
The rich in it see an increase of estate,  
And the poor are still flattered by hopes to be great.  
Thus season on season new converts engage,  
And support and augment the migratory rage:  
Now here, and now there, its direction it turns,  
On Wabash it kindles, on Miami burns:  
And now on the fertile Scioto delights;  
And next to the Washitaw fondly invites:  
Still changing, each season new regions display,  
No boundaries check it, no streams can allay:  
No land is too distant, no climate too hot;  
No forest too gloomy, no stream too remote:  
They move, they inhabit, they cultivate all,  
And were oceans no bar, would encompass the ball.  
Even now they approach my extensive domain,  
And Missouri is crowded already with men.  
Thus the Monarch reflected, with sorrow oppressed,  
Full may a sigh shook his glittering breast;  
He thought on the woes he had brought on mankind,  
In countries remote, and in ages behind;  
How fatal his friendships, and yet that his hates  
Had overturned empires, and founded new states.  
Of Ophir he pondered, and passed in review,  
His Mexican robbers, and foes in Peru;  
And he sigh'd for his friendships so fatally dear,  
While brave Montezuma claimed a soft tear:  
And he fear'd that this great, this all-conquering press,  
This progress of empire, stir, business, distress,  
Would not only require an unlimited bound,  
But discover his very retreats in the ground;  
That his subjects and kin would be eagerly sought,  
And wofully handled, and dreadfully taught;  
That they all should be dragged out with bucket and chain,  
And hammer'd, and pounded, and melted with pain.  
He knew in such tortures men take a delight,  
And he dreaded a miner, and hated the light.  
But while thus he debated with reason and fear,  
A sudden commotion saluted his ear;

There were horses and men in tumultuous throng,  
 Came tramping, and talking, and rattling along;  
 The farmer was ploughing in sensible view,  
 The woodman, he chopp'd, and the blacksmith, he blew;  
 There were lawyers and merchants, all nations and brogues,  
 Scotch, English, and French, Irish, Yankees, and rogues;  
 And a school it was building, a master was found,  
 Who was drawing out plans, and surveying the ground.  
 Such a tumult and toil left no reason to doubt,  
 That his fears were all true, and a town was laid out:  
 But how great was his tremor, vexation, and hate,  
 When "a state" was re-echoed; Missouri "a state!"

In so sad a dilemma, dejected and grave,  
 The monarch withdrew to his closet, a cave;  
 Resolving in silence to take into view  
 The course it were proper a king should pursue.  
 He pondered, and plotted, in fear, and in haste,  
 Now bited his quill, now he wrote, now eras'd;  
 Alternately flagging in fear and in doubt,  
 Or bent on campaigning with courage devout;  
 Now bending his thoughts upon leaving the land,  
 And next on the fame of a resolute stand:  
 At length, he concluded his foes to harass,  
 And resolved to assemble his subjects *en masse*.  
 He appointed the time, and provided a place,  
 Where they all might assemble, talk, plan, and embrace.  
 For, quoth he, to avoid being dragg'd out to light,  
 We more can accomplish by scheming, than fight;  
 And however the mortals on earth may deny it,  
 There is more to be got without fighting, than by it;  
 For though they gain treaties, they lose it in bones,  
 And such points are not valued by fossils and stones.

The monarch of metals, whose absolute sway,  
 Not minerals only, but mortals obey,  
 Wherever he journeys, whatever betide,  
 Has always companions and slaves by his side;  
 And hide as he may hide, and go where he will,  
 Has mica-slate, granite, and quartz with him still.  
 Hence the king had no sooner resolved on a plan,  
 Than he bade them proclaim it throughout his domain:  
 "Tell the metals I summon them all to this shore,  
 Or in person to come, or by delegate ore:  
 To the uttermost mines of my kingdom go, haste,  
 Search dell, traverse mountain, go through every waste:  
 Let no cave be unenter'd, no rock unexplor'd,  
 Where metal could harbour, or oxide could hoard;  
 Every bank, every hill, every stone, every shore,  
 Search by fire and by acid, hunt over and o'er!



That the kin of my ancient and glorious line  
 May hear of my summons, and know my design;  
 Go tell them I hail their approach with a kiss,  
 I study their safety, I pant for their bliss;  
 And I would not intrude on their solid repose,  
 Were it not that my enemies drive me to blows.  
 But be cautious, friend Granite, lest thou shouldst be seen,  
 In thy tour, by our foes, mineralogical men.  
 Fly the face of the earth, keep the underground wave,  
 By stratum, or cavity, crevice, or cave."

The courier mounted on mettlesome steed,  
 Departed full gaily, a trooper of speed;  
 Nor paus'd he for pleasure, nor stopp'd he for bait,  
 He spurr'd on through *limestone*, and sweated through *slate*;  
 He travell'd through *gneiss* where metals were in't;  
 He gallop'd through *greenstone*, and worried through *flint*;  
 He canter'd o'er *gravel*, where *porphyry* lay,  
 He floundered through *gypsum*, and trotted through *clay*;  
 Nor could *sienite* stop his unparalleled course,  
 Though *adamant* injured the heels of his horse;  
 But whene'er his steed linger'd, a hint for hussars,—  
 He urged him to canter by pelting with *spars*;  
 He gave him no rest for refreshment or bait,  
 Till he'd travers'd the empire, and summoned the state;  
 Then for all his unkindness he largely atones  
 By feeding his steed on some beautiful stones.  
 A cave on the Arkansaw, spacious and dread,  
 The monarch had chose for the royal parade;  
 Where, guarded by minions, he patiently waits  
 The gathering council and coming debates.

The first who attended was blue visaged *lead*,  
 Who had quitted Potosi in haste, as he said;  
 For his friends they were many, and occupied ground  
 Full seventy leagues in the country around;  
 And the moment he heard of his majesty's will,  
 He set off with speed over dingle and hill,  
 And so great was his haste, and his journey so far  
 He took with him but one friend—ponderous *spar*.  
 He raising his voice, though with sorrow oppress'd,  
 Thus vented the feelings that burned in his breast:  
 "My friends of Missouri,—my kin and compeers  
 Now smarting with pains, and now bathed in tears;  
 After many long years of oppression and grief,  
 At length are encouraged to try for relief:  
 And as bled in council from seventy mines;  
 I bear t*he* commission and declare their designs;  
 It is more than a century, since we were first  
 Discover*ed* by mortals; discovered and cursed;

Since erst we were hunted in rock and in clay,  
And dragg'd forth to the terrible regions of day:  
Oh! that era, no time and no sorrows can blot,  
When hunted by Reno and found by La Motte:  
Oh! then what a series of griefs was begun,  
What minerals plundered, what metals undone!  
We were pick'd and were hammer'd, bruised, injured, and  
broke,

Now jostled in buckets, now smothered in smoke;  
We were carried, like culprits, along in a cart,  
To be plunged in a furnace and tortured by art.  
So heedlessly handled, so rough, so severe,

Our injuries multiplied, year after year,  
Till our woes and our troubles all measure excel,  
And we feel all the torments of roasting in hell.  
And what is vexatious beyond all our woes,  
Our tears become gems in the chests of our foes;  
Our blood and our groans have yielded delight,  
And decked them with riches that dazzle the sight.

Only one solace we have found for our woes,  
'Tis the bullets we have sent to the hearts of our foes;  
And yet all that we feel in so high a degree,  
Is suffered, oh! King of the Metals, for thee!  
Go, therefore, on earth, men are panting for pelf,  
Relieve our distress, and discover thyself."

He longer had spoken, but bright shining *Tin*,  
With air consequential, came flourishing in:  
"And," quoth he, "out of pebbles and aggregate sand  
I am come from the depths to obey thy command;  
But the place of my dwelling, my lonesome repose,  
No name yet designates, no mortal yet knows;  
'Tis a wilderness all; from the savage and deer,  
No mischief I dread, no sorrow I fear;  
For they know not my usefulness, nature, or kind;  
And they pass o'er my home like the unconscious wind.  
This is all I may venture: a stranger to wo,  
My heart is as light as a Chippewa doe.  
And so sweetly I rest, so securely I lie,  
That chemist and miner, I can safely defy."

Now *Tin* was a metal of Cornish descent,  
Where the halcyon days of his boyhood were spent;  
But his kin were so tortured, exhausted, distress'd,  
That he fled for relief to the wilds of the west,  
Where although in retirement, remote and unseen,  
He often would boast of European kin;  
Of friends he had left on the Gallic confines,  
Or hid in the rocks of Bohemian mines;

Of German connexions, and boast that his name  
 Gave Devon her opulence, Cornwall her fame:  
 He would often advert to more elderly kin,  
 For in Asia's domains is often found *Tin*;  
 But the thought of Siam, or of Banka ne'er rose  
 Unmix'd with a curse for his Belgian foes.  
 But while oft he descanted of ancestry free,  
 (Like brainless pretenders of mortal degree)  
 He forgot that his friends were most bitterly poor,  
 Many perils had suffered, and had more to endure,  
 That their mines were expensive, exhausted, and old,  
 And worked at the price of the product when sold.  
 However, when thoughts so unpleasant oppress'd,  
 He brightened to think of his friends in the west:  
 How they all lay concealed from their enemies' sight,  
 Unhurt by the miner, uncurs'd by the light;  
 And of all their rich ores in American ground  
 In Chili alone had a morsel been found.

The next who address'd the imperial throne  
 First heav'd a deep sigh, then uttered a groan:  
 His rusty appearance and sable attire,  
 Bespoke him a victim of furnace and fire:  
 He seem'd like some flinty degenerate ore,  
 So dull was his image so earthly and poor;  
 And each bosom with manly compassion was shook,  
 When *Iron* thus pensive and feelingly spoke:  
 "If e'er sorrow wasted, or misery bent,  
 If pain e'er distracted, despair ever rent,  
 Or if injury wounded, or feeling oppress'd,  
 They now throb, they now rage, they now burn at my breast.  
 Oh! my woes are unnumbered, and all of my race  
 Are plung'd in despair, and o'erwhelmed in disgrace!  
 In vain we from country to country may roam,  
 No spot on the earth will afford us a home;  
 We are hunted on mountain, discovered in dale,  
 Nor will rocks, caves, or thickets, or streamlets avail:  
 In vain the earth hides us, in vain do we groan,  
 They find us in rocks, and extract us from stone:  
 All men are our foes, and unceasingly strive,  
 To catch us, and bruise us, and burn us alive.  
 And such is our number, so various our fates,  
 We are found in all countries, oppress'd in all states.  
 Yet to all our distresses, for every wo,  
 No stop can we put, and no cure do we know,  
 For although, like my friend, the unfortunate *Lead*,  
 For your majesty thus we have suffered and bled;  
 Still my case is more cruel, my fate more severe,  
 And I still would be sought, should you even appear.

For, although Gold is the object our enemies crave,  
I am still of more value, on the land or the wave.  
For though it in a gentleman's pocket may glow,  
'Tis I only can give to the farmer his plough.

"If further of Iron, or its uses you seek,  
Bid husbandry answer, let chemistry speak;  
No art but on this is compelled to depend  
For aid and assistance, a patron or friend;  
Without it no trade could exist or progress,\*  
And mechanics would fall on the tomb of distress.  
Go call navigation its use to support,  
And pharmacy summon, astronomy court;  
Metallurgy also and surgery call,  
To join in the praise of this patron of all;  
Let music and painting acknowledge its aids  
In sweetness of sounds, and in beauty of shades:  
In fine, through all nature, all life, and all art,  
See this favourite agent mix, enter, impart;  
It fattens our soils and impregnates our floods,  
'Tints the flowers of our gardens, the leaves of our woods;  
We eat it in food, and we wear it in dress,  
Our constant companion in health or distress.  
It gives a rich hue to the gem of the mine,  
And glows in the features of beauty divine:  
The patron of arts, the philosopher's theme,  
And favourite agent of wisdom supreme."

He scarcely had ceased, when with visage of ink,  
A stranger approach'd, and announced himself *Zinc*.  
He was coldly received, till *Galena*, his friend,  
Addressing the monarch, assured him 'twas *Blende*;  
And he would not have ventured on taking the floor  
Unacquainted with *Blende*, or his use as an ore;  
And the reason he had not metallic attire,  
He ne'er had been tortured by furnace or fire."

Thus kindly excusing, without any fuss,  
All pass'd, when *Blende* began modestly thus:

"My home is Missouri, on Merrimack's shore  
My relatives slumber, a numerous ore:  
Mine *Reno* can witness, *Potosi* declare,  
The wealth I possess, and the fame that I share:  
But does any one hear me who doubting opines?  
My proofs are at hand, I appeal to the mines;  
But I still am a stranger to pain or distress,  
My sorrows are trifling, my injuries less:

\* We suffer this verb to stand, although we protest against its introduction into our language. It is not only inelegant, but useless. ED.

No picke-axe or hammer has batter'd my bones,  
 And I peacefully rest among neighbouring stones:  
 For as few or my uses, or properties scan,  
 I lie untormented by meddlesome man;  
 And whate'er this assembly shall affirm or decree,  
 Will but little affect or my kindred or me."

Now rosy-fac'd *Copper*, a metal of fame,  
 The wrongs of his kingdom arose to proclaim;  
 His ancient descent we to periods trace,  
 Remote as the arts of the civilized race.  
 E'en the primitive ages his ores would amass,  
 And Tubal-Cain, all know, was a worker in brass.  
 To ages less distant he furnish'd employ,  
 Renown'd throughout Egypt, Assyria, and Troy.  
 So nobly descended no wonder we trace  
 Some lines of ambition and fire in his face.  
 He talks of his ancestry, famous and high,  
 Disdainfully glances on *new* metals his eye  
 As if crude, or of some alchymistic degree,  
 And doubling their honours, if smelted *per se*.  
 Such then were the claims of him who address'd  
 The king of the metals, enthron'd in the west:

"I rise with emotion my woes to reveal,  
 And boldly to speak what most warmly I feel;  
 Unprepar'd as I am, and all troubled within,  
 I hope I may still be of use to my kin:  
 And"—(here he used some pathetic expression,  
 Exordium like, or a kind of digression,  
 A rapture of feeling, a burst of the heart  
 Peradventure a stroke of the congressman's art,  
 Which the muse, our reporter, not being near,  
 Now fails to remember, as then to o'erhear.)  
 "But if any indulgence can justly accrue,  
 For services rendered, or uses in view;  
 If aught can arise from chivalric degree  
 It must now, great monarch! be due unto me!  
 Supreme is my power, supreme my design,  
 I glow in the palace as well as the mine;  
 I serve in all places to show or excel,  
 I shine on the steeple, or ring in the bell,  
 I frown in the statue, in bronze, or in brass,  
 And thunder in cannon, or glitter in glass!  
 The seaman adores me, his needle and ship  
 I both must encompass, adorn, and equip;  
 And the navy without me, our strength on the deep,  
 No foe could encounter, no glory could reap!  
 Without me a painter would die of the spleen,  
 Deprived of his favourite beautiful green:

And wrought into wares, an incongruous pile,  
 I cause merchants to flourish, and ladies to smile;  
 Whence a quadruple charm we in copper can see,  
 Making wealth, beauty, valour, and fashion agree.  
 But I groan with distresses, I sigh with despair,  
 And my kindred they ache with the weight of their care.  
 Yet it is not from furnace or fire that they flow,  
 The miner's oak-bucket, or ore-dresser's blow:  
 Ah! no, these create nor distress nor alarm,  
 For our virgin appearance secures us from harm.  
 Our home is a region all distant and drear,  
 Where the tempest is howling one half of the year;  
 Where the rock towers high and the waters divide,  
 And Superior lashes the shore at our side.  
 Here, lone and neglected, our family groans,  
 Confined by the pressure of ponderous stones:  
 And so massy they are, and so heavy they lie,  
 That we grieve, and we tremble, we pant and we die.  
 Oh! king of the metals now hear our request!  
 Remove, we beseech thee, the rocks from our breast;  
 Allow us the sun, and the air, and the light,  
 However exposed to our enemies' sight.  
 For already oppress'd with so weighty a curse,  
 A change may be better, but cannot be worse."

Who slowly now entered the parliament-cave,  
 Look'd sooty, and dark, unmetallic and grave?  
 He bowed low, but none would his interest promote,  
 For *Manganese* ne'er was a metal of note.  
 Though known to antiquity, hard was his case,  
 Called *oxyde*, and *metalloid*, *brittle*, and *base*;  
 And, although in the arts he was useful indeed,  
 Yet suffered for ages to languish and bleed—  
 Unclassed as a metal, unhonoured in books,  
 Till chemists began to examine his looks;  
 For though formed as an oxyde, an earth-colour'd ore,  
 They were pleased with his weight and the texture he bore,  
 They studied his nature by acid and heat,  
 And thus proved him a metal above all deceit;  
 Show'd what were his uses, and dwelt on his part,  
 In the potter's and bleacher's, and glass maker's art.  
 Thus rescued from darkness they brightened his name,  
 And established forever his title to fame,  
 When the monarch first summoned his metalline corps,\*  
 And convoked to the cave all his subjugate ores,\*

\* These two lines will remind the reader of the Hudibrastic distich—  
 One for sense, and one for rhyme,  
 Is quite enough at any time. *Printer's Devil.*

Black *Manganese* slumbered all peaceful in clay,  
 On Merrimack, hid from mankind and the day.  
 Whence rising, he sought the congressional cave,  
 And entered, all sooty, unpolished, and grave.  
 Respectful he bowed, and then silently sat,  
 Now biting his fingers, now twirling his hat.  
 A murmur without now announc'd the approach,  
 All hot, of a member who came in a coach;  
 And all eyes were directed to see and to know,  
 What prince had arrived with such bustle and show:  
 But they shrunk with amazement, when bending in weeds  
 A weeping, pale form to the council proceeds,  
 So formal, it seem'd, like a prodigal, rent  
 For estates he had squandered, or money mispent;  
 And many suspected some wily design—  
 (Some mortal of Plutus, in search of a mine,  
 Had news of their meeting, and came in disguise  
 To seek and secure an auriferous prize:  
 That they should be crowded 'mong papers and dust,  
 Pent up in a closet to slumber and rust;  
 Or proffer'd, as prospects should brighten or fail,  
 To keep rogues from the gallows, or thieves from the jail;  
 No eye but what sparkled, no heart but what beat,  
 And some thought of battle, and some of retreat;)  
 A silence ensued like the sleep of the dead,  
 So great was their panic, confusion, and dread.  
 But while thus they reflected in reverie high,  
 The stranger his veil threw most gracefully by;  
 And they saw with delight a device on his breast,  
 Where *Silver* commissioned the mystical guest:  
 'Twas the GENIUS OF PAPER, of bank-paper trash,  
 A substitute sent both for honour and cash.  
 "You will pardon," quoth he, desponding and weak,  
 "You will pardon my sorrows, I scarcely can speak:  
 I am weeping for woes which I cannot endure,  
 For evils I caused, but never can cure.  
 I am pining for all that a nation can claim,  
 For honour, for character, credit and fame:  
 Thus plunged in despair, and dissolved into tears,  
 I've sighed for long months, and have wept for long years.  
 But all fruitful, my malady daily grows worse,  
 And the heavier my sorrows, the lighter my purse.  
 I first was suspected, it fretted me sad,  
 I thought my refusal would drive me quite mad.  
 Now I daily sink deeper and deeper in woe;  
 My friends are protested, and to ruin we go.  
 I once was supported by *Silver*—ah me!  
 How fatal the friendship, we could not agree.

As I prospered in credit, he flew to retreats;  
 He slumbered in vaults, while I flaunted in streets.  
 My splendid success rankled deep in his heart;  
 He determined at once from the land to depart.  
 So he crept off in parcels—round dollars have legs;  
 And they waddled away both in boxes and kegs,  
 Till the banks were all empty, and PAPER alone  
 Now rules in oak drawers and *mansions of stone*;  
 While Silver to countries has taken a cruise  
 Where paper's applied to a much fitter use.  
 When therefore your majesty, vex'd and in heat,  
 Bade all your dependents in Congress to meet,  
 There was only one dollar in silver, lone guest,  
 In all the dark vaults of the wide spreading West;  
 Even that being *funded* could not travel out,  
 Though he sighed and implored—the cashier was a lout!  
 So he begged I would—" (here a clamorous roar  
 Cry'd "counterfeit, paper-rag, swindler, no more;"  
 And the king in a rage seized the genius with might,  
 And hurled him amain to the regions of night.  
 Lo! a delegate reining a satin-white steed,  
 Alighting announces bright *Silver* indeed!  
 He is plainly attired, and without any fuss  
 The monarch addresses impressively thus:  
 " My favours to win, and to find my retreat,  
 While mortals toil, jockey, lie, murder, and cheat;  
 While merchants are scheming, and lawyers are bent  
 To gain my acquaintance—at twenty per cent:  
 For me, while the miser at midnight will groan,  
 And creditors' cold hearts are turned into stone,  
 While dullness through me, is for talents caress'd,  
 And merit without me is merit unblest'd;  
 While for me female beauty is worshipped by man,  
 And friendships are proffered, and hatreds began;  
 For me while inventions and fashions are made,  
 And honour is sullied, and virtue betray'd;  
 Sure in such an assembly of metal as this,  
 I may safely all fears of detection dismiss;  
 And regardless of danger, unmindful of woes,  
 Describe the retreats where my kindred repose:  
 On Tennessee's borders they slumber in lime;  
 On Arkansas lived from the earliest time;  
 On Red river strew'd by Almighty fiat,  
 And dispers'd on the shores of the pleasant La Platte.  
 The Sabine, the Trinity, Teche, Del Norte,  
 Glide smooth between banks which my treasures afford;  
 And my blood many a vein, nook, and cavity fills,  
 In Mexico's mountains, and quartz-covered hills.



For these I determine, for these I appear,  
 Their safety my trust and their danger my fear.  
 But I plead not for parleys, men cannot grow worse,  
 And I fear less their tortures, than they do my curse."

Now members arrived in a body so dense,  
 A throng so tumultuous, motley, immense,  
 And so rapid they spoke, with such fury of word,  
 That the Muse was unable to hear or record.  
 And so ill could she bear the orator's rave,  
 She determined to leave the congressional cave;  
 But before she went off she recognized a few  
 Whose forms were familiar, whose features she knew.  
 There was *Bismuth* from Konza, and *Scheele* from the Plein;  
 And *Nickel* from Yazoo and Prairie du Chein;  
*Platina* from Mora; and from Erie, *Uran*;  
 From Yellow Stone, *Arsenic*; *Chrome* from Itan;  
 With *Cobalt* and *Mercury* fresh from the Stony,  
*Columbian*, *Cerium*, gray *Antimony*;  
 All jumbled together in contact so hot  
 'Twere hard to determine who spoke and who not!  
 They bawled and they ranted, they swore and they press'd,  
 Now flush'd with delight, now by sorrow depress'd;  
 And such quarrels arose among metals and stones,  
 That the cave filled with sulphur and bellowed with groans.  
 E'en the earth, as if grasped by omnipotent might,  
 Quak'd dreadful and shook with the throes of affright;  
 Deep northwardly rolled the electrical jar,  
 Creating amazement, destruction, and war.  
 The rivers they boiled like a pot upon coals,  
 And mortals fell prostrate, and prayed for their souls;  
 The rocks on our borders, crack'd, quiver'd, and shrunk,  
 And Nackitosh tumbled, and New Madrid sunk.

Now the monarch of metals perceiving it vain  
 The disunion to soften, or peace to regain,  
 Exerted a power to royalty dear;  
 And prorogued the convention to meet in a year.  
 But afterwards hearing that mortals, distress'd,  
 Turn'd pale with affright, and were leaving the West,  
 Prophetic, he saw, from an accident flow,  
 What planning and fighting might never bestow;  
 That the progress of empire was somewhat delayed;  
 That emigrants flagged and plantations decayed;  
 That his subjects might slumber without dread or wo,  
 From crucible, pickaxe, the hammer or hoe:  
 That a spirit was dampen'd, which driving amain,  
 Foreboded such harm to his golden domain:  
 When, therefore, the monarch maturely surveyed,  
 The blessed effects which the uproar had made,

Full stately he rose, and proclaimed his behest,  
The Congress dissolved, and all was at rest.

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## PROLOGUE ON THE OPENING OF A THEATRE.

High o'er the drama's visionary scene  
The Goddess Fancy rules—its fairy queen:  
She o'er its new created worlds presides,  
And all the movements of its magic guides.  
Our hearts, bewitch'd, submissive own her sway—  
Beat as she prompts, and, as she wills, obey.

Call'd by her power, and by her influence led,  
The stage, new peopled, swarms with mighty dead;  
The great of old a charnel revel keep,  
And kings and Cæsars issue from their sleep;  
Her boundless flights no limits can restrain,  
And time resists, and space obstructs in vain;  
She, mighty mistress, each defect supplies  
And grants us all that sterner truth denies.  
Since then, the votaries of her scenic power,  
We stoop to linger in her favourite bower;  
Since early mov'd, and hearkening to her call,  
We worship Fancy in her fairy hall;  
Respect the power whose ministers we stand,  
And pay the tribute of th' applauding hand;  
Be Reason's cool control awhile resign'd,  
And give to Fancy's day-dreams all the mind.

And thou, bright power, in whose exhaustless mine  
The many colour'd gems of genius shine;  
At whose command new light-form'd Ariels rise,  
And new Titanias greet the wondering eyes;  
Be present while we thus thy rites display,  
And light us with thy rain-bow beaming ray:  
So shall our work reveal the hand divine,  
And prove us worthy offerers at thy shrine.

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## PLEASE TO RING THE BELL.

By George Colman, the Younger.

'Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity,  
Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity!  
But there are swilling wights, in London town,  
Term'd jolly dogs,—Choice Spirits,—alias Swine;

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus outrun,  
 Dosing with headaches, till the afternoon,  
 Lose half men's regular estate of sun,  
 By borrowing, too largely' of the moon.  
 One of this kidney,—Toby Tossplot hight—  
 Was coming from the Bedford, late at night:  
 And being *Bacchi plenus*, - full of wine,—  
 Although he had a tolerable notion  
 Of aiming at progressive motion,  
 'Twasn't direct, 'twas serpentine;  
 He worked, with sinuosities, along,  
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew working through a cork,  
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy stiff Don Prong,  
 a fork.—

' At length, with near four bottles in his pate,  
 He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate;  
 When reading, ' Please to ring the bell.'

And being civil beyond measure,  
 " Ring it!" says Toby, " very well,  
 I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,  
 Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.  
 He waited full two minutes: no one came;  
 He waited full two minutes more;—and then,—  
 Says Toby, " if he's deaf I'm not to blame;  
 I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal 'woke Isaac, in a fright,  
 Who quick as lightning, popping up his head,  
 Sat on his head's Antipodes, in bed,—  
 Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length, he, wisely, to himself did say,

Calming his fears,—

" Tush! 'tis some fool has rung, and run away,"—

When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor;

And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,

He groped down stairs, and open'd the street door,

While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,

And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall;

'Then, put this question;—Pray, Sir, what d'ye want"

Says Toby,—" I want nothing, Sir, at all."

" Want nothing! Sir, you've pull'd my bell, I vow,

As if you'd jerk it off the wire!

Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,  
 “I pull’d it, Sir, at your desire.”  
 “At mine,”—“yes yours—I hope I’ve done it well;  
 High time for bed, Sir; I was hast’ning to it;  
 But if you write up “*please to ring the bell,*”  
 Common politeness makes me stop, and do it.”

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TASTE WITH A VENGEANCE.

[From the Montreal Scribbler.]

The dance was o’er, each gallant bow’d  
 Unto his partner fair,  
 And to a seat from ’mong the crowd  
 Led her with tender care.

Then handed round was cooling ice,  
 Jellies of various hues;  
 Cakes, fruits, and so forth, in a trice,  
 For each sweet girl to choose.

I press’d Maria’s hand, and said,  
 My love, what will you take?  
 Blancmange, ice cream, or lemonade,  
 Or jelly with a cake?

Or else perhaps some sangaree,  
 What shall I order in?—  
 The deuce take all such trash, said she.  
*I’ll take a glass of gin.*

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MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Col. Stewart, in his interesting work on the Highlands of Scotland, says that the celebrated Dr. Robertson was twenty years a settled minister before his name was heard of, or known to the public, and he sat ten years as a member of the General Assembly before he ventured to speak in that venerable court, of which he afterwards became so distinguished a leader and ornament. Lords Kenyon and Ashburton were many years at the bar unnoticed and unknown. Had these eminent men belonged to a profession that would have exposed them to personal hardships, and prostration of health and constitution, they might have been cut off before their talents, which, at a late period in life, shone forth so conspicuously, were known or heard of. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, though always known to be a man of superior strength of mind, never had an opportunity of showing his military genius as a commander till he was past sixty years of age.

JANUARY, 1823.—NO. 249. 11

*Housekeeping.*—To superintend the various branches of domestic management, or, as St. Paul briefly and emphatically expresses the same office, “to guide the house,” is the indispensable duty of every married woman. No mental endowment furnishes an exemption from it; no plea of improving pursuits and literary pleasures can excuse the neglect of it. The task must be executed either by the master or the mistress of the house; and reason and scripture concur in assigning it unequivocally to the latter. Custom also, which in many instances presumes to decide in plain contradiction to the sovereign rules of life, has, in this point, so generally conformed to their determination, that a husband who should personally direct the proceedings of the housekeeper and the cook, and intrude into the petty arrangements of daily economy, would appear, in all eyes, except his own, nearly as ridiculous as if he were to assume to himself the habiliments of his wife, or to occupy his mornings with her needles and work-bags.

*Gisborne’s Duties of Women.*

*Fate of Charles Ramsdell.*—The name of this gallant seaman, we trust, has not been forgotten by any of our readers. An extract from “The Recollections of a voyage to Italy,” (see our No. for last September) in which it was first introduced to his countrymen, having been republished in the *Union*, produced a confirmation of what our valuable correspondent has stated to be the manner of his death. The paragraph to which we refer is as follows:

“A gentleman who resides at Burlington, New Jersey, writes to us that the article entitled AMERICAN HEROISM, which we transferred to our columns from the *Port Folio*, on the 31st ult. induced him to inquire of a friend from Nantucket, respecting Charles Ramsdell, mate of the *Louisa*. “He says,” continues our correspondent, “that the brave young man went to sea as master of a schooner belonging to Philadelphia, soon after the conflict in which he bore so noble a part, and has never since been heard of. He spoke of him as a seaman of uncommon talent.”

Such is the intimation given in another part of the *Port Folio*, and such then was the fate of the gallant Ramsdell. With the virtues of a hero and the talents of an admiral, he was compelled to pass his days in ignoble, but we trust, not useless obscurity, and died at the early age of twenty-three, lost to his friends, lost to his country, and almost lost to fame.

The intrepidity of American seamen is proverbial. Our naval annals abound in feats of heroism; but, though many have been more important in their consequences, so far as *personal* conduct and officer-like address are concerned we know of none surpassing that of Charles Ramsdell.

*Union.*

**Comparative Nutritious Properties of Food.**—A very interesting report on this subject was lately presented to the French Minister of the interior, by Messrs. Percy and Vauquelin, two members of the Institute. The results of their experiments are as follows:—In bread, every hundred pounds are found to contain eighty pounds of nutritious matter; butcher's meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only thirty-five pounds in one hundred; French beans, (in the grain) ninety-two in one hundred; broad beans eighty-nine, peas, ninety-three; lentiles, (a kind of half pea, but little known in England) ninety-four pounds in one hundred; greens and turnips, which were the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only eight pounds of solid nutritious substance in one hundred; carrots, fourteen pounds; and what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, one hundred pounds of potatoes only yield twenty-five pounds of substance, valuable as nutrition. One pound of good bread is equal to five pounds and a half or three pounds of the best potatoes, and seventy-five pounds of bread, and thirty pounds of meat, are equal to three hundred pounds of potatoes; or to go more into detail, three quarters of a pound of bread, and five ounces of meat are equal to three pounds of potatoes; one pound of potatoes is equal to four pounds of cabbage and three of turnips, but one pound of rice, broad beans, or French beans, (in grain) is equal to three pounds of potatoes.

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**Bold Coup de Main**—The great Condé speaking of the intrepidity of soldiers, says that lying before a place that had a palisado to be burnt, he promised fifty louis to any one who should carry it by a *coup de main*. The danger was so apparent, that the reward did not tempt any one. "Sir," said a soldier, more courageous than the rest, "I will relinquish the fifty louis that you promise if your highness will make me sergeant of my company." The Prince pleased with the generosity of the soldier, who preferred honour to money, promised him both. Animated by the reward that awaited his return, he resolved to gain it, or die a glorious death. He took a flambeau, descended into the ditch, reached the palisado, and set it on fire, in the midst of a shower of musketry, by which he was slightly wounded. All the army witnesses of this action, seeing him return, cheered him and heaped on him loud praises, when he perceived that he had lost one of his pistols. A soldier offered him others:—"No," said he, "I will never be reproached that these rascals got my pistol." He went to the ditch again, exposed himself to a hundred discharges of musketry, regained his pistol, and returned in safety.

Agriculture, patient nurse of the helpless infancy of civilized society seems ever destined to be the unrequited slave of its polished maturity. Commerce, nimble-witted, clear sighted, adventurous, ever eagerly engaged in the pursuit of gain, along the trackless paths of every sea, or the crowded masses of every city, prudently asks permission to pass unnoticed in its courses. Agriculture, on the contrary, always to be found in the old long-travelled way, sustaining at bottom, under all, the whole burthen of the social state, in war and in peace, needs to be instructed how to proceed with advantage, and acquire aid in its efforts to overcome the difficulties thrown in its way by circumstances over which it has no control. The over-laden, plodding drudge looks up for a guide and a helper, while the quick, cunning rovers of trade, who sound incessantly their ever varied notes of insatiate rapacity, are best off when least observed. *Gov. Randolph's Message.* (Virg.)

Not doubting on the last fourth of July that there was still on hand a sufficiency of damaged powder for the purpose, as such a reservation had been required by advice of council when a large parcel, which very little more than paid charges of sale, was directed to be sold, I made my usual requisition upon the adjutant general. Fifty-one cartridges were demanded for each company, that morning, noon, and night, of the glorifying festival, might be duly saluted, and that neither side of our double-hilled city might be wholly unhonored. I found afterwards, when payment of the bill was called for, that it had been necessary to purchase good powder to meet the requisition, and that an expense of about \$50 had been incurred for the purpose. Payment was refused by the council, and I am accordingly under the necessity of requesting that provision may be made for it by law. I sincerely respect the scrupulous conduct displayed on this occasion, and heartily rejoice that vigilance has again come into fashion. But I feel, at the same time, in common with other tax-payers, the hardship of having to contribute, from the now scanty fruits of industry, to make up the enormous loss sustained by the commonwealth, from the scandalous speculations committed, while these watchmen slept on their post, during a former period. *ibid.*

It has been my good fortune to enjoy the blessing of uninterrupted health during the whole period of my service, and, most certainly, I have never once in the time had any of my humble faculties weakened, or obscured, by any cause whatever. *ibid.*

☞ Is this very extraordinary passage to be explained by the following extract from the Message of last year?

To the charge that I have been incapable of meeting the public exigencies from intoxication, I now make the only possible answer that there never was a more outrageous *lie* subscribed to by men.

My course may have been blundering, but the efforts I have

made have ever been the best my powers could afford, and I trust the ends of those who sent me forth to it, have been sufficiently answered. Few I hope will refuse their parting approval. None I think can, in lasting sincerity, be better pleased with the clumsy, floundering movements of unbridled arrogance overbearing in its self-applauding career, the free will, judgment and prudence of others, and thrusting aside for a moment from their proper place, candour, truth, and every thing of an unselfish, unassuming and disinterested nature. ibid.

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### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following extracts from a private letter, from Europe, will be perused with interest by our readers when they learn that the writer is one of the most distinguished among the foreign literati. We shall only add, what must be evident to many, that it is an unpremeditated epistle and not intended for publication. It will go far with many in settling a question which has been loudly mooted respecting the authorship of the Scotch novels.

—“Now in regard to our admiration, which is indeed very general, of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, it is not that we think it a work of very high genius or striking originality. But pleading guilty, as we must do, to an opinion, that the considerable powers shown in different instances by Americans were not directed by good taste, in short that a kind of borrowed Gallic finery too frequently disfigured their writings, it was the chaste and simple elegance, the perfect purity of taste as well as of sentiment that charmed us. Will you forgive me for saying, because we did not expect it from that quarter? But you must know that though I am pleased with the *Sketch Book*, my greatest admiration is reserved for *Knickerbocker*. I think there has been nothing comparable with it since Swift. In some places I think the humour and satire better. It is grievous to me that so much locality as we find in the early chapters prevents so many people from doing justice to the excellent sense and fine humour of the whole. To me, who fully understand and perfectly know them, these localities are delightful. Yet why should not we enter into all this as you do into all the Scotch localities and language of Sir Walter Scott? I hailed these high powers of humorous satire the more, as it is a prevalent opinion here that Americans, in general, have not so keen a sense of the ludicrous as the dwellers in the old world. And I must own that I have seen very sensible and well-informed Americans look very grave at hearing light and playful raillery. Humour, however, is often in a great measure local, (and) best understood in certain circles. But this quick perception of the ludicrous which exists more generally where all the various shades



of many-coloured life are perpetually shifting, is certainly a kind of sixth sense, and in those who possess it in a high degree affords as much gratification as any of the others. Who can think of the ludicrous without being forcibly reminded of Walter Scott? And who can think of him without taking away the reproach of America in this respect, seeing that he is so keenly relished among our transatlantic grandchildren. I have seen in the Boston review, a critique on "Rob Roy" that was really exquisite. The perception of Scottish character and humour was delightful, and the insight into the workings of human nature, worthy of the author himself. He was ill at the time, and I sent the book to him with which I am certain he was highly gratified: though I dared not say any thing about it when I saw him, for he does not like to have people talk to him even about his acknowledged works. Though in all other respects the best natured and most amiable of mankind, Scotch people understand that kind of delicacy, and are not ready to accost a man as an author by trade unless he gives an opening to the subject. To give you an instance of his feeling in this respect: when I was in Roxburgshire, that land of pastoral melody and legendary lore, familiar alike with the warlike trumpet and the shepherd's reed, I passed some hours amidst the fine ruins of Melrose Abbey, before I went to Abbotsford.\* There indeed I made a very short stay, not choosing to be included in a crowd of obtrusive visitors, who, with very slight introductions, trespass on the time and hospitality of that excellent person whom I see at home in winter, where he lives within a short distance of us, as often as I please. There was a southern guest there who began to praise the unequalled "*Lay*" as if to gratify the author. "I am sure," said he, "no man could ever have written the description of the Abbey unless he had been accustomed to muse among its ruins by moonlight." "May be so," replied he, "but I never saw Melrose by moonlight in my life." It is odd enough that I should send a secret over the Atlantic that I am obliged to keep very close in Edinburgh. But you must know that I spent two long evenings at Ballantine's last week hearing him read the greater part of "*the Fortunes of Nigel*." The crisis he has seized upon for his story is very interesting. The characters are ably drawn and well-supported. There is no deficiency of vigour, and I suppose there is full as much interest excited as in any of his former works. Yet to me it appears that there is more labour than in any of his former writings. It has not such an unpremeditated appearance. And yet I think,—fame and profit out of the question—the author finds, or has hitherto found, a very high enjoyment in pouring forth the fruits of those treasures of observation on human character, on manners and on history, with which his capacious mind is so replete. Lope Calderon, in Spain, and

\* The seat of the Poet. ED. P. F.

Shakespeare, in England,\* were as fertile and as varied as our Scottish dramatist, for such I think he may be considered. Though Shakespeare must ever dwell in unapproachable greatness, we may suppose him looking down with complacent kindness on his intellectual representative—the heir, not only of his genius, but of his sweet temper and mild domestic virtues. I really wish I had time to tell you all that I know of this admirable person. I dwell with peculiar pleasure on his character, and that of some others whom I have had the good fortune to know, because they add support to a favourite theory of mine, i. e. that the highest talents have a natural and necessary union with the greatest virtues; I do not mean those who are merely clever men, or merely scientific. I speak of real genius, which is always, as Lord Gardenstone says, “modest and careless”—which is a stranger alike to mean avarice and gross vanity. An unhappy temperament and still more unhappy associations, sometimes degrade and corrupt this delicate flower when it blows in a tainted atmosphere: but I am sure what I say is substantially true”—[The exceptions which are here named and discussed, we do not feel at liberty to publish.]

*Homer.*—After an interval of about twenty years, that magnificent classical work, Tischbein's Illustrations of Homer, from ancient monuments, has been resumed; the Seventh Number, forming the first of a new series, having lately appeared. It contains six subjects, five of which have been till now unedited. The only one hitherto published is the celebrated Tabula Iliaca, which is here given of the exact size of the original, a cast having been made expressly for this purpose, and with the utmost exactness. On the interest of such a work, and its value to philology, it is needless to dwell; it is enough to remark, that M. Schorn, the writer of the accompanying text, is in every respect a worthy successor to the illustrious Heyne. The archaeological erudition and the superior taste uniformly displayed, will render this work a most honourable monument of that zeal for classical literature by which Germany has been long distinguished.

*Constantinople.*—M. Von Hammer's work entitled Constantinople and the Bosphorus, may be considered as a most interesting accession to the studies of geography and statistics, since every thing relating to the metropolis of a country, to which recent circumstances have excited more than ordinary attention, are detailed with scrupulous exactness. No one could be more competent to the task than the present author, who, independently of his familiarity with Oriental language and literature, was farther qualified for it, by having for some time filled a diplomatic situation at the Porte; through which circumstance he has been enabled to collect a variety of information not accessible to travellers in general.

\* We must make some allowance for the enthusiasm of national pride and personal esteem. Ed. P. F.

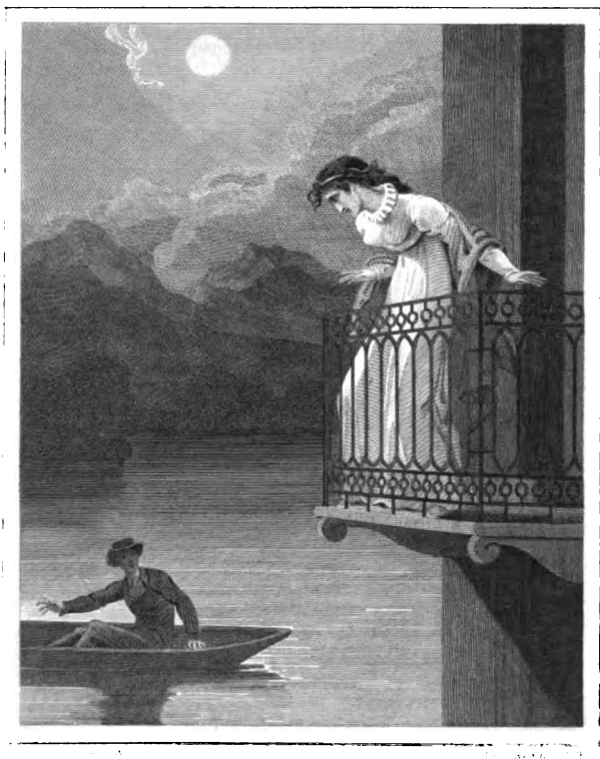
**Retsch.**—Moritz Retsch, a German artist, whose name is familiar in England by his popular illustrations to Goethe's *Faust*, has painted for the collection of his Excellency the Austrian Ambassador, a picture, of which the subject is taken from Undine representing the heroine when rescued by Huldebrand and carried to the fisherman's hut. German critics speak in terms of the highest admiration of the fascinating beauty and grace which characterize the principal figure. Retsch is equally admirable as a portrait-printer; and is distinguished by the peculiar skill with which he expresses the mental characteristic of his sitters.

**Hungarian Literature.**—A literary almanack, similar in plan to those which have so long been popular in Germany, and the first attempt of the kind in the Hungarian language, has appeared this year. The editor is M. Kisufaldi, a dramatic writer of some celebrity. The contents possess in many respects no ordinary merit, combined with varied interest. The work is got up with much taste, and the plates, by Hafel, Apmann, and Blaschke are favourable specimens of the ability of Hungarian artists.

**Italian Literature.**—The Academy of Lucca has published the first volume of its transactions, under the title of *Atti della Reale Accademia Lucchese di Scienze, Lettere, ed Arti*, 8vo. Prefixed to the work is an historical account of the rise of this society. It originated in 1584, when it was called *Accademia degli Oscuri*; at which period it was held at the house of Gian Lorenza Malpiglio, the person after whom Tasso has named two of his admirable dialogues. During the course of two centuries this institution maintained itself without exciting any attention on the part of the government, or receiving from it any support, until 1805, when it was put upon an improved footing, and received its present appellation. The papers contained in this volume consist of a variety of treatises on historical, mathematical, and other subjects—The Abbate M. A. Marchi has published the fourth volume of his *Etymological Dictionary of all the Scientific and Technical Terms derived from the Greek, Dizionario Etimologico di tutti i Vocaboli usati nelle Scienze, Arti, e Mestieri, che traggono Origine del Greco: compilato dal fu Aquilino Bonavilla coll'assistenza del Professore di Lingua Greca, M. A. Marchi*. This laborious undertaking is executed with great diligence and ability, notwithstanding that, like every other work of a similar nature, both omissions and defects might be pointed out. When completed, for the author has not advanced beyond the letter P, it will form an important addition to Italian philology.

The new American novel entitled *The Pioneers*, may be expected this month.





THE  
LITTLE BOAT

BY J. H. B. B. B.

# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

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## MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

**TOBIAS SMOLLETT** was born in the parish of Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, in the year 1721. His father, Archibald, a Scotch gentleman of small fortune, was the youngest son of Sir James Smollett, who was knighted on King William's accession, represented the borough of Dumbarton in the last Scotch parliament, and was of weight enough to be chosen one of the commissioners for framing the treaty of union between the two countries. On his return from Leyden, where it was then the custom for young Scotchmen to complete their education, Archibald married Barbara, the daughter of Mr. Cunningham, of Gilbertfield, near Glasgow; and died soon after the birth of our poet, leaving him, with another son and a daughter, dependent on the bounty of their grandfather. The place of Smollett's nativity was endeared to him by its natural beauties; insomuch that, when he had an opportunity of comparing it with foreign countries, he preferred the neighbouring lake of Loch Lomond to those most celebrated in Switzerland and Italy. Being placed at the school of Dumbarton, which was conducted by John Love, a man of some distinction as a scholar, he is said to have exercised his poetical talents in writing satires on the other boys, and in panegyrising his heroic countryman Wallace. From hence, at the usual age, he was removed to Glasgow; and there making choice of the study of medicine, was apprenticed to Mr. John Gordon, a surgeon, who afterwards took out a diploma and practised as a physician. His

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irresistible propensity to burlesque did not suffer the peculiarities of this man, whom he has represented under the character of Pottion, in *Roderick Random*, to escape him. He made some amends for the indignity, by introducing honourable mention of the name of Dr. Gordon in the last of his novels. A more overt act of contumacy to his superiors, into which his vivacity hurried him, trifling as it may appear, is so characteristic, that I cannot leave it untold. A lad, who was apprenticed to a neighbouring surgeon, and with whom he had been engaged in frolic on a winter's evening, was receiving a severe reprimand from his master for quitting the shop; and having alleged in his excuse, that he had been hit by a snow-ball, and had gone out in pursuit of the person, who had thrown it, was listening to the taunts of his master, on the improbability of such a story. "How long," said the son of *Æsculapius*, with the confident air of one fearless of contradiction, "might I stand here, and such a thing not happen to me?" when Smollett, who stood behind the pillar of the shop-door, and heard what passed, snatching up a snow-ball, quickly delivered his playmate from the dilemma in which this question had placed him, by an answer equally prompt and conclusive. Not content with this attack, he afterwards made the offender sit for his whole-length portrait, in the person, as it is supposed, of Crab, in the same novel.

In the midst of these childish sallies, he meditated greater things; and the sound of the pestle and mortar did not prevent him from attending to the inspirations of *Melpomene*. At the age of eighteen he had composed a tragedy on the murder of James I. the Scottish monarch, and about that time losing his grandfather, by whom he had been supported, and discovering that he must thenceforth rely on his own exertions for a maintenance, he set forth with his juvenile production for London. On his arrival there, failing, as might be expected, to persuade the managers to bring his tragedy on the stage, he solicited and obtained the place of a surgeon's mate, on board the fleet destined for the attack of Carthage.

Of this ill-conducted and unfortunate expedition, he not only made a sketch in his *Roderick Random*, but afterwards inserted more detailed account of it in the *Compendium of Voyages*.

After a short time, he was so little pleased with his employment, that he determined to relinquish it, and remain in the West Indies. During his residence in Jamaica, he met with Miss Anne Lascelles, to whom, after few a years, he was married, and with whom he expected to receive a fortune of three thousand pounds. In the islands he probably depended for a subsistence on the exercise of his skill as a surgeon. He returned to London in the year 1746; and though his family had distinguished themselves by their revolutionary principles, testified his sympathy with the late sufferings of his countrymen, in their expiring struggle for the house of Stuart, by some lines, entitled the Tears of Scotland. When warned of his indiscretion, he added that concluding stanza of reproof to his timid counsellors,

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathising verse shall flow:  
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

His first separate publication was, *Advice*, a satire, in the autumn of this year. At the beginning of the next it was followed by a second part, called *Reproof*, in which he took an occasion of venting his resentment against Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, with whom he had quarrelled concerning an opera, written by him for that theatre, on the story of *Alcestis*. In consequence of their dispute the piece was not acted, nor did he take the poet's usual revenge by printing it.

The fallacious prospect of his wife's possessions now encouraged him to settle himself in a better house, and to live with more hospitality than his circumstances would allow him to maintain.

These difficulties were in some measure obviated by the sale of a new translation which he made of *Gil Blas*, and still more by the success of *Roderick Random*, which appeared in 1748. In none of his succeeding novels has he equalled the liveliness, force and nature of this his first essay. So just a picture of a seafaring



life especially had never before met the public eye. Many of our naval heroes may probably trace the preference which has decided them in their choice of a profession to an early acquaintance with the pages of Roderick Random. He has not, indeed, decorated his scenes with any seductive colours; yet such is the charm of a highly wrought description, that it often induces us to overlook what is disgusting in the objects themselves, and transfer the pleasure arising from the mere imitation to the reality.

Strap was a man named Lewis, a book-binder, who came from Scotland with Smollett, and who usually dined with him at Chelsea on Sundays. In this book he also found a niche for the exhibition of his own distresses in the character of Melopoyne the dramatic poet. His applications to the directors of the theatre, indeed, continued so unavailing, that he at length resolved to publish his unfortunate tragedy by subscription, and in 1749 the *Regicide* appeared with a preface, in which he complained grievously of their neglect, and of the faithlessness of his patrons, among whom Lord Lyttleton particularly excited his indignation. In the summer of this year his view of men and manners was extended by a journey to Paris. Here he met with an acquaintance and countryman in Doctor Moore, the author of *Zeluco*, who a few years after him had been also an apprentice to Gordon, at Glasgow. In his company Smollett visited the principal objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood of the French metropolis.

The canvas was soon stretched for a display of fresh follies: and the result was, his *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, in 1751.

The success he had attained in exhibiting the characters of seamen led him to a repetition of similar delineations. But though drawn in the same broad style of humour, and, if possible, discriminated by a yet stronger hand, the actors do not excite so keen an interest on shore as in their proper element. The *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, the substance of which was communicated by the woman herself whose story they relate, quickened the curiosity of his readers at the time, and a considerable sum which he received for the insertion of them augmented the profits which he derived from a large impression of the work. But they form a very disagreeable interruption in the main business of the narra-

tive. The pedantic physician was intended for a representation of Akenside, who had probably too much dignity to notice the affront for which some reparation was made by a compliment to his talents for didactic poetry, in our author's History of England.

On his return (in 1749) he took his degree of Doctor in Medicine, and settled himself at Chelsea, where he resided till 1763.

The next effort of his pen, an Essay on the External Use of Water, in a letter to Dr.—, with particular remarks upon the present method of using the mineral waters at Bath, in Somersetshire, &c. (in 1752) was directed to views of professional advancement. In his profession, however, he did not succeed; and meeting with no encouragement in any other quarter, he devoted himself henceforward to the service of the booksellers. More novels, translation, historical compilation, ephemeral criticism, were the multifarious employments which they laid on him. Nothing that he afterwards produced quite came up to the raciness of his first performances. In 1753, he published the Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom. In the dedication of this novel he left a blank after the word Doctor, which may probably be supplied with the name of Armstrong. From certain phrases that occur in the more serious parts, I should conjecture them to be hastily translated from another language. Some of these shall be laid before the reader, that he may judge for himself. "A solemn profession, on which she *reposed herself* with the most implicit confidence and faith;" ch. xii. (v. 4, p. 54, of Dr. Anderson's edition.)—"Our hero would have made his retreat through the *port*, by which he had entered;" instead of the *door*; ch. xiii. p. 55.—"His own penetration pointed out the *canal*, through which his misfortune had flowed upon him;" instead of the *channel*; ch. xx. p. 94.—"Public ordinaries, walks, and *spectacles*;" instead of *places of entertainment*;" ch. xxv. p. 125.—"The Tyrolese, by the *canal* of Ferdinand's finger and recommendation, sold a pebble for a real brilliant;" ch. xxxvii. p. 204.—"A young gentleman whose pride was *indomitable*;" ch. xlvi. p. 242. In one chapter we find ourselves in a stage-coach, with such company as Smollett loved to introduce to his readers.

He was about this time prosecuted in the King's Bench, on a

charge of having intended to assassinate one of his countrymen, whose name was Peter Gordon. A few blows of the cane, which, after being provoked by repeated insolence, he had laid across the shoulders of this man, appeared to be the sole grounds for the accusation, and he was, therefore, honourably acquitted by the jury. A letter, addressed to the prosecutor's counsel who, in Smollett's opinion, by the intemperance of his invective had abused the freedom of speech allowed on such occasions, remains to attest the irritability and vehemence of his own temper. The letter was either not sent, or the lawyer had too much moderation to make it the subject of another action, the consequences of which he could have ill borne; for the expense, incurred by the former suit, was already more than he was able to defray, at a time when pecuniary losses and disappointments in other quarters were pressing heavily upon him. A person, for whom he had given security in the sum of one hundred and eighty pounds had become a bankrupt, and one remittance which he looked for from the East Indies, and another of more than a thousand pounds from Jamaica, failed him. From the extremity to which these accidents reduced him, he was extricated by the kindness of his friend, Doctor Macaulay, to which he had been before indebted; and by the liberality of Provost Drummond, who paid him a hundred pounds for revising the manuscript of his brother Alexander Drummond's travels through Germany, Italy, Greece, &c. which were printed in a folio volume in 1754. He had long anticipated the profits of his next work. This was a translation of *Don Quixote*, published at the beginning of 1755. Lord Woodhouselee, in his *Essay on Translation*, has observed, that it is little else than an improvement of the version by Jarvis. On comparing a few passages with the original, I perceive that he fails alike in representing the dignity of Cervantes in the mock-heroic, and the familiarity of his lighter manner. These are faults that might have been easily avoided by many a writer of much less natural abilities than Smollett, who wanted both the leisure and the command of style that were requisite for such an undertaking. The time, however, which he gave to that great master, was not thrown away. He must have

come back from the study with his mind refreshed, and its powers invigorated by contemplating so nearly the most skilful delineation that had ever been made of human nature, according to that view in which it most suited his own genius to look at it.

On his return from a visit to Scotland, where a pleasant story is told of his being introduced to his mother as a stranger, and of her discovery of him after some time, with a burst of maternal affection, in consequence of his smiling, he engaged (1756) in an occupation that was not likely to make him a wiser, and certainly did not make him a happier man. The celebrity obtained by the *Monthly Review* had raised up a rival publication, under the name of the *Critical*. The share which Smollett had in the latter is left in some uncertainty. Doctor Anderson tells us, that he undertook the chief direction: and Mr. Nichols,\* that he assisted Archibald Hamilton the printer. Whatever his part might be, the performance of it was enough to waste his strength with ignoble labour, to embitter his temper by useless altercation, and to draw on him contempt and insult from those who, however they surpassed him in learning, could scarcely be regarded as his superiors in native vigour and fertility of mind. "Sure I," said Gray, in a letter to Mason, "am something a better judge than all the man-midwives and presbyterian parsons that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? (for you have your share of these too) I dare say not; your vanity has certainly a better taste, and can then the censure of such critics move you?" And Warburton, who had probably been exasperated in the same way, called his *History of England* the nonsense of a vagabond Scot.

In the same year was published a *Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*, in seven volumes, which was said to have been made under his superintendence. We have his own word,† that he had written a very small part of it. In 1757, his *Reprisal, or the Tars of Old England*, an entertainment in two acts in which the scene throughout is laid on board ship, and which describes seamen in his usual happy vein, was acted at Drury-lane

\* *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. iii, p. 398.

† In a letter in Dr. Anderson's Edition of his works, vol. i. p. 179.

with tolerable success. In 1758, he published his *History of England* from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, four volumes. Of this work, hasty as it was, having been compiled in fourteen months, ten thousand copies were speedily sold.

Some strictures in the *Critical Review*, which, in order to screen the printer of it, he generously avowed himself to have written, once more exposed him to a legal prosecution. The offensive passages were occasioned by a pamphlet, in which Admiral Knowles had vindicated himself from some reflections that were incidentally cast on him in the course of sir John Mordaunt's trial for the failure of a secret expedition on the coast of France, near Rochefort.

In his comments on the pamphlet, Smollett had stigmatized Knowles, the author of it, as "an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity." It can scarcely be wondered, if, after such provocation, the party injured was not deterred by menaces, or diverted by proposals of agreement, from seeking such reparation as the law would afford him. This reparation the law did not fail to give; and Smollett was sentenced to pay a penalty of one hundred pounds, and to be confined for three months in the prison of the king's Bench. Cervantes wrote his *Don Quixote* in a gaol; and Smollett, resolved, since he was now in one, that he would write a *Don Quixote* too. It may be said of the Spaniard, according to Falstaff's boast, "that he is not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men;" and among the many attempts at imitation, to which the admirable original has given rise, Sir Launcelot Greaves is not one of the worst. That a young man, whose brain had been slightly affected by a disappointment in love, should turn knight errant, at a time when books of chivalry were no longer in vogue, is not, indeed, in the first instance, very probable. But we are contented to overlook this defect in favour of the many original touches of character and striking views of life, particularly in the mad-house, and the prison into which he leads his hero, and which he has depicted with the force of Hogarth. If my recollection does not mislead me,

he will be found in some parts of this novel to have had before him the *Pharsamond of Marivaux*, another copy of Cervantes. But it does not any where, like *Count Fathom*, betray symptoms of being a mere translation. *Sir Launcelot Greaves* was first printed piecemeal in the *British Magazine*, or *Monthly Repository*, a miscellany to which Goldsmith was also a contributor. It has the recommendation of being much less gross and indelicate than any other of his novels.

During the same period, 1761 and 1762, he published, in numbers, four volumes of a *Continuation of his History of England*; and in 1765, a fifth, which brought it down to that time.

Not contented with occupation under which an ordinary man would have sunk, he undertook, on the 29th of May, 1762, to publish the *Briton*, a weekly paper, in defence of the *Earl of Bute*, on that day appointed first commissioner of the treasury; and continued it till the 12th of February in the ensuing year, about two months before the retirement of that nobleman from office. By his patron he complained that he was not properly supported; and he incurred the hostility of *Wilkes*, who had before been his staunch friend, but who espoused the party in opposition to the Minister, by an attack, the malignance of which no provocation could have justified.

In 1763, his name was prefixed, in conjunction with that of *Francklin*, the Greek professor at Cambridge, and translator of *Sophocles* and *Lucian*, to a version of the works of *Voltaire*, in twenty-seven volumes. To this he contributed, according to his own account, a small part; including all the notes historical and critical. To the *Modern Universal History*, which was published about the same time, he also acknowledged himself to be a contributor, though of no very large portion.

His life had hitherto been subjected to the toil and anxiety of one doomed to earn a precarious subsistence by his pen. Though designed by nature for the light and pleasant task of painting the humors and follies of men, he had been compelled to undergo the work of a literary drudge. Though formed to enjoy the endearments of friendship, his criticisms had made those, who were before indifferent to him, his enemies; and his politics, those whom he had

loved, the objects of his hatred. The smile which the presence of his mother for a moment recalled, had almost deserted his features. Still we may suppose it to have lightened them up occasionally, in those hours of leisure when he was allowed to unbend himself in the society of a wife, with whom he seems always to have lived happily, and of an only daughter, who was growing up to share with her his caresses, and to whom both looked as the future support of their age.

Ταυτη. γίγνηθα, κάπιληθομάι κακῶν·  
 'Ηδ' αὐτὴ πολλῶν ἴστί μοι παραψυχα,  
 Πολις, τιθηνη, βακτρον, ηγερμων ἰδου.

In her, rejoicing, I forgot mine ills.  
 I have lost much; but she remains my comfort,  
 My city and my nurse, my staff and guide.

He had bemoaned his distresses as an author; but was now to feel calamity of a different kind. This only daughter was taken from him by death, in her fifteenth year. Henceforward he was, with some short intervals, a prey to querulousness and disease. Soon after this loss (in June, 1763), being resolved to try what change of climate would do for him, he set out with his disconsolate partner on a journey through France and Italy. On quitting his own country he describes himself "traded by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a private calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair." The account which he published of this expedition on his return, shows that he did not derive from it the relief which he had expected. The spleen, with which he contemplated every object that presented itself to him, was ridiculed by Sterne, who gave him the name of Smelfungus. With this abatement, the narration has much to interest and amuse, and conveys some information by which a traveller might perhaps still profit. When he brings before us the driver pointing to the gibbeted criminal whom he had himself betrayed, and unconsciously discovering his own infamy to Smollett, we might suppose ourselves to be reading a highly wrought incident in one of his own fictions. His prognostics of the approaching Revolution in France are so

remarkable, that I am tempted to transcribe them. "The king of France, in order to give strength and stability to his administration, ought to have sense to adopt a sage plan of economy, and vigour of mind sufficient to execute it in all its parts with the most rigorous exactness. He ought to have courage enough to find fault, and even to punish the delinquents, of what quality soever they may be; and the first act of reformation ought to be a total abolition of all the farms. There are undoubtedly many marks of relaxation in the reins of the French government; and in all probability, the subjects of France will be the first to take the advantage of it. There is at present a violent fermentation of different principles among them, which, under the reign of a very weak prince, or during a long minority, may produce a great change in the constitution. In proportion to the progress of reason and philosophy, which have made great advances in this kingdom, superstition loses ground; ancient prejudices give way; a spirit of freedom takes the ascendant. All the learned laity of France detest the hierarchy as a plan of despotism, founded on imposture and usurpation. The protestants, who are very numerous in the southern parts, abhor it with all the rancour of religious fanaticism. Many of the Commons, enriched by commerce and manufacture, grow impatient of those odious distinctions, which exclude them from the honours and privileges due to their importance in the commonwealth; and all the parliaments or tribunals of justice in the kingdom seem bent upon asserting their rights and independence in the face of the king's prerogative, and even at the expense of his power and authority. Should any prince, therefore, be seduced by evil counsellors, or misled by his own bigotry, to take some arbitrary step that may be extremely disagreeable to all those communities, without having spirit to exert the violence of his power for the support of his measures, he will become equally detested and despised, and the influence of the Commons will insensibly encroach upon the pretensions of the crown." (*Travels through France and Italy*, c. xxxvi. *Smollett's Works*, vol. v. p. 536.) This presentiment deserves to be classed with that prophecy of Harrington in his *Oceana*, of which some were fond enough to hope the speedy fulfilment at the beginning of the revolution. Smol-



lett passed the greater part of his time abroad at Nice, but proceeded also to Rome and Florence.

About a year after he had returned from the continent (in June 1766), he again visited his native country, where he had the satisfaction to find his mother and sister still living. At Edinburgh he met with the two Humes, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, and Ferguson; but the bodily ailments, under which he was labouring, left him little power of enjoying the society of men who had newly raised their country to so much eminence in literature. To his friend, Dr. Moore, then a chirurgion at Glasgow who accompanied him from that place to the banks of Loch Lomond, he wrote, in the February following, that this expedition into Scotland had been productive of nothing but misery and disgust, adding that he was convinced his brain had been in some measure affected; for that he had had a kind of *coma vigil* upon him from April to November without intermission. He was at this time at Bath, where two chirurgions, whom he calls the most eminent in England, and whose names were Middleton and Sharp, had so far relieved him from some of the most painful symptoms of his malady, particularly an inveterate ulcer in the arm, that he pronounced himself to be better in health and spirits than during any part of the seven preceding years. But the flattering appearance which his disorder assumed was not of long continuance. A letter written to him by David Hume, on the 18th of July following, shows that either the state of his health, or the narrowness of his means, or perhaps both these causes together, made him desirous of obtaining the consulship of Nice or Leghorn. But neither the solicitations of Hume, nor those of the Duchess of Hamilton, could prevail on the minister, Lord Shelburne, to confer on him either of these appointments. In the next year, September 21, 1768, the following paragraph in a letter from Hume convinced him that he had nothing to expect from any consideration for his necessities in that quarter. "What is this you tell me of your perpetual exile and of your never returning to this country? I hope that, as this idea arose from the bad state of your health, it will vanish on your recovery, which, from your past experience, you may expect from those happier climates, to which you are retiring; after

which, the desire of revisiting your native country will probably return upon you, unless the superior cheapness of foreign countries prove an obstacle, and detain you there. I could wish that means had been fallen on to remove this objection, and that at least it might be equal to you to live anywhere, except when the consideration of your health gave the preference to one climate above another. But the indifference of ministers towards literature, which has been long, and indeed almost always is the case in England, gives little prospect of any alteration in this particular."

If ministers would in no other way conduce to his support, he was determined to levy on them at least an involuntary contribution, and accordingly (in 1769,) he published the *Adventures of an Atom*, in which he laid about him to right and left, and with a random humor, somewhat resembling that of Rabelais and Swift, made those whom he had defended, and those whom he had attacked alike the subject of very gross merriment.

But his sport and his suffering were now coming to a close. The increased debility, under which he felt himself sinking, induced him again to try the influence of a more genial sky. Early in 1770, he set out with his wife for Italy; and after staying a short time at Leghorn, settled himself at Monte Nero, near that port. In a letter to Caleb Whitefoord, dated the 18th of May he describes himself rusticated on the side of a mountain that overlooks the sea, a most romantic and salutary situation. One other flash broke from him in this retirement. His novel called the *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, which he sent to England to be printed in 1770, though abounding in portraiture of exquisite drollery, and in situations highly comical, has not the full zest and flavour of his earlier works. The story does not move on with the same impetuosity. The characters have more the appearance of being broad caricatures from real life, than the creatures of a rich and teeming invention. They seem rather the representation of individuals grotesquely designed and extravagantly coloured, than of classes of men.

His bodily strength now giving way by degrees, while that of his mind remained unimpaired, he expired at his residence near Leghorn on 21st of October, 1771, in the 51st year of his age.

His mother died a little before him. His widow lived twelve years longer, which she passed at Leghorn in a state of unhappy dependence on the bounty of the merchants at that place, and of a few friends in England. Out of her slender means she contrived to erect a monument to her deceased husband, on which the following inscription from the pen of his friend Armstrong was inscribed:

Hic ossa conduntur  
 TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, Scoti;  
 Qui prosapia generosa et antiqua natus,  
 Priscæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;  
 Aspectu ingenuo,  
 Corpore valido,  
 Pectore animoso,  
 Indole apprimè benignâ,  
 Et fere supra facultates munificâ  
 Insignis.  
 Ingenio feraci, faceto, versatili,  
 Omnigenæ fere doctrinæ mire capaci,  
 Variâ fabularum dulcedine  
 Vitam moresque hominum,  
 Ubertate summâ ludens depinxit.  
 Adverso, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,  
 Nisi quo satyræ opipare supplebat,  
 Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,  
 Quo Musæ vix nisi nothæ  
 Mærenatulis Britannicis  
 Fovebantur.  
 In memoriam  
 Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,  
 Permultis amicis desiderati,  
 Hocce marmor,  
 Dilectissima simul et amantissima conjunx  
 L. M.  
 Sacravit.

A column with a Latin inscription was also placed to commemorate him on the banks of his favourite Leven, near the house in which he was born, by his kinsman Mr. Smollett of Bonhill.

The person of Smollett is described by his friend Dr. Moore as

stout and well-proportioned, his countenance engaging, and his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity that seemed to indicate a consciousness of his own powers.

In his disposition, he appears to have been careless, improvident, and sanguine; easily swayed both in his commendation and censures of others by the reigning humor of the moment, yet warm, and (when not influenced by the baneful spirit of faction) steady in his attachments. On his independence he particularly prided himself. But that this was sometimes in danger from slight causes is apparent from an anecdote related by Dr. Wooll, in his *Life of Joseph Wharton*. When Huggins\* had finished his translation of *Ariosto*, he sent a fat buck to Smollett, who at that time managed the *Critical Review*; consequently the work was highly applauded; but the history of the venison becoming public, Smollett was much abused, and in a future number of the *Review* retracted his applause. Perpetual employment of his pen left him little time for reflection or study. Hence, though he acquired a greater readiness in the use of words, his judgment was not proportionably improved; nor did his manhood bear fruits that fully answered to the vigorous promise of his youth. Yet it may be questioned whether any other writer of English prose had, before his time produced so great a number of works of invention. When, in addition to his novels, we consider his various productions, his histories, his travels, his two dramatic pieces, his poems, his translations, his critical labours, and other occasional publications, we are surprized that so much should have been done in a life of no longer continuance.

Excepting Congreve, I do not remember that any of the poets, whose lives have been written by Johnson, is said to have produced any thing in the shape of a novel. Of the *Incognita* of Congreve, that biographer observes not very satisfactorily, that he would

\* From a letter of Granger's (the author of the *Biographical History of England*), to Dr. Ducarel (see *Nichols's Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii. p. 601,) it appears that Huggins made also a translation of *Dante*, which was never printed. He was son of that cruel keeper of the Fleet prison who was punished for the ill treatment of his prisoners.—(*Ibid.*)

rather praise it than read it. In the present series, Goldsmith Smollett, and Johnson himself, if his *Rasselas* entitle him to rank in the number, are among the most distinguished in this species of writing, of whom Europe can boast. To these, if there be added the names of De Foe, Richardson, Fielding, and Sterne, not to mention living authors, we may produce such a phalanx as scarcely any other nation can equal. Indeed no other could afford a writer so wide a field for the exercise of this talent as ours, where the fullest scope and encouragement are given to the human mind to expand itself in every direction, and assume every shape and hue, by the freedom of the government, and by the complexity of civil and commercial interests. No one has portrayed the whimsical varieties of character, particularly in lower life, with a happier vein of burlesque than Smollett. He delights indeed, chiefly by his strong delineation of ludicrous incidents and grotesque manners derived from this source. He does not hold our curiosity entangled by the involution of his story, nor suspend it by any artful protraction of the main event. He turns aside for no digression that may serve to display his own ingenuity or learning. From the beginning to the end, one adventure commonly rises up and follows upon another, like so many waves of the sea, which cease only because they have reached the shore.

The billows float in order to the shore,  
The wave behind rolls on the wave before.

Admirable as the art of the novelist is, we ought not to confound it with that of the poet; nor to conclude, because the characters of Parson Adams, Colonel Bath, and Squire Western, in Fielding; and of Strap, Morgan, and Pipes, in Smollett, impress themselves as strongly on the memory, and seem to be as really individuals whom we have seen and conversed with as many of those which are the most decidedly marked in Shakspeare himself, that therefore the powers requisite for producing such descriptions are as rare and extraordinary in one instance as in the other. For the poet has this peculiar to himself; that he communicates something from his own mind, which, at the same time that it does not prevent his personages from being kept equally distinct from one another, raises them all above the level of our common nature. Shak-

speare, whom we appear not only to know, personally, but to admire and love as one superior to the cast of his kind,—

Sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,  
has left some trick of his own lineaments and features discoverable in the whole brood.

*Igneus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo  
Seminibus.*

It is this which makes us willing to have our remembrance of his characters refreshed by constant repetition which gives us such a pleasure in summoning them before us, as "age cannot wither, nor custom stale." This is a quality which we do not find in Fielding, with all that consummate skill which he employs in developing his story; nor in Smollett, with all that vivacity and heartiness of purpose with which he carries on his narrative.

Of Smollett's poems much does not remain to be said. The *Regicide* is such a tragedy as might be expected from a clever youth of eighteen: The language is declamatory, the thoughts inflated, and the limits of nature and verisimilitude transgressed in describing the characters and passions. Yet there are passages not wanting in poetical vigour.

His two satires have so much of the rough flavour of Juvenal, as to retain some relish, now that the occasion which produced them has passed away.

The Ode to Independence, which was not published till after his decease, amid much of common place, has some very nervous lines. The personification itself is but an awkward one. The term is scarcely abstract and general enough to be invested with the attributes of an ideal being.

In the *Tears of Scotland*, patriotism has made him eloquent and pathetic; and the Ode to Leven Water is sweet and natural. None of the other pieces, except the Ode to Mirth, which has some sprightliness of fancy, deserve to be particularly noticed.

## THE PROTESTANT MISSION TO CHINA.\*

WE have heard so much of late years of the journals of Roman Catholic Missionaries, and, particularly, thanks to Mr. Southey, of the Jesuits in South America, that we took up, with some interest, the present narrative of a modern Protestant Mission, embracing a sphere of operation at the least as important as the Abipones of a Dobrizhoffer, or any other half-explored horde of either hemisphere. We confess, however, that we have been disappointed in the character of much of the information contained in Mr. Milne's volume. It is, in truth, a long, and often a very heavy, detail of the unimportant as well as important events which have befallen the protestant Chinese Missionaries, with their wives and children, during ten years, and might, so far as the public are concerned, be very advantageously condensed into one-fourth or fifth part of its present dimensions. The benevolent author has a most grievous habit of writing dissertations where it was only necessary to relate facts, as well as of relating facts which are often of as little value to the public as some of his dissertations; yet, with these somewhat severe introductory remarks still wet on our paper, we must not fail to add, what affords some excuse for the tediousness of many of Mr. Milne's details, that his work is intended chiefly for the use of those persons who are, or may be in future employed in the Ultra-Ganges Missions, to whom much of what is very dry and tame to an ordinary reader, especially in Europe, may be very useful and necessary. It may be well also, as a matter of history, to have this minute account of the early proceedings of an establishment, which, in future ages, may, perhaps be referred to as an early germ of Ultra-Ganges Christianity. The unborn historiographers of China, and the Malayan Archipelago, will have to thank Mr. Milne for a narrative, which, though it may now appear disproportionately long and minute, will fill a chasm in their histories, which the antiquaries of Europe would gladly find supplied in our own. With what interest should we now peruse an authentic and detailed account of the first ten, or first hundred years of Christianity in Great Britain: though even in this case we could dispense with some of the particulars which the Ultra-Ganges annalist has thought it necessary to record,—particulars very proper doubtless to be noticed on the minute-books of the mission, or to be discussed as matters of business at the scene of action, but quite unworthy to figure at full length in print for the edification of general society.

\* *A Retrospect of the First Ten Years of the Protestant Mission to China* (now, in connexion with the Malay, denominated the *Ultra-Ganges Missions*,) accompanied with miscellaneous Remarks on the Literature, History, and Mythology of China. By William Milne. Malacca, at the Anglo-Chinese Press, 1820. 8vo. pp. 376.

To all persons, however, who are interested, either practically or speculatively, in missionary exertions, the present volume will afford much valuable information; and even for readers who have little taste for this species of intelligence, a class with whom we by no means wish to symbolize, Mr. Milne communicates many particulars which deserve their perusal and attention. We could wish, because it would powerfully tend to promote the public interest in religious missions, that missionaries would more generally endeavour to secure a perusal of their publications among persons of general literature, by enriching them with communications of universal interest to the reading part of the community. Much indeed has been done in this way; and we could easily show that geography, history, philology, the science of antiquities, and miscellaneous literature, are under obligations of the very highest class to Christian missionaries; and never more so than at the present moment, when in every quarter of the globe are to be found among the agents of benevolence persons of enlarged and philosophical minds, who have diligently surveyed and reported on the countries they have visited, and added as much to the stock of universal knowledge as to the diffusion of Christian principles. We believe that it is from the purest motives that still *more* has not been effected in this department; and we can well feel with Mr. Burke, in his panegyric on Howard, how far more sublime is the moral taste that actuates a faithful agent of benevolence than the gratification of a mere scientific or literary predilection. Still we think, that our missionaries, without in any way debasing their higher tastes, or diminishing their religious usefulness, might devote a share of attention to points of very subordinate importance to *them*, but which would greatly interest and instruct many readers who do not generally trouble themselves with missionary narratives. No human mind can for many years together profitably devote itself, with close attention, for seventeen or eighteen hours every day, to one given subject; there must be a certain degree of change in its habits of thought; both body and mind require some intervals of relaxation and variety of employment. Without, therefore, any sacrifice as respects his great object, an intelligent and industrious missionary may do much for the promotion of science and the general interests of human nature. Located perhaps, in a region almost unknown to his countrymen, or the literati of Europe, he may, in his walks and recreations, almost without effort, collect in the course of years, a variety of important facts in geology, meteorology, botany, and geography; he may amass a fund of thermometrical, barometrical, magnetical, and other scientific observations; he may note the phenomena of winds, and tides, and currents; in short, he may incidentally confer upon science such benefits as will command general attention and respect to his communication. It is superfluous to add how much



benefit he may render to man *as man*, and apart from, though not unconnected with, his higher and spiritual destinies, by introducing the arts of civilized life; by naturalizing useful vegetables and animals; by improving the agriculture and rude manufactures of a country; and by convincing both his civilized neighbours at home, and the immediate objects of his benevolent labours, that a missionary, while he is devoted supremely to his immediate vocation as a spiritual instructor, is not necessarily destitute of any taste or quality that can adorn, or ameliorate, or exalt the ordinary condition of humanity.

Mr. Milne begins his work with showing that Christianity is suited to, and intended for all nations; and proceeds to epitomize the efforts of former ages to diffuse its benefits. He states that the first attempts to extend the Gospel to China were made by the Nestorians, who, from the fifth century, when that sect arose, to the end of the seventh century, penetrated through the various countries eastward of Constantinople, as far as Tartary, where they spread their doctrines and formed Christian societies. They arrived in China about the end of the seventh century, and established churches; from which period little is known of them for nearly five hundred years. In the thirteenth century they are stated by Mosheim to have had a flourishing church in the North of China, where it still continued to exist in the beginning of the fifteenth century, after Christianity had been nearly extinguished in Tartary. During the course of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth centuries, Nestorianism is thought to have entirely died away in China.

Mr. Milne states, what appears somewhat remarkable, that though according to Mosheim and other ecclesiastical historians, Christianity had existed in China, in the Nestorian form, for more than eight hundred years, no authentic Chinese record that our author had been able to discover, notices the circumstance of its introduction, or alludes to the efforts, doctrines, sufferings, or extinction of its votaries; nor, with the exception of one stone tablet, mentioned by some Romish missionaries, could Mr. Milne learn that any Christian monument, or inscription, or any vestiges of ecclesiastical edifices, had been noticed by any Chinese writer. Besides which, no part of the Nestorian doctrines or ceremonies appears, according to our author, to have mingled with the pagan systems of China. These circumstances are the more singular, as the Chinese writers notice every other foreign sect which has entered their country; and particularly several which prevailed at the very period at which, according to Mosheim and other historians, the Nestorians were a flourishing community in China.

The Church of Rome, which, with all its enormities, has made at different periods truly zealous efforts for the conversion of the

heathen, directed its attention in the thirteenth century to this country. An embassy, composed chiefly of ecclesiastics, was sent from Pope Nicholas IV. to the Emperor of the Tartars; their principal object being Tartary; though it is said that they erected some churches also in China. In the year 1307, the Gospel had made such progress in this country, that Pope Clement V. elevated *Cambalu*, which some think means Peking, into an archbishopric. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, numbers of Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Capuchins, entered China, from which period there were considerable accessions of native converts. Some of the Romish missionaries in this country have been eminent models of zeal, patience, and Christian piety; though unhappily all were not of this character. To the western fictions and fopperies of the Romish church, began to be added many of oriental growth; divisions were introduced into these infant societies, and commissioners were despatched from Rome, armed with pompous powers, to hear and determine controversies, which they only exasperated by their interference; all which circumstances greatly impeded the extension of pure Christianity among the natives.

Of late years the Romish missionaries have been violently persecuted; they have also melted away in consequence of the modern reverses which have befallen the papal power, and crippled the efforts of the Romish propagandists throughout the world. And, what is still worse, from the wretched policy of withholding the Scriptures from their lay members, they have left no germ behind them to keep up a succession of converts, who, thus deprived both of oral and written instruction, have gradually relapsed into their primitive paganism.

Mr. Milne's second chapter is devoted to a rapid sketch of the history and national character of the Chinese. The following passage will show that our author's estimate is not very high:

"China, notwithstanding the advantages which she has enjoyed from the writings of her sages and the wisdom of her lawgivers, possesses little intellectual and moral excellence—little honourable principle as a nation—little regard to truth; but much fraud and artifice, and contempt of other tribes of men. She possesses, in an astonishing measure, the art of turning all her intercourse with foreigners to her own honour and advantage; while they are made to feel their own insignificance and dependence. Idle displays of majesty and authority must satisfy those nations which seek her alliance; for in vain will they look for truth or respectful treatment. If they can be contented to bow down, and acknowledge that their bread, their water, and their existence are the effects of her bounty; she will not deal unkindly with them. But woe to that nation which dares presume even to *think* itself equal, or within a thousand degrees of equality—that nation is

rude, barbarous, obstinate, and unfilial: not to tear it up root and branch, is a display of forbearance worthy of the Sovereign of the Celestial Empire alone!

"If in her intercourse with foreign countries, China cannot with truth and justice make all things appear honourable to herself, she makes no difficulties about using other means. She discolours narrative—she misquotes statements—she drags forth to the light whatever makes for her own advantage—and industriously seals up in oblivion whatever bears against her. She lies by system; and, right or wrong, must have all to look well on paper." (P 24, 25.)

The religious codes of China are thus described:—

"Most of the forms of mythology which make any figure in the page of History, now exist in China; except that their indecent appendages and their direct tendency to injure human life, have been cut off. The idolatry of ancient Canaan, of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, of Chaldea, and of India, are all to be found here, though with some slight variations. China has her Diana, her Æolus, her Ceres, her Esculapius, her Mars, her Mercury, her Neptune, and her Pluto, as well as the western Pagans had. She has gods celestial, terrestrial, and subterraneous—gods of the hills, of the vallies, of the woods, of the districts, of the family, of the shop, and of the kitchen! she adores the gods who are supposed to preside over the thunder, the rain, the fire; over the grain, over births and deaths, and over the small-pox; she worships 'the host of heaven, the sun, the moon, and the stars.' She also worships the genil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas; together with birds, beasts, and fishes. She addresses prayers and offers sacrifices, to the spirits of departed kings, sages, heroes; and parents whether good or bad. Her idols are silver and gold, wood and stone, and clay; carved or molten, the work of men's hands. Her altars are on the high hills, in the groves, under the green trees; she has set up her idols at the corners of the streets, on the sides of the highways, on the banks of canals, in boats, and in ships. Astrology, divination, geomancy, and necromancy, every where prevail. Spells and charms, every one possesses. They are hung about the neck, or stitched up in one's clothes, or tied to the bed-posts, or written on the door; and few men think their persons, children, shops, boats, or goods safe without them. The Emperors of China, her statesmen, her merchants, her people, and her PHILOSOPHERS also, are all idolaters. For, though many of the learned affect to despise the popular superstitions, and to deride all worship, except that paid to the great and visible objects of nature, heaven and the earth; yet their own system is incapable of raising them above that which they affect to contemn; and at the hour of death, finding that some god is necessary, and not knowing the true God, they send for the priests of false gods, to pray

for their restoration to health, and for the rest of their spirits after dissolution, and a happy return to the world again. It is remarkable that the *Yu-keavou*, or sect of the learned, though in health they laugh at the fooleries of the more idolatrous sects, yet generally in sickness, in the prospect of death, and at funerals, employ the HO-CHANG and TAOU-SZE, to offer masses; recite the king;\* write charms; ring bells; chaunt prayers; and entreat the gods. Admitting the influence which universal custom has over them in these things, we may perhaps also conclude that they feel their own system uncomfortable to die with. In that awful hour, when "heart and flesh fail," human beings generally feel the necessity of resorting to some system, either true or false, which professes to afford any hope of escaping, or mitigating, those evils which a consciousness of sin compels them to fear; and of attaining that happiness, the desire of which is identified with our nature." (P. 29—31.)

In the year 1807, the "London Missionary Society," a benevolent institution composed of various denominations of Christians, chiefly of Calvinistic dissenters, sent out the Rev. R. (now Dr.) Morrison as their representative to China. At that period very little was known of the moral and religious state of that vast empire; for though the Roman Catholic missionaries had accumulated a large stock of materials of information, their accounts were too detached and unwieldy to be generally accessible or useful. The immediate object of Mr. Morrison's mission was to study the language, with a view to the translation of the Scriptures, and possibly the compilation of a Chinese dictionary; which was much wanted, not only for missionary, but for political and commercial purposes. In both these objects Dr. Morrison has succeeded even beyond the expectations of his friends. His dictionary has obtained the distinguished patronage and pecuniary assistance of the East India Company, and has received the highest suffrages of oriental scholars both in Europe and in the East. His translation of the New Testament was finished in 1813, since which period it has had a wide circulation, by means chiefly of the intercourse of persons speaking Chinese with Malacca and other places under European authority. The Old Testament has also been completed in Chinese. It is greatly to the credit of the candour of Dr. Morrison and his colleagues, that, as a manual of devotion, he has translated the English Liturgy, professing himself unable to find any other uninspired composition so well adapted for the devotional exercises of his converts.

Our author, who was sent out to Macao as Dr. Morrison's colleague, in 1813, appears to have been deeply impressed with the injurious effects arising from the absence of the forms and ordinances of religion among the British and other Christian residents and visitants in China. He remarks:—

\* King, standard books, of a religious and moral kind thus denominated.

"The Chinese, however opposed to the Gospel themselves, never object to foreigners using the religions of their respective nations, whatever these may be. On the contrary, men who seem to regard no God, and treat with contempt every kind of religion, sink greatly in the estimation of the sober-minded. The foreign commercial establishments in China, are considered the representatives of their several countries; and to leave them totally destitute of religious ordinances, and of public teachers tends to diminish their national consequence in the eyes of the Chinese; and not, as some have foolishly thought, to lessen the suspicions of that people. Independently, however, of any political consideration, the fact that the several factories are without Christian ordinances, and that there are several thousands of foreigners, English, Americans, &c. professing the Gospel, for three or four months annually, during the time the ships are in China, entirely destitute of Christian instruction, will not be viewed as a light matter by the friends of truth, morality, and religion. The effect of those instructions which our countrymen receive from their respective clergymen and pastors at home, is often lost in the contaminations which reign around them while abroad; and many of them die in China without any one to administer salutary instruction and consolation in their last moments! It is earnestly to be wished that the different Christian nations which trade at Canton, particularly England and America, from which the greatest number of persons annually come, would seriously consider this, and speedily adopt suitable means for the removal of so great an evil." (P. 107, 108.)

As the state of China renders prints and other missionary avocations difficult and precarious, Mr. Milne informs us, that it was determined by the friends and members of the Ultra-Ganges mission to make Malacca their principal station. Since this project was carried into execution, other missionaries have arrived at that place; and an establishment has been formed, entitled, "The Anglo-Chinese College;" where various publications, Chinese, Malay, and English, have been prepared, printed, and widely circulated; and among others, a periodical work, "The Indo-Chinese Gleaner," which contains a considerable portion of oriental information.

We pass by the affairs of the mission, to extract some of Mr. Milne's remarks on Chinese printing, the details of which may probably be unknown to most of our readers.

"The Chinese have three methods of printing. The first invented, and that which almost universally prevails, is called '*Mohpan*, or *wooden plates*.' It is a species of stereotype, and answers all the ends thereof, as the letters do not require to be distributed and re-composed; but, being once clearly cut, they remain, till either the block be destroyed, or till the characters be so worn down by the ink-brush, as to be illegible.

The second is called *Lah-pan*, i.e. 'wax plates' and consists in spreading a coat of wax on a wooden frame, after which, with a graving tool they cut the characters thereon. This method is rarely adopted, except in cases of haste and urgency; and it differs from the former only in the kind of plate on which the words are engraved. This sort of printing I have not seen practised by the Chinese, nor observed it noticed in any book. The printers employed at Malacca, say that when an urgent affair occurs, a number of workmen are called in, and a small slip of wood, with space for one, two or more lines, is given to each, which they cut with great expedition, and when all is finished, join together, by small wooden pins; by this means a page, or a sheet, is got up very speedily, like an *Extra-Gazette* in an English printing office. This method they say, is, from its expeditiousness, called *Lah-pan*, and they know nothing of the other.

"The third is denominated *Hwo-pan*, i.e. 'living plates,' so called from the circumstance of the characters being single, and moveable, as the types used in European printing. *Kung-he*, in 1722, had a great number of these moveable types made of copper; whether cut, or cast, it is not said. The Chinese are not however entirely ignorant of casting, though they do not use it to any extent. The Imperial seals on the Calendar, are cast with the Chinese character on one half of the face, and the Manchow Tartar on the other. Copper vessels used in the temples, and bells, have frequently ancient characters, and inscriptions cast with them. Whether they have ever attempted to cast single characters, or to frame matrices, similar to those which are used in casting types for alphabetic languages, does not appear. These *Hwo-pan*, or moveable types, are commonly made of wood. The Canton daily paper, called *Yuen-mun-pao*, (i.e. A report from the outer gate of the palace,) containing about 500 words, or monosyllables, is printed with these wooden types; but in so clumsy a manner as to be scarcely legible.

"At Macao, in the Missionary department of the College of St. Joseph, I have seen several large cases full of this description of type, with which they print such Roman Catholic books as are wanted for the Missions. In the Anglo-Chinese College Library at Malacca, there is *A Life of the Blessed Virgin* in two, and *The Lives of the Saints* in twenty-six, volumes, 18mo. printed with the wooden type, at the College of St. Joseph; but all that can be said of the printing is, that it is barely legible—a vast difference between it and the other Catholic books, which were executed in the common way,—those of them that were cut at Peking in blocks, are elegantly printed. On asking the priests at St. Joseph's the reason why they used the moveable type, seeing it was so much inferior in beauty to the other method, they answered that the per-

secution in China had obliged them to adopt this method, as blocks were more cumbersome, and not so easily carried off, or hidden, in cases where the Missionaries were obliged to flee, or where they expected a search to be made by the Mandarins. The copper types look better on the paper than the wooden ones; but the impression is inferior in beauty to that from moderately well executed blocks. A history of the *Loo-choo* Islands, in 4 vols. octavo, compiled by the authority of *Keen-lung*, was printed with copper types; and may be given as an instance of this inferiority, though its execution is by no means bad. The Chinese have no press; but whether the forms are of wooden blocks, waxen plates, or moveable types, they have the same method of printing, or casting off, that is, by means of a dry brush rubbed over the sheet.

"The Chinese have six different kinds, or rather six different forms, of the character, each of which has its appropriate name; and all of which are occasionally used in printing. That which, like our *Roman*, prevails most generally is called *Sung-te*. To write this form of the character, is of itself an employment in China. There are men who learn it purposely, and devote themselves entirely to the labour of transcribing for the press. Few of the learned can write it: indeed they rather think it below them to do the work of a mere transcriber. With respect to moveable types, the body of the type being prepared, the character is written *inverted*, on the top: this is a more difficult work than to write for blocks. After this, the type is fixed in a mortise, by means of two small pieces of wood, joined together by a wedge, and then engraved; after which it is taken out, and the face lightly drawn across a whetstone, to take off any rough edge that the carving instrument may have left.

"The process of preparing for and printing with the blocks, or in the stereotype way is as follows. The block, or wooden plate, ought to be of the *Lee* or *Tsaou* tree, which they describe thus:—The *Lee* and *Tsaou* are of a fine grain, hard, oily, and shining; of a sourish taste, and what vermin do not soon touch; hence used in printing. The plate is first squared to the size of pages, with the margin at top and bottom; and is in thickness generally about half an inch. They then smooth it on both sides with a joiner's plane; each side contains two pages, or rather indeed but one page according to the Chinese method of reckoning; for they number the *leaves* not the pages of a book. The surface is then rubbed over with rice, boiled to a paste, or some glutinous substance, which fills up any little indentments, not taken out by the plane; and softens and moistens the face of the board, so that it more easily receives the impression of the character.

"The transcriber's work is, first to ascertain the exact size of the page, the number of lines, and of characters in each line; and then to make what they call a *kih*, or form of lines, horizontal and perpendicular, crossing each other at right angles, and thus leav-

ing a small square for each character—the squares for the same sort of character, are all of equal size, whether the letter be complicated as to strokes, or simple: a letter or character with fifty strokes of the pencil, has no larger space assigned to it than one with barely a single stroke. This makes the page regular and uniform in its appearance, though rather crowded, where many complicated characters follow each other in the same part of the line. The margin is commonly at the top of the page, though not always so.—Marginal notes are written, as with us, in a smaller letter. This form of lines, being regularly drawn out, is sent to the printer, who cuts out all the squares, leaving the lines prominent; and then prints off as many sheets, commonly in *red ink*, as are wanted. The transcriber then with black ink, writes in the squares from his copy; fills up the sheet; points it; and sends it to the block cutter, who, before the glutinous matter is dried up from the board, puts the sheet on *inverted*, rubs it with a brush and with his hand, till it sticks very close to the board. He next sets the board in the sun, or before the fire, for a little; after which he rubs off the sheet entirely with his fingers; but not before a clear impression of each character has been communicated. The graving tools are then employed, and all the white part of the board is cut out, while the black, which shows the character, is carefully left. The block being cut, with edged tools of various kinds, the process of printing follows. The block is laid on a table and a brush made of hair, being dipped in ink, is lightly drawn over the face. The sheets being already prepared, each one is laid on the block, and gently pressed down by the rubbing of a kind of brush, made of the hair of the Tsung tree. The sheet is then thrown off; one man will throw off 2,000 copies in a day. Chinese paper is very thin, and not generally printed on both sides, though in some particular cases that is also done. In binding, the Chinese fold up the sheet, turning inward that side on which there is no impression. On the middle of the sheet, just where it is folded, the title of the book, the number of the leaves, and of the sections, and also sometimes the subject treated of, are printed, the same as in European books, except that in the latter, they are at the top of the page, whereas here, they are on the front-edge of the leaf; and generally cut so exactly on the place where it is folded that in turning the leaves, one sees half of each character, on one side, and the other half, on the other. The number of sheets destined to constitute the volume, being laid down and pressed between two boards, on the upper one of which a heavy stone is laid, are then covered with a sort of coarse paper—not with boards as in Europe; the back is then cut, after which the volume is stitched, not in our way, but through the whole volume at once, from side to side, a hole having been previously made through it with a small pointed iron instrument. The top and



bottom are then cut, and thus the whole process of Chinese type-cutting, printing, and binding is finished." (P. 223—228.)

Our author enters into a long argument respecting the advantages and disadvantages of the Chinese method of printing—namely, by means of blocks, like our engravings on wood—as contrasted with the European, and gives the preference very decidedly to the former. Some of his arguments appear to us quite inconclusive. He remarks, for example, that Chinese block printing “possesses all the advantages of European stereotype, except two—*durability of the block*, and the combining of several pages in a large form for printing.” Now the first of these exceptions is the very point which constitutes the chief utility of stereotype-printing, and to be deficient in this, is at once to concede the superiority. We of course concur with Mr. Milne, in admitting the difficulty of applying the European method of printing by moveable types to a language of hieroglyphics, in which there is no regular alphabet, and where, perhaps, forty thousand characters would be necessary. But we are by no means convinced that the obstacle is insuperable. It is true, indeed, that no missionary society, or individual type-founder, could undertake the expense and risk of preparing forty thousand matrices, from which not a single fount of types might ever be disposed of. But if by the public spirit of the government, or of some opulent body of individuals, such a set of matrices were once prepared, from which founts might be cast at a very moderate expense for every part of the empire, and every place where Chinese is written or spoken; we are inclined to think that the uniformity, correctness, and superior beauty of workmanship of such characters above those of wooden blocks, would in time bring them into use. There would indeed be many difficulties in composing from such a multitude of characters, which it is not necessary to detail; but a few years’ experience and practice would doubtless enable a compositor so far at least to overcome them as to set up his types with incredibly greater rapidity than a wood-cutter engraver could form his blocks, the best workman being able to cut only about 150 letters in a day. The types, when done with, could be distributed, and would be ready for any other work; the press might also be easily corrected, which at present can only be done by a laborious process, the workman cutting out the wrong character from his block, fitting in a slip of wood in its place, and cutting the right character upon it. If there be a letter to be expunged, he cuts out not only the delinquent, but its two neighbours on both sides, inserts a new slip of wood, and engraves four characters in the place of the five. If several words, or a line, or more, are omitted, the same process is adopted, and the corrected text inserted in a smaller type, so as to crowd the whole into the necessary space. Mr. Milne thinks that though the appearance of the page is “a little injured there-

by," it is of no consequence, so long as the legibility and usefulness of the book are preserved; but we make no doubt, that if cast types were once generally adopted, the eye of the Chinese would become as fastidious as that of Europeans, in its demand for uniformity; and that the art would be greatly improved. Perhaps, however, in the present state of the Chinese language, the greatest immediate improvement in printing would be, by means of the lithographic press; an invention which, as far as we know, has not yet been introduced into that country.

But, after every improvement in printing, the present mode of conveying language by short hand pictures instead of alphabetical letters, will always present an obstacle of formidable magnitude to the wide and rapid diffusion of knowledge in the Chinese tongue. If China is ever to vie with Europe, in the wide and rapid diffusion of literature, it must be by the adoption of an alphabetical method of writing, instead of her present cumbersome system. The whole civilized world may, perhaps, in the course of a few centuries, realize the dream of an universal character, if not an universal language. The Roman alphabet, so long the standard of the greater part of Europe, has already, by means of colonization and commerce, become familiar throughout the world. England, in particular, has not only conveyed it westward, together with her language, into the vast regions of North America, and given it also to many savage nations where no written sign had before existed, but is extending its conquests in every part of the East; and, if Dr. Gilchrist's system continue to advance with its present progress, we may expect that, in time, not only will Europeans write the oriental languages in the Roman character, but that the natives themselves will imitate the practice of their conquerors. Possibly even China itself, hostile as that country is to innovation, may gradually adopt this widely diffused character, though not probably till long after its old hieroglyphics shall have ceased to be used any where but within the precincts of the celestial empire. We certainly retain some classical feelings which forbid our viewing with unmingled satisfaction the innovation which commercial habits, and modern contrivances for shortening labour, are working on the oriental alphabets, which we have been so long accustomed to identify with the languages whose sounds they represent. We never take up, for example, any of the modern race of oriental books now so frequently published in the Roman character, without feeling somewhat outraged at the innovation, and recoiling as from the Greek quotations in some of the editions of Matthew Henry's Bible and other works, in which a similar practice is adopted, to the great annoyance of the scholar, and with no conceivable benefit to the English reader. We are willing, however, to confess—what by the way might have settled some warm recent disputes on the very subject we have just allu-

ded to—that the requirements of commerce, and the elegances of literature, are of a very different character. We believe that Dr. Gilchrist, for example, may be quite right in opening his easy way to the oriental languages, to young men who have no opportunity or desire to attain more than a competent colloquial or business-like acquaintance with them, while we think the East India Company's colleges are equally right in viewing the question in a more classical and scholastic manner, and studying not so much how a youth can obtain the quickest "knack" of speaking and reading an oriental tongue, as how he may be most deeply and maturely grounded in all its native peculiarities.

But we must return to our author, whose plans, and those of his worthy colleagues, for Christianizing the vast tracts eastward of India, we earnestly wish may be crowned with abundant success. Their sphere of action embraces the various nations and islands commencing with Burmah, proceeding westward along the continent to the isles of Japan, including the Malayan Archipelago, and the vast groups of islands lying between Pulo Penang and Corea. These scenes comprise some of the most populous countries in the world, and contain, perhaps, a third of the human race. Many of the tribes in the interior of the islands are in the lowest stages of barbarism; from these the gradation is minutely marked, up to the highest ranks of native oriental culture and civilization. All, however, except a few tracts where Christianity has penetrated, are sunk in Mohammedan or pagan superstition; and loudly demand the benevolent energies of European Christians to promote their political, moral, and, above all, their spiritual and eternal welfare.

*Liability of Mail Carriers.*—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in the case of *Dwight vs. Brewster*, a mail carrier, who undertook to carry a packet of bank bills from Northampton to Springfield, and failed of his undertaking—that is, the packet was lost on the way, have decided for the plaintiff.—The Court decided, that as such a packet was not within the prohibitory clauses of the U. S. Law prohibiting mail carriers from carrying letters not mailed, past an established post office, there could be no objection to the maintenance of the action on the ground of a fraud practised upon the revenue by the parties, but that in the transportation of packets other than letters, (written messages) independent of the mail, the undertaking of the stage-driver was that of a common carrier, and as such nothing could excuse the loss except the act of God or the public enemy. The court held further, that no packets of merchandise, &c. are within the said prohibitory clauses of the law, even though the envelop contain a written communication, if that communication relate to the contents of the packet.

## BELZONI'S EGYPT AND NUBIA.\*

THE Author of this narrative is an extraordinary man. If ardour in the pursuit, and indefatigable labour in the execution of his purpose, were required for the researches which he carried on in Egypt, no one could have been more eminently fitted for the task. A vigorous constitution and a muscular frame, a temperament of mind equally proof against petty difficulties and great discouragements, and a state of the nervous system so happily fortified, as to carry him along undismayed by danger, and untired with toil, seem to have concurred in sustaining him through the course of his Herculean achievements.

Belzoni, as it appears from his own unadorned and ingenuous story, is a native of Padua, descended from Roman ancestry. The troubles of Italy in 1801, having driven him from his native city, the greater portion of his youth was passed in Rome, the abode of his ancestors, where he was preparing to 'become a monk,' when the sudden irruption of the French army into the ecclesiastical states, altered the course of his education, and he has ever since led a life of wandering and vicissitude. Determined to alleviate the burthen of his maintenance to a family who were by no means affluent, he continued to live by his own industry, and particularly by his knowledge of hydraulics, a science which he had prosecuted at Rome. It was his proficiency in this art which ultimately suggested to him the project of his travels. Having passed nine years in England, where he arrived in 1803, and having visited Portugal, Spain, and Malta, with Mrs. Belzoni, an English lady, and his companion on his subsequent adventures, he was informed that an hydraulic machine would be of great service in Egypt, to irrigate the fields by an easier and more economical process than had hitherto been known in that country. He therefore embarked from Malta for Egypt, where he remained from 1815 to 1819. During this residence he had the good fortune to discover many remains of Egyptian antiquity, and the volume now under our consideration is the narrative of those discoveries.

This ancient and interesting country has, indeed, been the subject of much copious illustration and inquisitive research. Norden, Shaw, Pococke, Denon, and the French *scavans*, Legh, Hamilton, and above all, the indefatigable Shiek Ibrahim, (Burkhardt) have supplied public curiosity with all that could be gleaned concerning its manners and customs. Yet, Belzoni has been destined to discover, in recesses which his predecessors wanted opportunities or perseverance to explore, many valuable and recondite

*Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs and Excavations, in Egypt and Nubia; and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the Ancient Berenice; and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.* By G. Belzoni. 4to. pp xx, 534. London. 1821.

memorials of ancient art, which elucidate the early history of that primitive people. Added to this, his indefatigable pursuit after antiquities brought him into perpetual contact with the natives and gave him the means of becoming minutely familiar with the character of Turks, Arabs, Nubians, the Bedoween, and the Abaddy tribes. For he was constantly employed in urging these superstitious and ignorant tribes to undertake labours, from which their natural indolence, as well as their invincible bigotry, rendered them averse.

Having been recommended to Mr. Baghos, the principal interpreter of Mahomed Ali, (the Pasha, whom Mr. Belzoni through his whole work persists in calling the Bashaw) the day was arranged, on which he was to be presented to his highness on the subject of erecting an hydraulic machine for that minister. But having been wantonly and savagely wounded in the leg by a Turkish soldier, he was confined for thirty days. On his recovery, however, he was at length presented to the Pasha, and civilly received; and an arrangement was concluded, by which he undertook to frame a machine which would raise as much water, with one ox, as the machines of the country could raise with four. Our author's labours were carried on in the Pasha's garden at Soubra on the Nile, three miles from Cairo, a small house within the walls of the governor's palace having been assigned to him for his residence. The failure of the project is related with much simplicity, and on this account, as well as for the characteristic traits which it unfolds of Mahomed Ali, we give it in Mr. Belzoni's own words.

'The Bashaw was now come to Soubra, accompanied by several connoisseurs in hydraulics. The machine was set to work; and, though constructed with bad wood and bad iron, and erected by Arabian carpenters and bricklayers, it was a question whether it did not draw six or seven times as much water as the common machines. The Bashaw, after long consideration, declared that it drew up only four times as much. It is to be observed, that the water produced by this machine was measured by comparison with the water procured by six of their own; and that at the time of measuring, the Arabs urged their animals at such a rate, that they could not have continued their exertion above an hour: and for the moment, they produced nearly double the quantity of water that was usually obtained. Notwithstanding all this, the calculation of the Bashaw was to my satisfaction, as it decided on the accomplishment of my undertaking. Still Mahomed Ali plainly perceived the prejudice among the Arabs, and some of the Turks, who were concerned in the cultivation of the land; for instead of four hundred people and four hundred oxen, they would only have to command one hundred of each, which would make a considerable difference in their profits: but as it happened, an accident occurred, that put an end to all their fears.

'The Bashaw took it into his head to have the oxen taken out of the wheel, in order to see, by way of frolic, what effect the machine would have by putting fifteen men into it. James, the Irish lad in my service, entered along with them: but no sooner had the wheel turned round once, than they all jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, of course, overbalanced by the weight of the water, turned back with such velocity, that the catch was unable to stop it. The lad was thrown out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs. I contrived to stop the wheel before it did farther injury, which might have been fatal to him. The Turks have a belief that, when such accidents happen in the commencement of any new invention, it is a bad omen. In consequence of this, exclusive of the prejudice against the machine itself, the Bashaw was persuaded to abandon the affair. It had been stated to him also, that it cost as much as four of the usual machines in making, while nothing was said of the advantages as to the oxen that would be saved in the working of it. The business ended in this manner, and all that was due to me from the Bashaw was consigned to oblivion, as well as the stipulation I had made with him.' pp. 22—24.

His ardour for exploring antiquities, was not, however, cooled by this disappointment. Influenced by the suggestions of Mr. Salt, the British Consul at Cairo, and of Mr. Burkhardt, who had generously offered to pay half the expense of his ascending the Nile, Belzoni departed for Thebes, for the purpose of conveying the colossal head of Memnon (now in the British Museum) to Cairo. Having visited in his progress thither the ruins of ancient Tentyra on the western bank of the Nile, and examined with minute attention the largest of the three temples, whose remains still exist and are in a fine state of preservation, he describes at some length, and with considerable accuracy, that beautiful fragment of Egyptian architecture. We forbear to insert this interesting description, because our readers will probably recollect the correct and elaborate account of it given by Denon; but we think it right to remind them, that it was at the sight of these temples, that the detachment of Hindoo Sepoys who joined Lord Hutchinson's army in 1801, almost unanimously exclaimed, that they had found their own pagodas, uttering at the same time expressions of contempt and indignation against the Egyptians for suffering them to crumble into ruins: an unanswerable piece of testimony in favour of the connexion and common origin of the theologies of Egypt and Hindustan.

Our traveller was enraptured with the mighty ruins of Thebes, when he landed at Luxor, which is at a short distance from 'the hundred-gated city.' His approach to those stupendous remains seemed to be 'like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence.' But the

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colossal bust which he had undertaken to remove, occupied all his solitudes. When he first beheld it, it was lying with its face upwards,—‘apparently smiling upon me,’ he says, ‘at the thought of being taken to England.’ He seems instantaneously to have arrived at the conclusion, that it was the same statue mentioned by Norden as lying, in his time, with the face downwards; a circumstance to which he attributes its preservation. How the bust was separated from the rest of the body, or how it was turned face upwards, he does not venture a conjecture. The details which follow, of the difficulties he had to encounter from the Cacheff of Erments, the governor of the Fellahs of Gournou, in obtaining men for the undertaking, are simply and artlessly narrated; and they show the triumph of perseverance and zeal over the most discouraging impediments. At last, however, he procured an adequate number of Arabs, at thirty paraahs a day, a price equivalent to fourpence halfpenny of English money. This sum, insignificant as it may appear, was more than double the amount of what they received for their daily labours in husbandry. With this aid, he succeeded in placing the bust on a car constructed for that purpose; an undertaking which will appear almost miraculous, when we advert to its weight, which was not less than twelve tons, and the simplicity of the mechanism employed, which consisted only of four levers.

By gradually propelling the car at the rate of sometimes fifty, sometimes a hundred yards a day, on the 10th and 11th of August, the Young Memnon arrived on the bank of the Nile. No labour can be compared to that which the Arabs underwent on this occasion. ‘The hard task,’ says Mr. Belzoni, ‘they had to track such a weight, the heavy poles they were obliged to carry for levers, and the continually replacing the rollers, with the extreme heat and dust, were more than any European could have withstood.’ What is most remarkable is, that during all this exertion, they never ate or drank till after sun-set, for it was the fast of Rhamadan.

The next day, our Author met with an adventure in one of those caves which are scattered about the mountains of Gournou, and which are celebrated for the mummies they contain. It is of so singular a character, and is so strong an illustration of the fraudulent character of the natives, that we cannot refrain from inserting it.

‘The Janizary remained without, and I entered, with two Arabs and the interpreter.

‘Previous to our entering the cave, we took off the greater part of our clothes, and, each having a candle, advanced through a cavity in the rock, which extended a considerable length in the mountain, sometimes pretty high, sometimes very narrow, and without any regularity. In some passages, we were obliged to creep on the ground, like crocodiles. I perceived that we were

a great distance from the entrance, and the way was so intricate, that I depended entirely on the two Arabs, to conduct us out again. At length we arrived at a large space, into which many other holes or cavities opened; and after some consideration and examination by the two Arabs, we entered one of these, which was very narrow, and continued downward for a long way, through a craggy passage, till we came where two other apertures led to the interior in a horizontal direction. One of the Arabs then said "This is the place." I could not conceive how so large a sarcophagus, as it had been described to me, could have been taken through the aperture which the Arab now pointed out? I had no doubt but that these recesses were burial-places, as we continually walked over skulls and other bones; but the sarcophagus could never have entered this recess, for it was so narrow, that on my attempt to penetrate it, I could not pass. One of the Arabs succeeded, however, as did my interpreter; and it was agreed, that I and the other Arab should wait till they returned. They proceeded evidently to a great distance, for the light disappeared, and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished, as they went on. After a few moments I heard a loud noise, and the interpreter distinctly crying, "*Oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu! je suis perdu!*" After which a profound silence ensued. I asked my Arab, whether he had ever been in that place? He replied, "Never." I could not conceive what could have happened, and thought the best plan was to return to procure help from the other Arabs. Accordingly, I told my man to show me the way out again; but staring at me like an idiot, he said he did not know the road. I called repeatedly to the interpreter, but received no answer. I watched a long time, but no one returned; and my situation was no very pleasant one. I naturally returned through the passages by which we had come; and after some time, I succeeded in reaching the place where, as I mentioned, were many other cavities. It was a complete labyrinth, as all those cavities bore a great resemblance to the one we first entered. At last, seeing one which appeared to be the right, we proceeded through it a long way; but by this time our candles had diminished considerably; and I feared that if we did not get out soon, we should have to remain in the dark: meantime it was dangerous to put one out, to save the other, lest that which was left should by some accident be extinguished. At this time, we were considerably advanced to the outside, as we thought, but to our sorrow we found that the end of that cavity was without any outlet. Convinced that we were mistaken in our conjecture, we quickly returned towards the place of the various entries, which we strove to regain. But we were then as perplexed as ever, and were both exhausted from the ascents and descents which we were obliged to go over.

The Arab seated himself, but every moment of delay was dan-



gerous. The only expedient was, to put a mark at the place, out of which we had just come, and then examine the cavities in succession, by putting also a mark at their entrance, so as to know where we had been. Unfortunately, our candles would not last through the whole researches: however, we began our operations.

‘On the second attempt, when passing before a small aperture, I thought I heard something like the roaring of the sea at a distance. In consequence, I entered this cavity; and as we advanced, the noise increased till I could distinctly hear a number of voices all at one time. At last, thank God, we walked out, and the first person I saw, was my interpreter. How he came to be there, I could not conjecture. He told me, that, in proceeding with the Arab along the passage below, they came to a pit that they did not see; that the Arab fell into it, and in falling put out both candles. It was then that he cried out “*Mon Dieu! je suis perdu!*” as he thought he also should fall into the pit; but on raising his head, he saw at a great distance a glimpse of day-light, towards which he advanced and thus arrived at a small aperture. He then scraped away some loose sand and stones to widen the place, where he came out, and went to give the alarm to the Arabs, who were at the other entrance. Being all concerned for the man who fell to the bottom of the pit, it was their noise that I heard in the cave. The place, by which my interpreter got out, was instantly widened: and in the confusion, the Arabs did not regard letting me see that they were acquainted with that entrance, and that it had lately been stopped up. I was not long in detecting their scheme. The Arabs had intended to show me the sarcophagus without letting me see the way by which it might be taken out, and then to stipulate a price for the secret. It was with this view they took me such a way round-about. I found that the sarcophagus was not in reality a hundred yards from the large entrance. The man was soon taken out of the well, but so much hurt in one of his hips, that he went lame ever after.’ pp. 51—54.

Being obliged to despatch a courier to Mr. Salt for a boat to be sent to convey the colossus down the Nile, (at that season none being procurable in Upper Egypt,) he resolved to continue his voyage up that river. At Edfou, (the ancient Apollinopolis Parva,) he surveyed the remains of a temple, which was equal to that of Tentyra in magnitude and beauty. The propylæon is the largest and most perfect of any in Egypt, and is covered with colossal figures of intaglio relevato. It contains several apartments in the interior. Both this part of the temple and the pronaos, (the most perfect in Egypt,) are encumbered and blocked up with Arab huts.

On the side wall of the pronaos, Belzoni observed the figure of Harpocrates seated on a full-blown lotus, with his finger on his lips. He concludes, though in our opinion upon insufficient data, that the temple was dedicated to Typhon. It has generally, and we think, by Mr. Hamilton among others, been supposed to have been dedicated to Apollo. The only grounds for Mr. Belzoni’s

opinion, are, that the figure of the destroying god frequently recurs on the capitals. From Ōmbos, whose ruins he visited, our Traveller ascended to the village of El Kalabshe, where he observed a temple in ruins similar to those at Edfou, for the decorations of which we refer our readers to the interesting book of plates which accompanies the work. An attempt to convey the faintest notion of them by written description, would be idle and absurd. He refers them to the reign of the Ptolemies, inferring from the elegance of their forms that they are comparatively recent, and that they were executed under the direction of the Greeks.

The island of Elephantine, visited by Belzoni on this voyage, as well as its temple, supposed to be in honour of the serpent Knuphis, have been accurately described by Norden. In the morning of the 27th of August, long before the rising of the sun, he stood at the stern anxiously awaiting the light that was to unveil to his eyes the beautiful island of Philoe; but he deferred his examination of its ruins till his return. The next day, at a village on the eastern bank, they met with an odd and unpleasant adventure:

‘The Reis, the Janizary, and the sailors went on shore: Mrs. B., the interpreter, and myself remained on board. Some time after, a few natives came to our boat, as if anxious to see what was in it; but as it was covered with mats, they could not well look into it. After one of them had approached and examined every thing with attention, they all retired; but a few minutes had scarcely elapsed when we saw several of them returning armed with spears and shields of crocodile skins. As they came straight towards us, and were joined by others, their appearance was rather alarming. Though we were well armed, we were only three; accordingly I took a pistol in each hand; Mrs. B. also seized one, and the interpreter another. They approached us in their boats, as if with intention to come on board. I made signs to them to keep off; but they appeared indifferent to all we said or did. I then stepped forward, and with my right hand prevented the first from entering the boat holding the pistols in my left. He began to be rather rough in his manner; at last I pointed a pistol to him, making signs that, if he did not retire, I would shoot at him. On this he drew back, and consulted with the others. When the Reis with the crew and the Janizary came back, I remonstrated with him upon the impropriety of leaving the boat without any one who could speak the language of the country, and told him what had happened. He talked to the men in their own language, and then told us that they had a dispute with their neighbours, which was the reason of their being armed, and that they *merely* wanted our boat go to another island to fight with their adversaries.’ pp 66, 7.

Having conceived the project of uncovering the great temple of Ipsambuhl, first discovered by the enterprising Burkhardt, he commenced the operation of removing the accumulations of sand

which blocked it up. He had previously obtained the consent of Osseyn Cacheff, on the liberal condition that, if the temple should be full of gold, the Cacheff should have one half; but if it should only be full of stones, they should be Belzoni's exclusive property.

Such, however, were the obstacles he experienced from the intrac-table and indolent character of the natives, that having, after surmounting a thousand obstacles, succeeded in uncovering about twenty feet in front of the temple, till the colossal statues above the door were completely exposed, he was obliged to defer the termination of his task for want of money, (which, though at first they hardly knew its uses, had at length manifested its usual power amongst the wild people on whose assistance he depended,) and to resume his voyage down the Nile.

On this voyage, he had ample opportunity of observing the singular race of Nubians, by whom the vessels of that country are navigated. They are a people who eat any thing. They chew the rock salt or natron, mixed with tobacco. When a sheep was killed, they devoured the entrails raw with great avidity. The head, feet, skin, wool, and hoofs, are put into a pot and half boiled, when they drink the broth and devour the rest. This savage repast is sufficiently horrid; but it recalls to our recollection the still more dreadful banquet at which Juvenal, who was also a traveller in Egypt, relates the inhabitants of Ombos to have sat their hunger; for it was human flesh on which the Egyptians of that day regaled themselves.

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nec ardentis decoxit ahenis  
Aut verubus; longum usque adeo tardumque putavit  
Expectare focos, contenta cadavere crudo.

Being now once more at Thebes, his whole time and attention were engrossed in the embarkation of Memnon for Cairo; and this, with considerable difficulty, he effected on the 17th of November. His account of the simple mechanism by which this arduous task was accomplished, is highly interesting. It went smoothly on board. The Arabs, who unanimously thought that it would go to the bottom or crush the boat, were anxious for the event; and when the owner of the boat, who considered it as consigned to perdition, saw the huge piece of stone, as he called it, safely on board, he came and squeezed Belzoni heartily by the hand. It was natural that our Author should feel the delight of self-gratulation on this occasion; for he truly remarks, that it would have been easier to embark a mass ten times larger, if mechanical powers had been furnished to him, whereas he was destitute of every requisite. It was twenty-four days before he reached Cario, having past five months in a state of anxious exertion. Here he had the pleasure of finding his valued friend Burkhardt, to whose character he pays the testimony of an honest and affectionate heart.

Having accompanied his bust on its further voyage to Alexandria,

He took his leave of it, and communicated to Mr. Salt his project of another excursion into Upper Egypt and Nubia, to open the temple of Ipsambuhl. Under the auspices of this gentleman, Belzoni once more ascended the Nile, accompanied by Mr. Beechey, and joined at Philoe by Captains Irby and Mangles of the navy.

The narrative of this second expedition is peculiarly interesting, but our limits forbid us to attempt an analysis of it. We must therefore hasten with him to the great temple of Ipsambuhl.

After encountering perplexities and difficulties sufficient to overthrow the constancy of any ordinary man, which were chiefly interposed by the cunning and malice of the Cacheffs of the district, and despairing of any aid from the natives, who having obtained three hundred piastres in advance for their services, left them to accomplish the task by themselves,—they were convinced that the temple could be opened only by their own exertions. With the assistance, therefore, of the crew, they set to work, and by dint of unspeakable efforts, on the eighteenth day, dug as far as the door-way of the temple; and on the 1st of August, 1817, entered, says Mr. Belzoni, the finest and most extensive excavation in Nubia, excepting perhaps the tomb subsequently discovered in Beban el Malook. It is one of the most magnificent of temples, enriched with paintings and colossal figures. They first entered a pronaos fifty seven feet long, and fifty-two wide, supported by two rows of pillars to each of which is attached a figure whose turban reaches the ceiling, which is thirty feet in height. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and with various representations of battles, the storming of castles, sacrifices, &c. They found that some of the columns had been injured by the heated atmosphere, the temperature of which must have been 130 degrees. Our readers will be pleased with the description of the interior.

The second hall is about twenty-two feet high, thirty-seven wide, and twenty five and a half long. It contains four pillars about four feet square; and the walls of this also are covered with fine hieroglyphics in pretty good preservation. Beyond this is a shorter chamber, thirty-seven feet wide, in which is the entrance into the sanctuary. At each end of this chamber is a door, leading into smaller chambers in the same direction with the sanctuary, each eight feet by seven. The sanctuary is twenty-three and a half long, and twelve wide. It contains a pedestal in the centre, and at the end four colossal figures, the heads of which are in good preservation. On the right side of this great hall, entering into the temple, are two doors at a short distance from each other, which lead into two long separate rooms, the first thirty-eight feet long and eleven feet wide, the other forty-eight feet by thirteen. At the end of the first are several unfinished hieroglyphics, of which some, though merely sketched, give fine ideas of their manner of drawing. At

the lateral corners of the entrance into the second chamber from the great hall, is a door, each of which leads into a small chamber twenty-two feet long and ten wide. Each of these rooms has two doors leading into two other chambers, forty-three feet long and ten wide. There are two benches in them. The most remarkable subjects in this temple are, 1st a group of captive Ethiopians, in the western corner of the great hall; 2d the hero killing a man with his spear, another lying dead under his feet, on the same western wall; 3d, the storming of a castle, in the western corner from the front door. The outside of this temple is magnificent. It is a hundred and seventeen feet wide, and eighty-six feet high; the height from the top of the cornice to the top of the door being sixty six feet, and the height of the door twenty. There are four enormous sitting colossi, the largest in Egypt or Nubia, except the great sphinx at the pyramids, to which they approach in the proportion of near two-thirds.' pp. 212—13.

The heat was so great in the temple, that it scarcely permitted them to take drawings, the perspiration from their hands rendering the paper quite wet. During this operation their provisions were so much reduced, that for six days they had only dhourra boiled without salt, of which they had none left; the Cacheffs having given orders that no food should be sold to them, in hopes of starving them away. An Abady, of a different tribe, brought them milk at night, but was soon detected, and came no more. Such is Mr. Belzoni's narrative of this surprising excavation of a temple which must have been buried in sand at least two thousand years. But, from verbal description, no idea can be formed either of the interior or the exterior of this stupendous relic. Our readers, therefore, must consult the volume of plates, where they will find them accurately delineated.

The next excavation, which he carried on in the valley of Beban el Malook, near Thebes, was also, to use Mr. Belzoni's phrase, magnificent. From his long and minute account of the tomb of Psammuthis, containing many spacious apartments, which was the fruit of this excavation, we can extract only a few particulars: they convey the best notion that can be obtained of the progress of Egyptian sculpture.

'The entrance into the tomb is at the foot of a high hill. The first thing the traveller comes to, is a staircase cut out of the rock which descends to the tomb. The entrance is by a door of the same height as the first passage. I beg my kind reader to observe, that all the figures and hieroglyphics of every description are sculptured in basso relievo, and painted over, except in the outlined chamber, which was only prepared for the sculptor. It gives the best ideas yet discovered of the original process of Egyptian sculpture. The wall was previously made as smooth as possible, and when there were flaws in the rocks, the vacuum was filled up with cement, which, when hard, was cut along with the rest of the rock. Where a figure was to be formed, after the wall

was prepared, the sculptor appears to have made his first sketches, which being finished in red lines, another more skilful artist corrected the errors in black. When the figures were thus prepared, the sculptor proceeded to cut the stone all round the figure, which remained in basso relievo, some to the height of half an inch, some less, according to the size of the figure. The angles of the figures were all smoothly rounded, which makes them appear less prominent than they really are. The parts of the stone that were to be taken off all round the figure, did not extend much further, as the wall is thickly covered with figures and hieroglyphics.

When the figures were completed and made smooth, they received a coat of whitewash all over. This white is so beautiful and clear, that our whitest paper appeared yellowish when compared to it. The painter came next and finished the figure. It would seem as if they were unacquainted with any colour to imitate the naked parts, since red is adopted as a standing colour for all that meant flesh: except that, in certain instances, when they intended to represent a fair lady, to distinguish her complexion from that of the men, they put on a yellow colour to represent her flesh. Yet it cannot be supposed that they did not know how to reduce their red paints to a flesh colour; for on some occasions, where the red flesh is supposed to be seen through a veil, the tints are nearly of the natural colour. Their garments were generally white, and their ornaments formed the most difficult part, when the artist had to employ red in the distribution of the four colours. When the figures were finished, they appear to have laid on a coat of varnish: though it may be questioned, whether the varnish were thus applied or incorporated with the colour. The true customs of the Egyptians cannot be seen elsewhere with greater accuracy than in this tomb.' pp. 227—9

Having accumulated considerable collections of antiquities, Mr. Belzoni arrived again at Cairo, after an absence of ten months. His next operation was that of penetrating one of the pyramids, those stupendous monuments of human labour, and, probably, of human folly, whose origin and purpose are hid in the darkest obscurity. Our Traveller seems here to have arrived at the most arduous of his enterprises; but difficulties almost vanished at his approach. The word impossibility, the standing apology for those who attempt undertakings with a faint spirit and sickly resolution, has hardly a place in his vocabulary.

'In an intelligent age,' he says, speaking of the Pyramids, 'one of the greatest wonders of the world stood before us, without our knowing whether it had any cavity in the interior, or if it were only one solid mass. The various attempts which have been made by numerous travellers to find an entrance into this pyramid, and particularly by the French Scavans, were examples so weighty that the enterprize seemed little short of madness.' p. 255.

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His first attempts failed; but, having made accurate observations on the first pyramid, he applied them so judiciously to the second which it was his object to explore, that, after various labours, his description of which has all the vigour and the charm of truth, he found himself at length in the very heart of the structure,—the central chamber of that pyramid which had for ages been the subject of obscure conjecture. It is computed to be upwards of forty-two feet long, sixteen wide, and twenty-three in height, and excavated, from the floor to the roof, out of the solid rock. Here he found the granite sarcophagus, which contained bones that were deemed human, but turned out, on examination in London, to be those of an ox.\* And here also he found an inscription in Arabic, purporting that the pyramid had been opened in the presence of Ali Mohammed, one of the sovereigns of the Mohammedan dynasty, and again closed up. It was no doubt opened in search of supposed treasure.

The pyramids have been fruitful of endless speculations. In the wildness of hypothesis, they have been gravely maintained to be basaltic eruptions produced by some vast derangement of the earth. Can we be surprised at such an absurdity, when a learned antiquary of our own time undertook in downright earnest to prove, that the stupendous piles on Salisbury plain, which retain the Saxon appellation of Stonehenge, were large hail-stones dropped upon the earth? The opinion that has prevailed in almost all times, is, that these immense piles were the tombs of three ancient Egyptian kings; Cheops, Cephrenes, (by Mr. Belzoni called Cephron, we know not why,) and Mycerinus. This was the tradition in the time of Herodotus; and it receives confirmation from the circumstance of their being surrounded by smaller pyramidal structures, among which mausolea or burial grounds were interspersed, and also from the fact of several mummy-pits having been explored in their vicinity.

We are obliged to omit all mention of several curious and ingenious observations made by Mr. Belzoni, particularly of his well-supported hypothesis (corroborated by important discoveries of the real site of the Memnonium; and proceed to accompany him on his long journey to the Red Sea. This expedition originated partly in his being disappointed in his project of pursuing the researches he had so successfully commenced at Thebes, the ground having been pre-occupied by the agents of Mr. Salt and Mr. Drouetti, who had literally partitioned the whole country between them, and partly in an ardent inclination to explore the ruins of the ancient Berenice. A M. Calliud had prevailed, it seems, upon the Pasha to send him on a commission to ascertain the existence of certain sulphur and emerald mines, which had been reported by

\* They were brought to England by Lieut. Col. Fitzclarence, then on his route with despatches from India.

two Copts, who had lately landed from Arabia on the coast of the Red Sea, to be near that shore above Cosseir. He had found the mines sterile and unproductive; but, in this pursuit, he appears to have stumbled on some ruins, which, upon his return, he persuaded the antiquaries in Egypt to believe to be those of the ancient Berenice. Diffident of the accuracy of his report, Belzoni, on the 16th of September, 1816, sailed with Mr. Beechly, and seven other persons, for the purpose of examining the supposed position of the city. They at length reached the place described by Calliud; where they found so little to confirm the relation of that gentleman, that they could come to no other conclusion, than that the ruins which he had described, existed only in his own imagination. They advanced, therefore, over the desert; and after incredible hardships, reached the Red Sea. After traversing its shores for several days, they unexpectedly came to some ruins, which Mr. Belzoni conjectured to be those of that great emporium of the commerce of Egypt. Here they found the walls of a considerable temple. The site of the town occupies about 2000 square feet, as far as the outlines could be traced; and they conjectured that it might have contained about 2000 houses, they inferred that this must have been the Berenice described by Herodotus and Pliny, though it did not exactly agree with the place where it had been laid down by D'Anville. But, to strengthen the grounds of their conjecture, they went 'half a day higher towards the South, to be certain that they should pass the very spot where that geographer had fixed it.' According to Belzoni, the situation of the town is delightful.

'The open sea before it is on the east, and from the southern coast to the point of the cape, is like an amphitheatre of mountains, except an opening on the north-west plain, where we came from. The cape El Galahen extends its point nearly opposite the town on the east, and forms a shelter for large ships from the north and north-west winds. Opposite the town is a very fine harbour entirely made by nature: its entrance is on the north; it is guarded on the east by a neck of incrusted rock, on the south by the land, and on the west by the town: the north side, as I said before, being covered by the range of mountains which forms the cape, protects the harbour also. Its entrance has been deep enough for small vessels, such as the ancients had at those times, but, no doubt was deeper. It had at present a bar of sand across, so that nothing could enter at low water. I took the plan of the temple, which in construction is according to the Egyptian style, and we imagined that the Greeks had taken their plans from this ancient people.'

For the topography of the town, and the plan of the temple, the reader must be referred to the thirty-second and thirty-fourth plates of Mr. Belzoni's book of engravings.



It was in this expedition that he witnessed one of those dreadful and overwhelming inundations of the Nile, which occur at irregular cycles in that country. The river rose three feet and a half above the highest mark left by the former inundation, carrying off several villages and their inhabitants. Its force baffled all the efforts of the Arabs to resist it, which consist chiefly of artificial fences of earth and reeds. The poor Camaikan of the first village they came to (Agalta,) greatly lamented his situation, as he expected to be washed away. There was not a boat in the place, the boats being then employed in the transport of corn, and the lives of human beings not being of much account to the Pasha, who derives considerable profit from trafficking in corn: The only chance of escape was by climbing the palm-trees. They saw, as they advanced, several villages in great danger.

'The rapid stream,' says our Traveller, describing this awful desolation, 'had carried away the fences, and the inhabitants were obliged to ascend to higher grounds with what they could save from the water. Fortunate was he who could reach a high ground. Some crossed the water on pieces of wood, some on buffaloes or cows, others with reeds tied up in large bundles. The small spots of high ground that stood above the water, were so many sanctuaries for these poor refugees, and were crowded with people and beasts. The scanty provision they could save, was the only subsistence they could expect. No relief could be expected for four-and-twenty days. The Cacheffs and Camaikans did all they could to assist them with their little boats, but they were so few in proportion to what was wanted, that the relief they afforded was very inconsiderable. To approach these poor wretches in our little boat would have been dangerous to them and to us, for so many would have entered it at once that the boat would have sunk. We landed as soon as we could, and employed our boat to fetch the people from an opposite village. The Camaikan set off himself with another boat, and returned in an hour with several men and boys. He sent the boats again, and they returned with corn, buffaloes, sheep, goats, asses, and dogs. I remarked that there were no women in the village; but was soon convinced of the regard paid to the fair sex in that country. It was not till the fourth voyage that they fetched over the women, as the last and most insignificant of their property.' pp. 301, 302.

Our author's last excursion was to the Oasis el Cassar, a place abounding in Egyptian antiquities. Here, he conceived, though by a process of induction somewhat too laboured, that he had discovered the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon, celebrated for the splendid temple of that divinity, and the fountain dedicated to the sun. He was prevented by the jealousy of the natives, from taking a minute survey of those memorable ruins. He visited, however, several different times that far-famed fountain. His description of it differs from that which Herodotus gives of it; a cir-

cumstance, which we by no means mention in derogation of the justness and accuracy of Mr. Belzoni's conclusions; for the father of history did not himself penetrate the desert as far as the Oasis, and derived his knowledge of the miracle ascribed to the fountain, the periodical change of its temperature from extreme heat to extreme cold, from mere fame and tradition.

We have thus noticed all that can be properly called new in this interesting work; conscious, at the same time, that a minuter analysis would have rendered ampler justice to its merits. But among its merits, we cannot conscientiously include correctness of style and composition. Its diction is evidently that of a man accustomed to think and to speak in another idiom.

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### NARES' GENERAL HISTORY.\*

IN 1801 Mr. Alexander Fraser Tytler, Professor of History in the university of Edinburgh, published *Elements of General History*, ancient and modern, in 2 vols. 8vo. The work was well received, and has been introduced into many of the higher places of education both in Britain and in the United States. The plan is comprehensive and judicious. The style of the English edition cannot be praised either for accuracy or elegance: but yet it is neat and clear, and therefore is a fit model for the imitation of youth in colleges. The history concludes in the early part of the 18th century, and no reason is assigned by the author for the omission of the rest. The transactions and events of the last century are very numerous, important, and wonderful; and probably the author thought that a concise narrative of facts would extend the book to an inconvenient size. Mr. Robbins, a clergyman of New England, has attempted to bring down the history to the present time; but not with all the success which is desirable. There is a manifest disparity both in style and manner between the original work and the continuation. A better continuation would be acceptable in our colleges and higher schools. Two or three years ago, when Dr. Nares, Professor of Modern History at Oxford, announced his intention of continuing Tytler's History, we were led to expect an able performance, and waited with some impatience for its appearance. At length the book was published. It contains a continuation of Tytler's History to the year 1820. The following extract from the Preface explains the author's design. "In the present volume nothing farther has been attempted than to continue the history from the point at which the professor (Tytler) left it, in the same concise style, and with as much attention

\* *Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern.* By Edward Nares, D. D. Regius Professor of Modern History in the university of Oxford. 8vo, pp. 493.

to the original method and design, as could be rendered consistent with the extraordinary nature of the facts and incidents to be recorded." By a cursory view of the work the reader will perceive, that the Oxford Professor has failed entirely in his attempt. The first page of the volume exhibits a specimen of his knowledge of his native language, and skill in the art of composition. We were discouraged at first by the uncouth and rustic aspect of this new acquaintance, but at length, by repeated efforts, toiled through the heavy task which was imposed upon us. We were induced to read the volume because it is intended for a text-book in one of the most ancient and opulent universities in the world.

The volume commences in the following manner:

"The *last years* of the very long and splendid reign of Louis XIV. were *clouded* by many severe domestic misfortunes, and a great *change* in the sentiments and manners of the sovereign and his court. A mystical religion became the *vogue*, accompanied with a gravity of demeanour approaching to *prudery*. The amiable Fenelon fell into these errors, which were countenanced by Madame de Maintenon, who had been privately married to the King, and seems to have possessed his confidence in a high degree."

Such writing as this is below criticism. We should not expect worse from a school-boy of 14 years of age. Our readers will judge of Dr. Nares' candour, impartiality, and correctness from the following extract, page 340.

"During the years 1812 and 1813, the differences between the English and American governments bore a very serious aspect, and involved the two countries in a contest. The conduct of America betrayed not only a bias towards France in regard to the restrictions imposed on commerce by the belligerents, but a captious disposition to vex and provoke England, in detaching from her service, and giving protection to her seamen and soldiers, by acts of naturalization and certificates of citizenship, contrary to every principle of honour and good faith. Unfortunately, upon the commencement of hostilities, it was found, that the ships the Americans fitted out, though nominally of the class of frigates, had been adapted to carry a complement of men and guns which rendered them, generally speaking, an overmatch for the frigates in the British navy." Now it happens that during the war there were only three of those huge and formidable frigates; and Dr. Nares might congratulate his country that they did not encounter some of the British ships of the line, otherwise they would perhaps have tarnished the honour of its flag.

Our author next proceeds to describe the action between the Shannon and the Chesapeake, and seems to have made the Adventures of Don Quixotte his model of imitation. We shall not stain our pages with his fulsome and exaggerated relation of an event

which is familiar to our readers. The account of the late war between England and the United States is extremely partial and defective, and does not deserve the name of history. Two events only are mentioned, the capture of Washington and that of the frigate Chesapeake. Dr. Nares does not take the least notice of the discomfiture of many British ships of war; of the destruction of two squadrons on the lakes; of the slaughter of the army at New Orleans; and of the death in battle of four British generals. We refer to those events with reluctance, for the purpose of exposing the unfairness of the Regius Professor at Oxford. When an author is so partial and defective respecting events which are notorious, what confidence can we place in his relation of facts which are remote from common observation?

"In an affair at Lexington, amounting to no more than a skirmish, the English were worsted, a circumstance calculated to give spirits to the Americans." Dr. Nares does not mention the fatal and important battle of Bunker's Hill, near Boston, 18th June 1775, which animated the Americans, and probably determined the fate of the British provinces. The field of battle was strewn with the bodies of the British troops, and their commanders were covered with disgrace. Perhaps the annals of history do not record a more signal instance of military ignorance and infatuation than that exhibited by the British generals, Gage and Howe, on that memorable day. Numerous little head-stones still mark the mournful spot, near which a thousand brave men were sacrificed by the unpardonable stupidity of their commanders. The Americans were without discipline and without a commander; and were only partially supplied with arms and ammunition. Their loss was about 75 men. It was the battle of Bunker's Hill and the imbecility of the British commanders, which excited the people to revolt, and fanned the flames of revolution.

It is remarkable that while not one other event in the Revolutionary war is even alluded to by the historian, he takes care to give a tolerably minute, though very false account, of the action between the Shannon and the Chesapeake. "The annals of the British navy, says Dr. Nares, scarcely supply an instance of a victory more decisively triumphant and glorious." The next occurrence that we find in his history of the late war, is the invasion of Canada, which was "frustrated by the bravery of the regular army, aided by the people of the country." The capture of Washington concludes his epitome; and our readers will smile when they learn that these are the only incidents in the whole controversy which the Oxford Professor has thought worthy of record.

The following is a fair specimen of the professor's faculty of writing: 'The sword being drawn, and no hopes remaining of an amicable adjustment of differences between the crown and its transatlantic subjects, now in a state of open revolt; and the first

hostilities having by no means tended to depress the military ardour of the Americans, they proceeded by a solemn *declaration* of the General Congress at Philadelphia, 4th July 1776, to *declare* the thirteen provinces independent; by which act America may be said to have been divided from the mother country, 294 years after the discovery of that *country* by Columbus.' p. 111.

"It is *exceedingly certain*, that the English army did not obtain the advantages it was supposed it might have *done*, or proceed as if it were able speedily to crush the rebellion *that had been raised*." These passages are beneath criticism.

"Next follows a description of French and American manners. "In the month of November, 1776, the celebrated Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane had been despatched by Congress, to solicit, at the court of Versailles, the aid *and assistance* of French troops. According to the former course of things, nothing could be more strange than such an application, at such a court, an application from rebellious subjects, from the assertors of republican independence, to a court celebrated for the most refined despotism, and ruling a people, heretofore the grossest admirers and flatterers of regal power; an application from persons of the simplest habits; frugal, temperate, industrious, and little advanced in civilization, to a court immersed in pleasure, gay, and dissipated, profligate and corrupt, civilized to the highest pitch of courtly refinement, of polished manners, and of splendid luxury: lastly, an application from a people who had carried their dissent from the church of Rome farther than any Protestants in Europe, to a court still subject to the Papal See, a cherished branch of the Catholic church."

"Extraordinary, however in all respects, as this American mission seems to have been, through the insatiation of certain *high* individuals of and about the French court, it met with a cordial and *favourable* reception. Even the Queen of France was found to espouse the cause of the revolted subjects of *Great Britain*, little foreseeing *the handle* she was giving to many keen observers of her own courtly extravagance and thoughtless dissipation." Page 113.

This extract shows the author's ignorance of the state of society in America. If he should come to this country he would find that the reverse of his character of the Americans is nearer the truth; that in the knowledge of worldly affairs they are not inferior to the people of Oxford, nor in political finesse to the most expert courtiers of St. James. In all negotiations and treaties between Britain and the United States the king's ministers have resigned great commercial advantages, and have received nothing valuable in return.

We think this work inferior to Tytler's History both in style and in general execution. It is more diffuse than T.'s and many little circumstances are related at some length, which scarcely deserved notice. The style is often colloquial and vulgar, and there-

fore is below the dignity of history: it is incorrect and inelegant, and therefore is not a fit model for the imitation of youth. We do not believe that the volume contains one unexceptionable page. The author has concealed or disguised the truth in some cases; and his mind is evidently warped by partialities and prejudices. This work can do no credit to the Professor of History at Oxford, unless the literature of that ancient seminary stand as low in the estimation of foreign nations as its science. The low state of science at Oxford is manifest from the publications of some of its members, as Kett, Barrow, and others; and from the reply of one of the senior Fellows to the animadversions of the Edinburgh Reviewers some years ago. The select champion of its wounded reputation included conic sections in the higher parts of mathematics, and conducted the controversy in such an unscientific manner as to establish the charge of his adversaries. That reply must not be considered as the work of an individual, but as the joint production of many persons, whose characters were implicated in the general reproach of mediocrity of learning.

The critics of England accuse American writers of corrupting the language by the introduction of new words and uncouth phraseology. We confess our guilt, and submit to their reproof. It is a consolation, however, to reflect that in our colleges and higher schools the English language is cultivated with more attention than it was formerly, and the time seems approaching when men of education will write with greater purity and elegance. We beg leave to remark, not by way of retaliation, but of admonition, that the style of most of their men of science, and of some of their eminent scholars, is so poor and incorrect, that the sense is often obscure, and their books are tiresome. They vainly expect that the knowledge of ancient languages will enable them to write their own with perspicuity, correctness, and elegance. But experience shows the fallacy of this expectation. To our charge of inaccuracy and inelegance of style the following authors of the present time are peculiarly obnoxious: Vince, Wood, Bridge, Bland, Cresswell, Dealtry, Woodhouse, Dr. Valpy, Dr. Samuel Butler, and many others of some celebrity. In the publications of those learned men it would be difficult to find ten lines together of good English. In some cases the sense of their books is obscure, or even unintelligible, without a previous knowledge of the subjects.

The present performance is unfit for the use of youth, because it tends to vitiate their taste and style at a time of life when correct models of composition are peculiarly necessary. It might be broken up, and might partly furnish the materials of a much better production. Perhaps the unsuccessful attempt of the Professor of History at Oxford may induce an abler writer to execute a concise and impartial continuation of the *Elements of General History*, agreeably to the original method and design of Mr. Tytler.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

## LETTER FROM MORRIS BIRKBECK.

*Wanborough, Illinois, 5th Nov. 1822.*

[The following letter from Mr. Morris Birkbeck, is inserted with that pleasure which we always experience, in devoting the pages of this journal to the exposure of prejudice and calumny. We can see no honest reason for the abuse, which has long been lavished upon this gentleman and his writings; but must attribute it to the same malice—the same uncharitableness—the same deadly hatred which disgraces too many of the British presses, in most of their publications respecting this country. The vagabond tourists who inundate our land, though excluded by their vulgarity from all respectable society here, are received at home with open arms, and lauded by hireling reviewers, in proportion to the degree of rancour and misrepresentation which their works contain. But there seems to be no sympathy between these critical gentry and Mr. Birkbeck. He happens to be a man of education, and to have brought with him an unsullied character, which insured him a cordial reception among his adopted countrymen. Mr. Birkbeck, moreover, has not nourished that “*noble hate*”—that “*generous*” *contempt*—that *affectionate detestation*, which the Quarterly Reviewers recommend, as fitting and proper to be cherished by all true born Englishmen towards America. This is sad apostasy, and not to be forgiven by these supporters of Church and State.]

We are not personally acquainted with Mr. Birkbeck, but we are warranted, by information received from a source, entitled to the highest credit, in asserting that few men have been more shamefully abused: He came to America with no other views than those of a practical farmer; and has no interest in misrepresenting any portion of the country or its inhabitants. He derives no immediate advantage from the emigration of his countrymen, further than as they contribute to the population, and add to the society of the particular neighbourhood in which he resides. Pecuniary motives he cannot have; because the section of country in which he resides, affords no field for speculations in land, and we do not hear that he has vested his funds in any other manner.

From all that we have heard, Mr. Birkbeck appears to be a sensible man, of much experience and considerable attainments—plain and unassuming in his manners, and upright in his conduct. To say that such a man might be mistaken in his estimate of the character of a country which he had casually surveyed, would be to attribute to him only a portion of the common imperfection of human nature: but to accuse a man of sense and respectability, of gravely palming a falsehood upon the world, and this too without any adequate motive, is a manifest departure from the known rules of human action. Mr. Birkbeck knows, that his writings are read throughout England and America, that they are nicely scrutinized, and that his reputation is pledged for their accuracy. If there is a tinge of enthusiasm, in the statements made on his first arrival among us, in which light we now view those representations: if he had exaggerated the excellence of our institutions, the advantages of our country, or the character of the people—he has had time enough to wear away the vividness of first impressions, and to correct his views. But as he has thought proper, after a residence of nearly six years, to adhere to his predilections for America, we cannot but believe them to be the result of conviction. Upon the whole, we can see no ground for the cruel and unfeeling aspersions of the Quarterly Review; nor can we

find any excuse for writers, who, passing by the literary merits of the work in question, the only legitimate subject of their cognizance, descend to personal invective, against an individual in private life, who is quietly engaged in his lawful pursuits. They may raise a smile at the expense of the "*Reverend Morris Birkbeck*," as they are pleased to term him, for there are fools enough in every country to laugh at the silliest conceit—but that gentleman, secure in a land of liberty and plenty, beloved by his friends, esteemed by his neighbours, and admired by his fellow-citizens, will we trust, always be able to smile at the malice of his detractors, while he rejoices in his own exemption from their feelings and their fortunes.]

SIR,—The 15th and 16th numbers of the *Albion*, exhibit a most disgusting caricature of the Western country and its inhabitants, and in particular of this settlement, and myself as the founder of it, from the *Quarterly Review*. Our share of the abuse consists chiefly of extracts from the tour of Mr. Welby, with the Reviewer's comments and aggravations.

You will discover by the following letter, that Mr. Welby presented himself here with a tarnished character, and for that reason was treated with coolness, and that his malicious statements are ebullitions of resentment, admirably suited to the purpose of the *Quarterly Review*.

Mr. Welby makes his stories for the sake of his invectives: then follows the critic, overflowing with rancour, and covers all with indiscriminate abuse. Thus have these two writers, like filthy reptiles, defiling all they touch, smeared over the fair face of this country.

The following letter was addressed to the Editors of one of our daily gazettes, in July last, and may properly form a part of this communication:

"Adlard Welby, Esq., the author celebrated in your paper of May 11, passed himself on one of my friends in England, as a person of respectability, and obtained from him a letter of introduction to me. This gentleman, of taste so refined in manners and morals, left his wife and family behind him in England, and travelled through America with a lady of another description, in character of wife: this came to the knowledge of my friend, who anticipated the arrival of Mr. Welby at our settlement, by a letter to me containing a statement of the fact: some explanation of the same kind also occurred at Philadelphia through the same channel, which may account for the lack of comfort complained of by Mr. W. on his visit to *our village* and *your city*.

Mr. Welby's visit to Wanborough was merely a morning call. The lady, (whom he introduced as Mrs. W.) was indisposed, and shown to a bed chamber, tolerably neat and comfortable, whilst the gentleman and myself conversed in a library, tolerably furnished. To the "primitive log-building, serving the whole family for parlour, kitchen and hall," he was not admitted: in fact, we had no such place.



Mr. W. could discover no "piggery" in our settlement—but he could not see "wood for trees;" the boundless forest is our "piggery." It is lucky he did not find this among the uses of our "primitive log-building." The story of our awkward habit of shooting one another, and that of my having refused him water, are equally worthy of credit. Pray, sir, favour the public with the title of the eminent literary journal, which discovered plain dealing, truth and candour on the front of Mr. Welby's performance.

It occurs to me, that there is something singular, in the *title* of this candid performance.

*"A visit to North America and the English Settlements in Illinois, with a winter residence at Philadelphia; SOLELY to ascertain the actual prospects of the emigrating agriculturist, mechanic, and commercial speculator."* By ADLARD WELBY, Esq. Now, my information, which I have reason to think authentic, gave us the happy prospect of Mr. W. becoming an actual settler amongst us.

Mr. Welby was disposed to "put off" not "the old man and his deeds," but the old woman, and to commence *anew* with a *new* wife in a *new* country. He found that America was not the country in which he could conduct this renovating process to advantage; so, he returned—a political economist, and a censor of manners and morals; and published his folly in order to conceal his disappointment."

I now proceed to notice a few specimens of the good breeding and veracity of Mr. W. and his Reviewer.

"Mr. Birkbeck, in fact, hunted through every shape, will always be found to settle at last in that of the hard-hearted, selfish, greedy, avaricious and unprincipled land-jobber," (27, Quart. Rev. 91.) and further, "Mr. Birkbeck, as we have said, is the most notorious land-jobber on the other side of the Alleghany. Notwithstanding, however, the activity of his agents, (jackalls the squire calls them,) who prowl about in every direction to discover and bring in purchasers, he has still *thirty thousand acres on his hands.* p. 93.

The actual possession of thirty thousand acres, would hardly warrant such a profusion of base epithets:—the fact is, I possess nine hundred and sixty, and no more; and this, excepting a few acres, is the farm I cultivate.

Mr. Welby "visited a wheelwright," one of the many who had been induced by Mr. Birkbeck, to emigrate soon after he left England: the man's story is shortly this: he and his brother sailed for America, and were induced by Mr. Birkbeck's "Notes," to leave the Eastern parts where good employment was offered to them, and to repair to the Prairies. On arriving, he found none of the cottages ready for the reception of emigrants, which his *reading*

had led him to expect, nor any comforts whatever. He was hired however by Mr. Birkbeck, and got a log hut erected; but, for six months, the food left for his subsistence, was only some *reasty* bacon and Indian corn, with water, a considerable part of the time completely muddy; while Mr. Birkbeck himself at Princeton or elsewhere, did not as he might have done, send him any relief." Then follows the Reviewer, "And this is the mode in which Mr. Morris Birkbeck gets his work done. Thus is his well sunk, and his mill built! I can get," says this poor victim of Birkbeck's knavery, "I can get *plenty of work*, but I am doubtful of any pay."

This wheelwright and his brother lived near me in England. Without our knowledge, they tracked us so closely, that they arrived almost as soon as ourselves, and before we were settled here; not induced by "Mr. Birkbeck's Notes," as Mr. Welby is pleased to say, *for they were not then published*, but by their own inclinations. They staid with us about a month at Princeton, and removed to this place, *after a cabin was provided for them*, and they were amply supplied with every necessary. This "victim of Birkbeck's knavery," worked at his trade until he had earned enough to settle himself on a quarter-section of land, where he built a good cabin, and made considerable improvements: he had sundry head of cattle, and about thirty hogs, and would have done well had he continued honest. He, however, turned out badly; sold his land and stock, collected his debts and absconded, forgetting his creditors; and is now as I have learnt, a wretched outcast,—the victim of his own knavery.

I shall trouble you with one more quotation: it is from a letter of Mr. Flower. "Mr. Birkbeck has opened a place of worship at Wanborough, and reads the Church of England service; so that Wanborough is the seat of orthodoxy." This, *if it were true*, would be no dishonour, only as coupled with my avowed dissent from the doctrines of that church. A place of worship was however opened, not by me, but by general subscription. *I have not read a syllable of the Church of England service or any other*; but at the request of my neighbours, and in turn with others, I have read such discourses as I deemed best adapted to our mutual instruction. This is the sum of my offending, but it gives occasion to the lurking savage in the Quarterly Review, to assert that I am "an unprincipled man," that I "*acknowledge no God but interest, no worship but that of self*," &c.

In all the exaggerated descriptions of *back-woods barbarity*, is there any thing half so detestable as this, that a wretch, sheltered under the obscurity of an anonymous publication, should thus stab the reputation and mangle the character of a man of whom he knows nothing, but that he is the open enemy of fraud, oppression and hypocrisy. Every alleged fact, on which these injurious personalities are supported, I have shown to be a calumnious falsehood; and it is a fair

inference that those charges, which, from their general nature, are not susceptible of proof or refutation, are equally calumnious. It is also a fair inference, and due to common justice, that other abusive details from the same sources, which we may not have the means of investigating, are all equally false and scandalous.

The cause of the antipathy of the Quarterly Review to the United States, is quite intelligible. This publication is a tool of the British government. In the deplorable condition of the farmers and labourers of Great Britain, emigration appears to be their only resource. Emigration to Canada or to the Cape of Good Hope, retains within the bounds of the empire her most valuable citizens, and is, of course, a favourite object with that government. For this purpose, facilities and inducements are held out to the settlers in those colonies; a system of policy which, if honestly conducted, is just and honourable. It would also be perfectly correct to afford these distressed persons the means of appreciating the comparative advantages of those colonies, by a fair exposition of the evils they would encounter in other countries, from which Canada and the Cape are exempt. This candid proceeding has not been, however, the course pursued, for an obvious reason:—these colonies afford no basis on which a favourable comparison can be supported. The tide of emigration setting strongly towards the United States, and favourable reports returning from thence, government became uneasy, and the Quarterly Review was turned upon this country. The article before us affords a specimen of this spirit of hostility, directed against the Western country and this settlement in particular;—not because they *believe* we are floundering in the swamps of the Wabash; or gouged by backwoods-men; or “perishing before the moth” in an unhealthy climate. They *know* to the contrary: they know that we are in health, prosperity and peace, in a fine and fertile country. If things were, indeed, as they represent them, they would be at ease as to us, and find other employment for their gall.

Just so, in regard to myself. Had I, *in fact*, settled myself badly, and alienated the affection of my neighbours by avarice and knavery, I should never have been honoured by the abuse of a Quarterly Reviewer, and “hunted through every shape,” but might have inhabited my swamp in perfect quietness:—and you, sir, would have escaped the trouble of this letter. They have watched us narrowly, and are not ignorant of the advantages of our situation, or that there is ample room in this single state, for the impoverished millions with which excessive taxation has filled the United Kingdoms. They also know, that I have the happiness of possessing the confidence and esteem of my fellow-citizens.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

M. BIRKBECK.

For the Port Folio.

## MONARCHY IN THE UNITED STATES.

"It is their chief happiness, (and let it be their chief pride,) that in establishing their independence, they had the fortitude to follow the British institutions, with the sole exception of the monarchical part of its constitution, which the wisest of them have ever since deeply deplored."

53 *Quart. Rev.* 98.

UPON what foundation the English Reviewers, whom we have just quoted, have hazarded the assertion that the wisest of the people of these United States, have ever sighed for the monarchical part of the British constitution,\* we are at a loss to imagine. As far as our experience and our reading entitle us to be heard on such a question, we can testify to the contrary; and we might fearlessly challenge the critics to produce a single instance of such a sentiment being cherished by any American citizen, whose opinion is entitled to the slightest respect. There is no sensible man among us, who does not shudder at the corruptions of a court, and there are few so silly as not to laugh at its folly. As an engine of government, among a free people, monarchy is an useless incumbrance; an idle pageant, to amuse the people, while the reins of power are held by those who pull the strings which put *the puppet* in motion.

But we did not sit down to indite a homily on the various forms of government. We were reminded, by the passage from the Quarterly Review, of an absurd charge, which was made in the days of political violence, against one of our brightest ornaments: a man formed of nature's gifts, to be one of the arbiters of the destiny of mankind—and we immediately sought for a certain

\* A very singular illustration of this instrument is to be found in Blackwood's Magazine for last October, in a description of the king's visit to Edinburgh. On this momentous occasion, a grand banquet was given in the Parliament house, in imitation of those days of princely feasting—

"When men wore armour, and in crested helm  
Sat at the Baron's board."

After dinner the king's health was drunk, it is said, "with a grand roar," and his majesty returned thanks in good set terms, which no doubt, had been well conned before, but in which there is nothing above what passes at every lord mayor's dinner, where John Wilkes, or sir Francis Burdett, or orator Hunt, or any other idol of the day, happens to be the principal personage. In the estimation, however, of the historian of this pageant, it assumes a much more elevated character. It is not sufficient for him, that the address was kind, and dignified, and appropriate, but he cites it as "an evidence of the texture of the British Constitution!" It is, he continues, "a manly tribute to freedom." What have we obtained by our revolution, that can be weighed in the balance with such amazing condescension? Such an undeniable proof of freedom?

correspondence, with the existence of which we had long been acquainted.

If the public had been possessed of the biography of Hamilton, which has so long been promised, but which, we fear, will be delayed, until all its bone and gristle are gone,—nothing would be necessary for us, so far as his illustrious name is concerned, but to refer to that work. In the absence, therefore, of such a testimony, and under the impression that this stale calumny might be cited in support of the assertion of the Reviewer, we have determined to preserve, in our Port Folio, the ensuing correspondence.

*Salem, (Massachusetts,) 5th April, 1803.*

DEAR SIR—

THE assertion of the Jacobins, that you are an aristocrat and a monarchist, is not new: but at a late meeting of the *sect* in this town, one of their leaders declared, “that general Hamilton proposed (and, it was understood, advocated) in the general convention, that the president of the United States, and the senators, should be chosen for life: that this was intended as an introduction to monarchy; and that the federalists of this county, (Essex) had adopted general Hamilton’s plan.”

Your friends here (who are the real friends of their country,) are very desirous of knowing the fact. If you did not make and advocate that proposition, it will be useful to have it known, and the Jacobin lie contradicted. If the proposition was offered in the convention, your friends well know to what motives to ascribe it; and that, whatever form of government you may have suggested for consideration, the public welfare, and the permanent liberty of your country, were not less the objects of pursuit with you, than with the other members of the convention.

Your answer will gratify me and your numerous friends here. Such use shall only be made of it as you shall prescribe: and as I shall be absent for about four weeks from this time, have the goodness to direct your letter to me, under cover, to my nephew Samuel Putnam, Esq. of Salem.

I am, as ever,

truly and respectfully, yours,  
TIMOTHY PICKERING.

General Hamilton.

*New York, 16th Sept. 1803.*

MY DEAR SIR—

I WILL make no apology for my delay in answering your inquiry some time since made, because I could offer none which would satisfy myself. I pray you only to believe, that it proceeded from any thing, rather than want of respect or regard. I shall now comply with your request.

The highest toned propositions, which I made in the convention, were for a president, senate, and judges, during good behaviour—a house of representatives for three years. Though I would have enlarged the legislative power of the general government, yet I never contemplated the abolition of the state governments; but on the contrary, they were in some particulars, constituent parts of my plan.

This plan was in my conception, conformable with the strict theory of a government purely republican; the essential criteria of which are, that the principal organ of the executive and legislative departments be elected by the people, and hold their offices by a *responsible* and temporary, or *defeasible* tenure.

A vote was taken on the proposition respecting the executive. Five states were in favour of it; among these Virginia, and though from the manner of voting, by delegations, individuals were not distinguished, it was morally certain, from the known situation of the Virginia members, (six in number, two of them *Mason* and *Randolph*, professing popular doctrines,) that Madison must have concurred in the vote of Virginia. Thus, if I sinned against republicanism, Mr. Madison was not less guilty.

I may truly then say, that I never proposed either a president or senate for life, and that I neither recommended nor meditated the annihilation of the state governments.

And I may add, that in the course of the discussions in the convention, neither the propositions thrown out for debate, nor even those voted in the earlier stages of deliberation, were considered as evidences of a definite opinion, in the proposer or voter. It appeared to me to be in some sort understood, that with a view to free investigation, experimental propositions might be made, which were to be received merely as suggestions for consideration.

Accordingly, it is a fact, that my final opinion was against an executive during good behaviour, on account of the increased danger to the public tranquillity, incident to the election of a magistrate of this degree of permanency. In the plan of a constitution, which I drew up, while the convention was sitting, and which I communicated to Mr. Madison about the close of it, perhaps a day or two after, the office of president has no greater duration than for three years.

This plan was predicated upon these bases:—1st. That the political principles of the people of this country would endure nothing but republican government. 2nd. That in the actual situation of the country, it was in itself right and proper, that the republican theory should have a fair and full trial. 3rd. That to such a trial it was essential, that the government should be so constructed, as to give it all the energy and stability reconcileable with the principles of that theory. These were the genuine sentiments of my heart, and upon them I acted.

I sincerely hope, that it may not hereafter be discovered, that through want of sufficient attention to the last idea, the experiment of republican government, even in this country, has not been as complete, as satisfactory, and as decisive, as could be wished.

Very truly, Dear Sir,

Your friend and servant,

A. HAMILTON.

Timothy Pickering, Esq.

## POETICAL PROSINGS BY MAJOR LONGBOW.

THE DAVID AND HE GOAT, MERYDDGWYTWLLY.

*North Wales, 12th Oct. 1822.*

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Here I am! Just arrived, all safe and sound, rump-steak broiling below, while I keep my word, and write directly to say,—why the devil did'nt you meet me at Brighton? Kept a seat for you in the tilbury, mounted George on the charger, and drove Gun-powder in harness. Never sat behind a beast that went better; drove ten thousand horses in my time, and never had such a beauty before: all blood, bone, fire, and action: been five and fifty miles a day for the last nine weeks, and never stumbled! Hills or turnpike roads, all the same pace, and bolts at nothing but an old woman with a lantern. 'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie?

Since I saw you, been all over the three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland, seen them all; Laurencekirk, Prestonpans, Strathbogie, and Edinburgh Castle! Ballyshannon, Knocklofty, Mullingar, Cork, and Dublin. Been up all the inaccessible mountains, slept in Fingal's cave, and swam over the lake of Killarney! Wet weather all the time I was out, not a single dry day for the whole three months, but couldn't hurt me; hard as marble! never was ill in my life, and never took a dose of physic! You know my muscle, double jointed! finest piece of anatomy on the face of the earth! Hercules was a fool to me! 'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie? Bought ten score of Irish black cattle, for my cousin Harry's farm in Norfolk; all prime beasts; such horns and tails! One of them tossed me thirty feet over a hay-stack! Would have killed any body else, could'nt hurt me! Up I went, down I came, pitched plump into my own arm chair at the dinner table! Nothing to what I met with in the East Indies once, at my Bungalow near Kuttygar; walking one morning with colonel Rampart, met one of my red bulls, none of your little English breed—big as a rhinoceros, and strong as an elephant? Away went the colonel,—“fly,” says I, “I will,” says he, left me to face him, walked leisurely to the hedge, five and twenty feet high, could have cleared that at jump, but no! stood my ground, and met him manfully—bull came up, seized me by

the middle, and over I went; another bull on the other side caught me on his horns, and tossed me back again; first flung me over to the second, and there was I, pitched backwards and forwards for three hours and twenty minutes! I repeat it, for three hours and twenty minutes! till the last bull was so tired, could only throw me to the top of the hedge; upon which, up I sprang, and ran home by a circuitous route, nine miles round, without stopping! 'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie.

There was muscle! why, that would have killed twenty common men; didn't hurt me, drank five bottles of claret afterwards, and went to bed sober; hard as marble, hit me with a hammer, make no impression, a sledge hammer if you like! Double jointed! Strong as a Hercules and a half, and a match for Randall and any three prize-fighters the Fives Court can furnish; five hundred guineas to five that I finish them all in twelve minutes. Punish them as I did the marble Melpomene at the Louvre, knock their noses off! By the by, I see Matthews told that story of me at the play-house last winter; showed me off to the public, when I was climbing up rocks and tumbling down precipices in Switzerland; introduced all my private adventures. Old Twaddle frightening the fish at Battersea; splashing and dabbling like a cat in a waterbutt; going up in the balloon, Indian juggler, landing at Margate, and all that sort of concern. Pretended that I was afraid too! I, that never was afraid of any thing in my life; he knew that; nothing alarms me. Young lady set the bed curtains on fire at an inn where I slept last December, reading novels when she ought to have been dreaming about them: room in a blaze! staircase as hot as St. Sebastian, when I mounted the first scaling ladder! what did I do? shaved myself, and dressed in full uniform, quite cool and composed; took the whole family, two and twenty of them, up to the top of the house, nine stories high! tied them all up in blankets, three together, and flung them over the parapet; jumped myself last, with the young lady under my arm, and not a soul hurt! 'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie? And after all this, Mathews to say that I was frightened! it's well for him I was'nt in London; but we shall meet yet, and he'll find that major Longbow is'nt to be affronted with impunity. What! escaped being taken off by the enemy's balls at Waterloo, and to be taken off at the English Opera house in London. I'll show him muscle! Why my own relations swore they saw me in the Strand, when I was rolling over the Glaciers! Vowed that I was retailing my own exploits at Westminster, when I was living peaceably at Zurich! So warn Matthews of his danger, will you! for if I dont carbonado him, unless he makes an apology, never believe me again.

How go on things in London, eh, Mr. Editor? for the people about me here know nothing—how should they? Never in town: all their lives digging, and delving, and ploughing, and sowing, and



reaping, planting drumhead cabbages, and Swedish turnips, and mangel wurzel; breeding hogs, and pounding jack-asses; Pooh! mere clod-hoppers! dolts! plenty of muscle, but no brains, dull as their own donkeys; send me down twenty dozen of the European to give away to enlighten them: and if that charity don't do them good they are incurable! Fine coursing country I've been in lately, hares plenty as sprats at Billingsgate, loaded the heavy coach up last Friday, inside and out, all of my own shooting! 'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie? Hope your five and twenty came sweet, feast all your establishment for a month. Miss my dog Mungo though, never get such another; if once he saw a hare, never lost scent till he caught him, he'd have followed the brute for a month first. Started one in Sussex of a Tuesday morning, I remember; away they went; hare bolted in at a rabbit-burrow, so did Mungo; there I waited, Tuesday night, Wednesday morning, never came out! Countryman passed by with pick-axe and shovel, told him the story, he felt as I did, at it we went, worked like tigers! all day Wednesday, saw nothing of them, kept on night and day, till we dug nine miles under ground! I repeat it, nine miles under ground! and at four o'clock Saturday afternoon, the dog caught the hare just as we got up to them! 'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie? Mungo died at last though, choaked himself at a hunting dinner, where I was chairman, had a pair of gloves made out of his skin, and the hair stands on end now, whenever I go out coursing!

Hope to be in town soon, have my old lodgings, and stop all the winter; then I'll show you muscle! Not an hour older than I was forty years ago! hip three inches higher than any other man's in England! hard as marble, and the finest form in Europe! Door opens, waiter enters. Rump-steak, oysters, Madeira, all ready, so am I! eat nothing but a few sandwiches, these two hours. So, good by, Beauchamp,—hav'nt written to a soul but you, therefore let them all know I'm alive. Print this in the Magazine, if you like, that's the shortest way; every body knows me, every body reads the European, and so they'll all have the news at once. Don't forget to write to Mathews, privately though; for if he doesn't excuse himself handsomely, I'll crack every bone in his body, like a boiled lobster. There's muscle!

Your's truly,

**MUNCHAUSEN LONGBOW.**

*Major H. P. his Maj. 123d foot.*

P. S. Send the twenty dozen of Magazines down here by mail to-morrow, and I'll give them away myself; I'll enlighten the boobies' ignorance; I'll drive sense into their heads, if I use a hatchet. At present there are but ten copies in all the village, and six of those are read by Welch interpreters. Sorry I couldn't be at the coronation, but it was impossible; offered a thousand

guineas for a post chaise, and couldn't get one; so we'd a feast of our own: and I sang "God save the king." Four and twenty of us dined at the George, eat sixteen haunches of venison, and drank a pipe of wine. Read all about the sight in your European. Nothing to what I've seen abroad, when his mahogany coloured majesty Ramjamjolliboo was crowned at Fangoree. Procession reached nine miles long, and the folks were a month going through the ceremony! King rode on a buffalo, and his outside robe covered an acre and a quarter. All the little black royal family were mounted on dromedaries, and her dingy majesty the queen, followed cross legged on a Bonassus! 'Pon my life it's true! What will you lay it's a lie?

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### THE YOUTHFUL DAYS OF MR. MATHEWS.

[The general estimation in which this extraordinary exciter of pleasant feelings is held in Bristol, together with the hope that we shall have "the ocular proof" of the accuracy of the subjoined extract, induces us to insert it, from an excellent periodical work.]

THE entertainment which he has this year brought forward, is entitled "The Youthful Days of Mr. Mathews," and to us, who take a peculiar delight in auto-biography, the subject now produced is one of the most promising and fruitful kind. Some one has remarked, (Dr. Johnson perhaps,) that every man may record something interesting, if he will write from his own observation and experience; if this remark will hold good with respect to Mr. Giblett the poulterer, and Mr. Wigly the hair-dresser, and Mr. Anybody else, the anything else—how must it flourish with such a person as Mr. Mathews. The early life of an actor is the very essence of experience. It hath a strange garb—motley coloured—it is made of shreds and patches—it is a gorgeous pantomime, with a bright opening, and a long train of cuffs and changes. Mr. Mathews runs it all through, even from his boyish days; he unfolds to us the whole mystery of breaking away from home, of acting by stealth in nooks and corners, of getting up three-pair-of-stairs tyrants and garret-Romeos, of going mad, in short, at seventeen, and following the bedlamite muse with that incurable phrenzy against which St. Luke, and not St. Covent Garden, has set his face.

Mathews proceeds to relate the anecdotes, and to sketch the characters which he met with during his strolling life, and certainly nothing can be given with more vivacity, originality, and effect. Familiar jests are spiced anew, and relish of a first flavour; and well known men are drawn and grouped with the hand of a Hogarth. Cooke, who led a sort of fairy life of inebriety, actually lived in cups, is finely painted on a strong back ground, and shines out through a spirit-varnish like one of the genuine old

masters! Macklin, too, in all the rugged energies of age, is well and faithfully given. We never heard Mr. Curran speak, but the portrait looks as if it were a likeness, and bears about it that characteristic mark which answers for its truth. At the York theatre Mr. Mathews became acquainted with that whimsical, original, charming old man, Tate Wilkinson, the manager, and having time and opportunity at his command, he took a whole length of this singular and delightful personage; it is to our taste, the most spirited and pleasant portrait in his collection. Tate was old when Mathews became acquainted with him; but age seemed only to have warmed and ripened the eccentricities and quaint virtues of his character; and it would appear, that, like the aloe, he blossomed at the end of a hundred years. He had a peculiar manner of cocking up his wig, or wiglet, slouching his hat, and wearing the collar of his coat back upon his shoulders, so as to leave the nape of his neck, of about the size of a plate, open to all lookers on. He was an ardent admirer, and a profound judge of good acting; and the moment any performer in his company showed genius, Tate procured him an engagement at the London theatre, "for he was too good to stay at York." His conversation expressed in a slouched manner after the fashion of his hat, generally treated of about five subjects at once, in the proportion of three sympathies to about two antipathies. He let none of them drop, but kept them all in play like the juggler with his balls. He seemed weaving a conversation, of several different threads, so exactly did he take each subject in its turn and work it in. Mrs. Siddons, Diamond's dinner, his own hatred of rats, Kemble's Rolla, and Garrick, nearly made a topic for him, and a very charming rondeau did he play upon them. Mathews portrays all the tedious kindness, and odd peevishness, and motley coloured plaid-patterned discourse and dramatic judgment of this sir Roger de Coverley of actors, to the perfect life. He comes forward on the stage, Tate, to the very collar of his coat. We would listen to this old man, till we were old as he! Mathews introduces us to many other characters of a more ideal kind, compounded of the whims picked from clusters of men. Mr. Augustus Fipley, the young gentleman who is convinced the line of beauty is preserved in his person; and Mr. Trombone, the little bass singer, who could reach G, are thus fashioned. But all real, all imaginary characters must sink before the dear, melancholy, merry-man of Wales, Mr. Llewellyn, ap Llydd, who, with the person of old Daniel Lambert, has the spirit of Mercutio. Had Falstaff taken, as he promised, "to live cleanly as a gentleman ought," he would have learned Welsh, and survived in Mr. Llewellyn. We are now convinced, for the first time, that the first of men was a Welshman; O! commend us to his pleasant lamentations, his plump distress, his charming trouble!—pining fatter and pining fatter, he waddles and wanders from spring to sea, from sea to

well, from well to pump, from pump to sea, from sea to spring, from spring to well—round he goes, round he gets, there is no end! “Am I thinner, think you?” uttered for ever in a mild, sleek, melancholy chuckle—and again, and yet again echoed with yet a tender mirth—“Am I thinner?” We loved him by description; but when we saw him in the last act, come on the stage all in nankeen, and fat, and smiles yellow as butter, and almost of the same material—we could have made him an offer. He looked like the jolly autumn in his person, with all the mildness of spring in his manners. His eye, the colour of the leek, swam in his countenance in a fine faint green light! He seemed fairly to have got the better of the atmospheric pressure, and to be a Welshman fit for heaven. What an ethereal Bonassus? He describes his walking in the Fives Court by mistake. What a swell must they have considered him there! Spring himself could not have doubled up that primrose hill of a belly—Randall’s little arm could not have compassed that wondrous neck, and the Chancery suit must have dropped! the gas-man would have shrunk from his fatal lugger, and have patted his cheek! What a creature to have “gone to scale!” For the present, we bid farewell to dear Ap Llydd! but often shall we drop in, during the coming months, to hear his nightingale note, “am I thinner, am I thinner!” Such a man can never fall off!

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*Danish Artists at Rome.*—Freud, a pupil of Thorvaldson, has modelled a figure of Mercury, full of energy and spirit, and every way worthy of the noble school to which it belongs. This young artist is evidently inspired with the spirit of his master and strives to emulate the fine nature and simplicity of the antique.—Pontoppidan, another artist, will doubtless inspire his countrymen with a pure taste in architecture. Many of the designs which he exhibited when at Rome were commended for their elegant style and for their excellencies. He is now in Sicily visiting the remains of ancient art in that island—Hilerup and Jeusen are assiduously employed in studying and copying the finest productions of the Italian masters; the latter of these painters, who has already given such decided proofs of superior talent, has lately produced a most exquisite copy of Raphael’s celebrated Julius II.—Thorvaldson has nearly completed his colossal figure of Christ, for the new *Fro-kirke* (Notre dame), at Copenhagen. This statue possesses indescribable majesty; nothing can be conceived more affectingly sublime than the attitude, and the dignified manner in which the Saviour of mankind stretches forth his arms towards the whole human race.

## ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. LOGAN.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN justice to the memory of a deceased friend, I request you to insert the inclosed in the Port Folio. The writer of it, although he occupied several high stations, in the service of his country, possessed a character and disposition, too unobtrusive and too little inclined to ambition, to admit of a full development in his life-time; or it may have been, that the jaundiced eye of party could not then discriminate what is now apparent. Whatever may have been the errors of his judgment, he was undoubtedly a patriot, sincerely and generously attached to his country, and who actually made important and disinterested sacrifices to promote its welfare, with however little success. The motive by which he was actuated at the time of his visit to France, about the crisis of the misunderstanding between our country and the Executive Directory, is illustrated by and identified with that solicitude, which prompted the other, which he made to England in 1810, with the same pacific and conciliatory purpose.

To mislead the judgment or to instigate the resentment of a foreign government against our own, is a course of conduct so undutiful and treacherous, as to admit of no palliation. But the public have not heretofore been agreed, as to the propriety of an individual interposing in any manner with the members of such government, with respect to subjects in discussion between them. Such were the suspicions and antipathies, by which parties were actuated towards each other, and such were the difficulties and distraction of the times, that Dr. Logan's departure for Paris was regarded by a few, as of the first parricidal stamp: but many more of the party then predominant concurred in condemning his interference, under any motives whatever. Accordingly an Act was passed forbidding every proceeding of the sort. Now that the tumult of the passions, and the contrarieties of personal views, have subsided, the justice and policy of that law may be more impartially scanned, and the review may possibly lead to a different judgment.

To restrain the malevolent and injurious combination of disaffected citizens with foreigners is not an easy task. The offence, however, is of a description, which naturally falls within the affinity of the laws of treason. But to forbid an individual honestly to employ the influence of his character and the force of his knowledge and talents, to remove asperities and promote reconciliation, is not only a regulation pernicious to the public welfare, but, as is conceived, a cruel invasion of natural right, by depriving patriotism of a portion of its only consolation, that of endeavouring to render public service.

Dr. Logan had no other objects in the one interference than in the other. It is time, that this should be fully understood. In

both he appears to have risen superior to party considerations, and of both, the period is at hand, when the merit of the intention will be appreciated, without any bias, and by the simple standard of truth.

As you mingle nothing political with your publications, I abstain from commenting upon the opinion he passes upon the causes and tendencies of the only two wars with Europe, in which we have been engaged, since that of our Independence. Its correctness will be submitted to the decision of the public, which is sufficiently informed, but perhaps not, as yet, completely impartial. All I claim for the subject of my communication is integrity in adopting, and zeal in following, his own judgment, in a manner, which could not injure but was intended to benefit his country.

LIBRA,

*Stenton, 16th December, 1810.*

DEAR SIR,

Accept my thanks for your late polite and friendly letter.

I am not surprised that some individuals express doubt and hesitation respecting the object of my late visit to England. It is one of the curses resulting from the violent spirit of party in our country, that the views and acts of individuals are attributed to the worst of motives, by men of violent passions, or interested, selfish minds.

As to myself, I belong to no party but that of my country, whoever may be at the head of the government. I will not be a silent observer of passing events, but whenever the honour, peace or prosperity of my country is in danger I will exert my endeavours to support its best interests.

I was not satisfied with the administration of Mr. Adams, as disposed to involve us in a war with France, and necessarily throw us into the arms of Great Britain, at that period the most powerful nation in Europe. Nor am I now willing to sacrifice the peace of the United States to the colossal power of France, becoming the scourge and destroyer of the civilized world.

Considering the bickerings and state of semi-warfare in which Great Britain and the United States have been engaged for several years, and viewing these two great nations drawn up in martial array waiting for the signal to engage in a conflict, in which it is little matter for whom victory declares, as ruin and destruction must be the inevitable consequence to both parties—by the treachery and ambition of Bonaparte—I determined on a visit to England to satisfy my own mind respecting the disposition of that nation towards the United States, and to remove as far as it was in the power of a private individual, their prejudices against the people of the United States, excited by the misrepresentations of those who are enemies to the peace of both countries.

I resided five months in England; travelled upwards of eleven

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hundred miles through the country; visited their principal sea-ports and manufacturing towns; was present at their great agricultural meetings; and was introduced to men of the first character in office and out of office. Whatever may be the sentiments of the interior cabinet; even the ministry in private conversation and in parliament, profess a desire to preserve peace with the United States, and this sentiment is universal among every class of citizens with whom I conversed and from whom as a private American citizen I received the most pointed civility and respect.

Since my arrival, I have waited on the President, and have communicated to him fully the result of my observations whilst in England. I propose to give the same information to my friend Governor Clinton, with permission to communicate it to any person he may think proper. Having thus complied with a sense of duty, and exercised my right as a citizen of a free country and knowing the purity of my motives, supported by the sincerest desire to promote the best interests of my country, I shall not suffer the tranquillity of domestic retirement to be interrupted by newspaper altercations respecting the propriety or impropriety of my late visit.

A few days before I left home, I informed the President by letter, that I should embark in the February packet for England, and offered to be the bearer of his despatches for Mr. Pinkney. Several of them were delivered to me in New-York the day before I sailed. No person out of my own family was acquainted with the objects of my voyage.

Accept assurances of my esteem,  
GEORGE LOGAN.

To ——— Esquire.

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For the Port Folio.

### ON PROTECTING SHIPS FROM LIGHTNING.

IN a late number of the National Gazette I read an account of an electrical experiment made in England before a Navy Board to show the propriety and safety of conducting lightning by means of a *slip of copper* through the powder magazine of a ship of war from the mast head down the several masts to a copper bolt in the ship's bottom, and through it into the water. The experiment was neatly got up, and with the addition of a gun to be fired by the discharge of the electricity, was well calculated to excite a degree of wonder in such people as are usually employed in a dock-yard. The account concludes by stating that the experimenter was immediately engaged to apply his great invention to a 74 and another ship now building, from which it is to be extended to the protection of the whole of his Majesty's navy. This narrative, detailed with all the minutiae of a philosophical experiment, and coupled with

the names of Sir A. Cochrane, the Navy Board and some captains in the navy, and the inference attempted to be drawn from it for the protection of ships at sea is too ridiculous and absurd to prove any thing but that men may be great naval personages without being philosophers; and is well fitted to remind us of a great philosopher among ourselves who attempted to form a navy out of gun-boats. The experiment has proved nothing more than has been known to every tyro, for 50 years past, who has exercised himself in rubbing a caper-bottle to excite electricity from it. It is well known that a wire of a certain size will conduct the whole of the electricity derived from an electrical jar of a certain dimension, silently and imperceptibly without producing either light or heat as far as the wire is continuous; but that if the wire be interrupted for a small space the electricity will pass over this space in a bright spark which will excite flame in gun-powder, rosin dust, cotton, or other light inflammable matters. To conduct a certain charge of electricity with safety through inflammable matter, a wire must be of a proportionable size, and if a piece of this wire be cut out and its place supplied by a much smaller wire, the electricity would strike in a visible form along this smaller wire: it would ignite it and any other inflammable matter near to it. The tremendous discharge of a thunder cloud, which rends rocks, rives the sturdiest oaks, and instantly sets them in flames, can no more be compared to the pigmy discharge of an electrical jar, than the artillery of a line of battle ship could be to a boy's pop-gun. Wo then to the ship that should launch into a thunder storm trusting to "a slip of copper passing down the mast" through its magazine or near to it. The very first discharge that should reach the mast would melt the "slip of copper" from one end to the other, and set fire to every thing in contact with it. The old method of safeguard ought not to be laid aside for any such flimsy and unphilosophical substitute. One or more sharp points covered with gold, silver or platina, should project a foot above the highest mast head and remain fixed there. A chain of long links, say a foot or two each, ought to reach down a back-stay into the water. If the chain be too heavy for the smaller back-stays, it may be brought near the mast to the topmast back-stay and then down it. Each mast should be thus armed. For convenience, the points, and a few of the upper links, may always remain up with perfect safety, and the rest be put up to them when lightning threatens. The course down the back-stay on the lee side to the surface of the water, is always shorter than through the body of a ship which draws 20 or 30 feet, and the lightning will always take the shortest course to the earth or water.

It is better to have more points than one, so that one may be always perpendicular to the horizon when the ship heels.



# BRACEBRIDGE-HALL, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.\*

[From the London Magazine.]

We have too long neglected to notice *Bracebridge-hall*, which, as the work of one of the agreeable and popular writers of the age, claims to be regarded in a journal, which professes to record all that is interesting or remarkable in English literature. There is no one, perhaps, of the present day, who is so little indebted for his success to a daring mannerism, or an affected originality, as Mr. Geoffrey Crayon; and this choice and elevation of a writer who aims at nothing beyond uttering what he thinks and feels in the clearest and most unaffected style, seems to us to be an assertion of a better taste and feeling in the public. The success of many of our present popular writers is easily to be accounted for. It is not strange that Sir Walter Scott should have realized his fame, his fortune, and his baronetcy:—for he wrote directly at the romantic and the picturesque, and singled out from the times of chivalry all that would dazzle and captivate the modern reader, and give it an existence as of this day. The hero of old romance was brightened up and placed in the most enchanting scenery and situations; and his chivalrous and attractive habits were ingeniously blended with modern grace and the polish of a later age. Then the sudden leap from this gorgeous poetry to the rapid and delightful prose narratives which have lately crowded forth, has done much for the author: and, perhaps, the very stifling of his name has gone far towards securing him his title. The secret has been admirably *unkept*. It has not been proclaimed, but diffused as mysteriously as could be desired. Tales have been told of the author's self-denial, of the King's curiosity and surmises, of the profound secrecy of the writing and printing, of the publisher preserving one of the writer's pens in a glass case! Nothing, in short, has so much conduced to the fame and name of the Baronet as the certainty with which the public regards him as the *Great Unknown*. It is not to be disputed, that Sir Walter is a man of vast genius and various talent; but it is, we think, undeniable, that his popularity has been excited by arts, which are not strictly essential to the true dignity of the literary character. Lord Byron's popularity is certainly as easily explicable. His title, his youth, his classic riches, culled in a classic land, his apparent hopes and mysterious sorrow, his return-blow to the Reviewers—these first took poetical readers captive. He has maintained his place by his reckless disregard of the world and its old proprieties. Moore was at first read, because he was proclaimed to be one whom no one should read. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, rang their own peal of popularity, and humanely explained each other to the

\* *Bracebridge-hall*, or the *Humourists*, by Geoffrey Crayon, Esq. author of the *Sketch-book*, 2 vols 8vo. Murray. 1822.

world. It would be no difficult thing to go through the list of modern writers, and point out some glaring affectation, or studied singularity, by which they severally rose into distinction.

The author of the Sketch-book owes his popularity to no unworthy arts. He has become known only by the force, simplicity, and truth of his works. And if he be not led aside by the common temptations of his present elevation, he may rest contented, that the world will not easily forget one whom it has so slowly and disinterestedly noticed and regarded. He may be proud of his honestly-earned popularity. He made no offerings of old armour and costly apparel at the shrine of Fame. His muse had no coronet mark in the corner of her kerchief. He wrote no forbidden books—professed not to be wiser or more humane than the world, or to build up a system of universal love and harmony. He laid two quiet unassuming volumes before the public, and left them to live or die as they should deserve. They are not yet dead.

The Sketch-book,—of all the books written in the present writing age,—is the freest from those little book-making arts, which betray the author's attempts to spin out his pages to the advantage of his purse. The essays which it contains are all, what they profess to be, brief and natural sketches of customs, manners, and characters. They are, perhaps, a little too favourable towards the English and their country; but this amiable flattery may be attributed to the fair anxiety in a young, intelligent, and ardent American to escape from national prejudices, and to do all in his power to foster amity and deaden old animosities. The good likely to result from the exertions of this individual is, in our opinion, incalculable: and one of the noblest compliments to the power of the human mind is the amazing influence which it has over the feuds and attachments of neighbouring and even distant nations. An humble man, living perhaps in an obscure lodging, may sway with his pen the destinies of a country!—The author of the Sketch-book has certainly done very much towards cementing the friendship of his own nation and ours. England respects American talent and modesty—and America kindly regards English honour and hospitality.

We have (as which of us has not) our favourite papers in the Sketch-book, and we cannot resist hastily recurring to them; although we by no means insist upon their superiority over their interesting companions; for we have heard too many differing opinions on the subject, and from persons of feeling and taste too, to be obstinate in our own choice. The volumes have been very generally read, and very generally admired—and we have no doubt, that there is scarcely a paper that has not its champion, ready to stand or fall in its cause. The tales of Rip Van Winkle, and Sleepy Hollow, are rich extravagances of character and humour—but their wonders and marvels are rather unmanageable in the author's hands, and jostle unpleasantly with the dry and stiff vigour

of the characters. The *Pride of the Village* is a most affecting and natural story; the account of the Girl's parting with her young Soldier is full of tenderness and pathos. The opening description of the funeral, which calls for the explanation, and then the gradual recital of the events leading finally to the funeral again, is extremely touching. The tale seems bounded by death!—You cannot lose sight of the grave throughout, but see it in all the little endearments and hopes of the young girl—in her fair virtues—her hapless separation. The whole beauty of the tale is softened by Fate—and you seem to read it to the tolling of a funeral bell. The *Broken Heart* is more generally admired, but we own it appears to us less natural—less simple—less unaffected. It is the record of an unfortunate attachment between two young persons in Ireland, whose names are too well known to require their repetition here. There is something of the Irish style in the manner of relating the story. The *excessive* prevails.—We say this, with great submission, because the title and the subject have long since secured all female readers as admirers—and we know that an unfortunate expression of distaste often embitters a drawing room for life. The present Lord Chancellor, from having hazarded some fatal opinion concerning Madame Catalani and her music, has never been able to hold up his head since.—The *Royal Poet* is a romantic picture of James.—The papers upon Stratford-on-Avon—The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap—and Christmas, are inimitable: they have a fine Shakspearian spirit about them, and are more like realities than essays.—The observations on Shallow, Falstaff, and Silence,—are your only commentaries worth reading, or worthy of the subject. The *Lucy Family*, and the *Mansion*, are unveiled as by a magic hand—and you look fairly into antlered halls and formal picture galleries. *Westminster Abbey* is a little too sentimental: such a subject should suggest its own orderly style,—and yet how seldom we find a writer treat it quietly and with a staid solemnity—leaving it to assert its own awfulness. *Little Britain* is, indeed, an admirable paper: the *Lambs* and the *Trotters* stand pre-eminent in civic glory. What a contest of city bravery!—What a struggle for splendour! The banishment of the butcher's pipe is nearly as portentous as that of *Coriolanus*! The mounting of the plumes in the bonnets of the *Trotters* is winged-triumph complete! The *Country Church* is also admirably written, allowing something for its aristocratic feeling. The flashing through the gravel of the coachwheels of the vain family and the pulling up of the horses suddenly upon their haunches at the church door—are facts. We have written without having the books before us to recur to, but we rather think we have spoken of the major part of the essays contained in them. We should not forget the *Spectre Bridegroom*, which is quite dramatic!—There are a few inferior papers, which we will not particularize,—but these are to be expected. A pack of cards does not consist of fifty-two aces of spades.

Having thus spoken of the Sketch-book, we shall be excused, even by the author himself, we think, if we do not profess ourselves to be such warm friends of *Bracebridge-Hall*. The difficulties of keeping a long story alive seem to trouble the author; and although there are many sprightly and natural sketches, and several diverting characters,—we think we detect, with regret, that Mr. Murray and Mr. Davison have had their influence over Mr. Crayon;—and each page of his work now seems to have a value set upon it by the author and the bookseller, quite distinct from that which it gains from the world's love. The printing is wide and magnificent;—the humour is spun out, as though it were intended to be more than its own exceeding great reward. The quotations and mottos pay their way. In short, the temptations to which, at the opening of these short and hasty remarks, we cautiously alluded, have had a certain triumph—and *Bracebridge-Hall* is in consequence not so ingenuous and unaffected a work as the *Sketch-book*.

But though the present production, in comparison with one of its predecessors, suffers a fall, let it not be supposed that it has not much in it to delight and pleasure the reader. The plan of it is simple, perhaps, for a story, too sketchy. The *Bracebridge* family, to whom the reader was introduced in the former work, are here led through two volumes, and the whole of their lives is carefully unfolded. The chapters, or essays, are entitled and mottoed as in the *Sketch-book*; and as they severally treat of some particular subject, we shall not regularly unthread them, but notice only such as have particularly interested us. The attempt to continue a narrative through a series of essays, is, perhaps, the main fault of this book;—the characters seem to dawdle and hang about without a purpose, while the title of the chapter is being fulfilled.

Family servants are well described. The housekeeper is fit to take her place in the hall of Sir Roger De Coverley. Her niece, Phœbe Wilkins, is too much of the novel breed. The widow, Lady Lillycraft, is written with infinite pains, and is worthy the patience and care of the workmanship. Her inveterate regard of the king, as “an elegant young man,” and her attachment to Sir Charles Grandison are very characteristic. Julia Templeton (“an ill phrase,—a vile phrase that!”) is unworthy the author. Christy the huntsman, and Master Simon, are fellows of some mark and likelihood, and do well for the parts they are called upon to act. An Old Soldier introduces the character of General Harbottle, but not successfully. In the chapter entitled the *Widow's Retinue*, we have the two best and pleasantest characters in the whole work—the pet dogs, Zephyr and Beauty. Zephyr is “fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty.” Zephyr is familiar to us—but who does not know Beauty? “He is a little, old, grey-muzzled curmudgeon; with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turns

up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. *When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground.* This is Beauty! The story of the Stout Gentleman is in excellent spirit and humour, and is in itself equal to any thing in the former productions of the author. It is the account of a fat important personage at a traveller's inn, never seen but in his effect upon others. Eggs, and ham, and toast go up to the stout gentleman's room:—the chambermaid comes out all of a flutter, complaining of the rudeness of the stout gentleman in No 15. The landlady goes up to him like a fury—and returns in smiles. The stout gentleman is walking over head—two huge boots are standing near the door of No. 13. Visions of stout gentlemen haunt the author all night—and by the day noises are heard—and a voice calls for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13. The horn blows—The stout gentleman is going for ever—a rush to the window is the result—and all that is seen is the skirt of a brown coat parted behind, and the full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches!—What a creation out of nothing!—The chapter on forest trees is interesting. But the long story of the Student of Salamanca is unaccountably dull for a Spanish tale.

We have slightly gone through the first volume; we must more slightly pass through the second. The chapter on May-Day customs is agreeably and lightly written. Slingsby, the Schoolmaster, is a capital fellow. He reminds us a little of long Inchabod Crane in the legend of Sleepy Hollow, but Tom Slingsby is “a man of his own.” His “School” is sufficiently didactic. The story of Annette Delarbre is much in the style of the *Pride of the Village*; but it is more laboured, and less purely pathetic. The conclusion is not death, but it is madness, arising from grief, subdued by the return of a lover. This was a dangerous incident to manage, but the author has shown great skill in the work. There are several sketchy succeeding chapters, not remarkable for any peculiar spirit or interest; and then follows a long unwieldy narrative, called Dolph Heyliger, which carries us to the wedding, and the end of the book. The author in his farewell (we know what literary farewells are), speaks in a warm and kindly tone of our country, and seems to have in his heart that great object which we considered him as so well calculated to advance—the friendships of the Old and New England.

In our account of Bracebridge-hall, we have referred to its contents in a way that must show we consider our readers to be familiar with them. If we had never read the Sketch book, we should have thought twice as highly of the present work;—which, with all its faults of haste and sketchiness, and repetition, is an agreeable and interesting production, and may well be put on the shelves of those who patronize pleasantly-written and well-printed books.

To the Editor of the Port Folio.

# MISTAKES OF THE PRESS.

MY DEAR OLDSCHOOL,

If old Homer sometimes nod, it is not very surprising that proof-readers should occasionally take a nap. You gave a pretty severe fillip to the person who discharges that important function in your office, on the last page of a late number, but even you overlooked some of his carelessness.

For instance, in the review of Campbell's *Travels in South Africa*, (Vol. xiv. p. 275,) we were informed that the savages were dissatisfied with the Missionaries, because they had no *beards*. Now as these wild gentlemen of the woods are known to bear no particular reverence for this troublesome appendage, it was difficult to imagine why the want of it should disparage the worthy divines in their eyes. It at length occurred to me, that for *beards* we should read *beads*, and then the passage would stand very well.

In the *anecdote of an Indian*, (p. 348,) the governor of Georgia is represented as distributing fine *gems* among the Indian chiefs. The most paltry baubles would have answered the same purpose, and therefore the liberality of the donor appeared to be quite unnecessary. A friend, however, suggested that *guns* was probably the word in the manuscript, and thus this puzzle was removed.

Excuse the freedom of these remarks, my dear Sir Oliver. To criticise the critics has always been lawful game.

Yours,

SIMON SNOOT.

## Remarks.

We readily admit the canon with which our correspondent concludes his letter. We must exonerate *our regular printer*, (is that the phrase?) by stating that the pages in question were not printed at the usual place, and the Editor was too much indisposed, at that time, to survey the proof-sheets with a very critical eye. Such mistakes cannot always be avoided. During the last war, one of the great men at Washington, was made to commence a public document in these words: "The infernal state of our affairs," &c. This was, perhaps, pretty true; but the truth is not to be told at all times. Here we may mention, too, the misfortune of a son of the Muses, who formerly chirped in the Poet's corner of our miscellany. One of our devils represented him as chiding the *leaden-booted hours*, instead of the *lazy-footed hours*. The modern Alexander is often represented as the autocrat of all the *Ruffians*.

Numerous blunders of this description might be indicated, but we forbear to disclose the secrets of our charnel house. We conclude with a wish that all our readers were possessed of the discernment of this correspondent, and would emulate the good nature with which he regards our errors.

O. O.

FEBRUARY, 1823—NO. 250. 21.

## ON THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.\*

The Apostle's declaration, that his "heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel was, that they might be saved," has doubtless been echoed by the wishes of all reflecting christians, to whom the situation of the Jews, that once highly favoured, now outcast and despised people, will ever be a subject of intense interest and awful contemplation. Eighteen centuries have rolled by, since that ruthless imprecation was uttered, "his blood be on us and on our children," and the guilt of that blood still rests upon them with all its original weight; fixing as it were, "the primal eldest curse," upon them, and in some sense, raising their hand against every man, and the hand of every man against them. "Time and chance," we are told, "happen to all men;" but in the lot of the Jews neither time nor chance have had power to effect a change: cities have crumbled into dust, empires have been swept from the face of the earth, and languages have survived the nations which gave them utterance; but the Jews remain the same, in features, in habits, in customs, and in character. Gross darkness overspread the world for ages; but it added not to the mental thralldom, nor extinguished the limited knowledge of this extraordinary people. Light has since sprung up, arts have revived, science has reared its head, education, morals, religion, all have made rapid progress; but their blindness has not been removed, their prejudices have not been softened, their condition not improved. They are yet a wandering, unsocial, and despised people, "and astonishment, a by-word, and a proverb, (Deut. xxviii, 37.) the scorn of the thoughtless, the gaze of the curious, and the wonder of the reflecting: while christian charity, regarding their situation, as a continual miracle, and them as living witnesses to the truth of our holy religion, pities them as estranged brethren, and looks forward with laudable anxiety to that predicted time, when it shall please God once more to call them to the knowledge of his truth, and the participation of his favour.

As the conversion of the Jews is an event which we are assured will at some future time, be accomplished; and as every christian, who feels for the welfare of so large a portion of his brethren, will desire to promote it, it is not surprising that many pious and learned men, in every age of the church, should have considered it their duty to devote a portion of their time and abilities to this object. From the days of Justin Martyr, to those of Hoornbeck, Limborch, and Spanheim, and our own incomparable Leslie, a long list of writers might be produced, who have laboured in this well intentioned but fruitless work. For, as if to show that "God only knoweth the times and the seasons," and that this is a task which he has especially reserved for himself, the real conversion of a Jew has been at all times as rare, as their history is wonderful; and however lauda-

\* From the British Critic, July (1819.)

ble may have been the designs of these writers, or excellent their performances, they have hitherto been utterly unprofitable: the veil is yet upon the heart of the Jew, and until it shall please God to remove that judicial blindness, to which, for wise purposes, he has seen fit to condemn them, we have little reason to expect that others will succeed where they have failed.

*In the present day, marked as it is by a continual craving after new projects, and an ill-regulated benevolence, which is always travelling out of the common road of duty, and seeking for its objects any where but at home, in its own church and among its own people, it would perhaps have been surprising if the case of the Jews had not recommended itself to the morbid sensibilities of restless enthusiasts; and still more so, if, when new societies for religious speculations are as common, and often as delusive, as new joint stock companies in trade, the conversion of the Jews had not been made the pretext, or the object of a combination, where money might be collected, and the pomp of petty legislation indulged; where the praise of eloquence might be acquired at a cheap rate by would-be orators, and employment found for those who mistake activity for usefulness, and a zeal in making proselytes for religion.*

The "London Society for promoting christianity among the Jews" has been instituted for ten years;\* it has expended about 95,000*l.* and its receipts in 1818 amounted to 10,091*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* If we inquire what these ample funds have enabled the Society to perform towards the promotion of its object, we shall be informed by its various reports, that it has opened a dissenting meeting house for the benefit of those Jews who might be converted, or appeared well disposed for conversion; that it has built an Episcopal chapel, on Bethnal Green, for the accommodation of those converts who might prefer the ministrations of the Church of England; that it has established schools, in which there are at present, 43 boys, and 35 girls; and that it has printed an edition of the New Testament in Hebrew. We learn, however from the same sources of information, that the meeting house is shut up, and to be disposed of, as the conversions produced by this Society are henceforth to be conducted on the principles of the Church of England: the society itself having, as it appears, fallen entirely, or in a great measure, under the control of those who style themselves "the Evangelical party" in the church.

The Episcopal chapel continues open, and is, we are informed, well attended; not, however, by Jews, or by converts of the society, who might probably be accommodated within a single pew in any church, but by those christians who usually resort to the chapels in which an evangelical clergyman officiates.

The schools do not appear to be confined to the children of Jewish parents; not a few having found admission there, whose birth and parentage could scarcely have recommended them to this in-

\* *i. e.* Previous to 1st January 1819. Ed. P. F.



stitution: and as for the Hebrew Testament, it would probably have remained as lumber in the ware-room of the society's printer, had not the Bible Society taken the greater part of the impression at *less than the cost price*; (10th Rep. p. 24, 26.) and the Rev. L. Way and his associates undertaken to distribute a portion of what was left, in the course of their foreign rambles. (*ib.* p. 29.) The society does not boast much of its success in making converts; and probably it is prudent in thus refraining from such statements as might fix the attention of the public on this part of its proceedings. Some nominal converts have however been made; but the Rev. Mr. Way,\* has we understand, found to his cost, that a converted Jew gains no very clear ideas of christian honesty from the process; having not only detected these hopeful children of grace and the new light, in levying contributions upon his silver spoons, and such lighter articles; but having been robbed of the communion plate, and surplices of his church, by the convert who, with admirable propriety, had been appointed to the office of clerk; and having reason to suspect the same person of a forgery upon his banker to the amount of some hundred pounds. It seems however necessary that the society should not be altogether silent on that subject to which its labours are supposed to be chiefly directed, and therefore the Report already quoted speaks of a Jew from Poland, who has made "public profession of his faith by baptism;" of a Jew boy from Scotland, who has done the same; of an old Jewess who has also been baptized; and of "seven or eight Jews who usually attend the Lord's table" at Bethnal Green chapel. But it does not tell the public and the subscribers, how much these several, and all similar conversions, have cost the society; how the half-naked and hungry Jew has been tempted by food and clothes, to profess a faith of which he knew or cared no more than of the Koran; how two, three, and four pounds a week have been lavished upon pretended converts who before could not earn as many shillings; and how many instances of such ill-judged attempts to bribe the souls of the ignorant and avaricious have been deservedly repaid by ingratitude, abuse, and desertion. The following anecdote which, as far as we have been able to learn, remains to this day uncontradicted, affords, we fear, a fair specimen of the principles upon which these Jewish conversions have been effected.

"A man of the name of Marinus came from Germany into this country, for the purpose of obtaining sale for some cologne water, of which he professed to be the inventor. Finding himself run short of cash, he applied to the London Society for assistance. I asked him if he had embraced christianity; his reply was, I am not yet converted, but if I can get a good sale for my cologne water I soon shall be. P. 64.

*Gookman's London Society Examined.*

\* "Late Fellow of Oxford," a zealous supporter of the London Society. Ed. P. F.

A volume might be filled with similar instances of fraud on the one hand, and credulity on the other; but we turn to the letter\* of Mr. Way, in itself containing admissions of the errors and failures of the society, and of the infatuation of its supporters.

We entertain no doubt either of the piety or the zeal of the Reverend author: his zeal may be estimated by the fact, that none of the untoward accidents which have occurred, to prove that he has been "ploughing flints and reaping pebbles," (p. 29.) have yet damped his ardour, or checked his exertions; he has been cheated and robbed at home, and he is now wandering over the continent of Europe, handing Hebrew Testaments out of his carriage window to the casual passenger in the desert, (p. 36.) and bandying compliments in Latin, French, and German, with advertising professors, deistical rabbis, Jewish postmasters, and Russian Bible Societies.

Mr. Way commences his letter by some remarks on the progress and actual condition of the society, the accusations brought against it, and the embarrassments in which it has been involved. The latter, he asserts, have been completely removed; and the charges of his opponents he dismisses, as "calumnies and misrepresentations" which "have carried with them their own refutation" and have been "conveyed in language" which "leaves a christian advocate of the cause no argument but silence." (p. 8).

We shall not defend the language of its accusers, far less their calumnies and misrepresentations, if such they have employed: this however, as it may be easily proved where matters of fact are alleged, ought not to rest on bare assertion; and we question the policy as respects the public, and the justice as regards the supporters of the society, of thus endeavouring to dismiss such charges with contempt. If it be true that after an existence of seven years, and an expenditure of 70,000*l.* a radical change was necessary, in consequence of the blunders and failures which had occurred; if "unpropitious circumstances of a personal nature," (p. 2) the ingratitude of some of its proselytes, the knavery of others, and the shameless profligacy of more, had cast a shade over the character of its proceedings and its projects; if pecuniary distresses approaching almost to the verge of bankruptcy, had driven the leaders of the society into the necessity of adopting new measures, and court ing a new class of patrons, by a fundamental alteration of its constitution, surely the censures of its enemies cannot have been wholly undeserved. The errors of the society, and the faults of its agents, may be and perhaps have been exaggerated by those, whom feelings of personal disappointment, or the *odium theologicum* have armed against it: but the wiser method of depriving this exaggeration of its mischievous influence would have been found in an honest confession of the *real* truth; for querulous remarks upon

\* A letter addressed to the R. R. the lord Bishop of St. David's, Joint Patron of the London Society, &c. by the Rev. Lewis Way, &c. London 8vo. pp. 88. Hatchard. 1818.

the coarse or angry expressions of an opponent, will not extenuate a charge supported by evidence, which the defendant does not venture to impeach; and facts uncontradicted will bias the judgment of the public, however the language in which they are stated may offend by its violence, or the observations which accompany them may betray a malicious or revengeful spirit.

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From the report of 1818 we learn, that the whole complicated machinery of penny clubs, auxiliary associations, ladies' societies, itinerant orators and preachings throughout the kingdom, has been set in motion to aid the funds of the institution; and that its annual expenditure amounts to 10,000*l.* nearly *£*50,000! We are, therefore, impelled to ask, what good can rationally be expected to result from all this exertion and expenditure. Is it likely that the conversion of the Jews will be effected through the instrumentality of such an association as this? will any converts be made upon principles, which the Church of England can sanction or approve? Or has any success hitherto attended the plan, which can encourage reasonable men to give it further support? We would willingly speak with tenderness of those who have hitherto stood most prominent as managers of the society; for notwithstanding we differ from them on many important questions, and on none more than on the expediency of such an institution as this, we are always ready to give them credit for a sincere desire to do good, and for an ardent zeal in the prosecution of those designs, which doubtless they consider to be praise-worthy and beneficial. But when we turn from them to the instruments which they have been induced to employ, in carrying the objects of this society into effect, we are astonished to find them so unfortunate, or so careless, in their selection. The immoralities of one are stated to have driven him from the country: another is reported to have been arrested on a charge of forgery, and strongly suspected of sacrilege; a third, the most active and prominent character on the scene, appears to have deserted his original benefactors, and to have been ready to preach either in the meeting house or the church, as his employers directed or paid him; and he is charged moreover with having quitted this country at last, because detection in practices disgraceful to his moral character rendered his further residence here, or employment by the society, impossible.

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The readiest mode of recommending christianity to those who are without, [the church] is to rectify the opinions and conduct of those who are within. When our Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity in itself, then the Jews and Gentiles may be expected to flow into it; but while every fanatical teacher sets up for an Apostle, while every benevolent enthusiast advocates a new plan of conversion or instruction, while the people are carried about by every wind of doctrine, and the very ministers of the church, who should be the guardians of unity, are, some of them

by their will-worship, and independency, the promoters of division, that predicted time may be considered as still far off from us. Our Zion herself must first be established in the beauty of holiness, her breaches repaired, her wounds healed, her dissensions pacified, her pure doctrine asserted, her apostolic discipline restored to its due authority, before the great work of Jewish or Gentile conversion can be successfully carried on, or they, whose first duty is owed to her, can consistently or blamelessly devote their time or faculties to such an undertaking.

### THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

From "Gems from the Antique."

[Mr. Richard Dagley, an Engraver, and the Rev. George Croly, a writer of singular merit, in a small volume entitled *Gems from the Antique*, &c. have formed an union of art and poetry, which will be highly prized by the admirers of genius. The designs of the former have been selected chiefly on account of their capability of supplying topics of poetry, and the illustrations which they have received from the genius of the poet, detract nothing from their lustre and expression. From this precious little casket, we shall now proceed to borrow a few gems for our Port Folio, regretting, at the same time, that it is not in our power, to gratify our readers, with a specimen of Mr. Dagley's share in this fascinating combination of taste and feeling.

The first which we shall venture to touch is *The Genius of Death*, which is beautifully represented in the Gem as a winged Boy, his weeping eyes covered with his left arm, and trailing a torch reversed in his right hand.]

What is Death? Tis to be free!  
 No more to love, or hope, or fear—  
 To join the great equality:  
 All alike are humbled there!  
 The mighty grave  
 Wraps lord and slave;  
 Nor pride nor poverty dares come  
 Within that refuge-house, the tomb!  
 Spirit with the drooping wing,  
 And the ever-weeping eye,  
 'Thou of all earth's kings art king.  
 Empires at thy footstool lie!  
 Beneath thee strew'd  
 Their multitude  
 Sink, like waves upon the shore;  
 Storms shall never rouse them more!  
 What's the grandeur of the earth  
 To the grandeur round thy throne!  
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
 To thy kingdom all have gone.

*Poetry.*

Before thee stand  
 The wond'rous band;  
 Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,  
*Who darkened nations when they died!*  
 Earth has hosts; but thou canst show  
 Many a million for her one;  
 Through thy gates the mortal flow  
 Has for countless years roll'd on:  
 Back from the tomb  
 No step has come;  
 There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound  
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

### ON A WOMAN CONTEMPLATING A HOUSEHOLD GOD.

[The Gem, which the ensuing stanzas are intended to illustrate, represents a woman in a contemplative posture gazing at one of the Penates on an Altar.]

*Domestic Love!* not in proud palace halls  
 Is often seen thy beauty to abide;  
 Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,  
 That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;  
 With hum of bees around, and from the side  
 Of woody hills. Some little bubbling spring,  
 Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;  
 And many a bird to warble on the wing,  
 When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O! love of loves!—to thy white hands is given  
 Of earthly happiness the golden key!  
 Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,  
 When the babes cling around their father's knee;  
 And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea  
 Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,  
 Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.  
 Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,  
 And on its altar clos'd—for ever clos'd thy plume!

### CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

[In the Gem we see the little urchin laden with two baskets suspended from a pole across his shoulder, and trudging on with a heavy look, bent on the ground. The picture is full of meaning and has been often held in the mind's eye of many a timid bachelor.]

There was once a gentle time  
 Whenne the worlde was in its prime;

And everie monthe was lovelie **Maye**—  
 Cupide thenne hadde but to goe  
 With his purple winges and bowe;  
 And in blossomed vale and grove  
 Everie shepherde knelt to Love.

Then a rosie, dimpled cheek,  
 And a blue eye fonde and meeke;  
 And a ringlette-wreathenne brow,  
 Like hyacynthes on bed of snowe,  
 And a lowe voice silverre-sweete  
 From a lipp without deceite:  
 Onlie those the heartes could move  
 Of the simple swaines to love.

But that time is gone and paste;  
 Canne the summer alwayes laste!  
 And the swaines are wiser growne,  
 And the hearte is turned to stone,  
 And the maiden's rose may witherre,  
 Cupide's fled, no man knowes whitherre!  
 But anotherre Cupide's come,  
 With a brow of care and gloome;  
 Fixede upon the earthlie mould,  
 Thinkinge of the sullenne golde:  
 In his hande the bowe no more,  
 At his back the household store,  
 That the bridalle colde muste buye;  
 Useless nowe the smile and sighe:  
 But he weares the pinion stille,  
 Flyinge at the sighte of ill.  
 Oh, for the olde true-love time  
 Whenne the worlde was in its prime.

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For the Port Folio.

[Lines occasioned by a visit to the Indian Mound at Grave Creek—twelve miles below Wheeling on the Ohio.—July 1821.]

Majestic mound whose towering form so long  
 Hast braved the summer's sun, the wintry storm,  
 The lightning's fire—"the war of elements"—  
 Nay more—the slow and steady waste of *Time*!  
 Who shak'st the "tower from its mould'ring base,"  
 And in the dust of its own mighty ruin  
 Buries each vestige of its former grandeur:  
*Time*,—who with ceaseless and unsparing hand,  
 Against earth's loftiest, proudest monuments

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Wages eternal war! Ah! tell me whence,  
 In what remote and hidden depth of years  
 Hadst thou thy being? Thy huge sides which swell  
 So amply o'er the hill surrounded plain.  
 Deck'd with the growth of many an age gone by—  
 Trees nodding now with age, which threatening hang  
 Their withering branches o'er the plain beneath—  
 Who raised them here? Ah ye who sleep below,  
 Burst from the slumbers which in silence hold  
 Immoveable, your cold and senseless limbs,  
 And chain'd thro' passing centuries your tongues,  
 Once eloquent in love and loud in war;  
 Ye eyes whose fierce and soul subduing glance,  
 Beam'd like the fiery meteor of the night,  
 Once danced with joy; or frown'd in sullen wrath,  
 Now in the darkness of the tomb extinguish'd—  
 Burst the dark cerements of the grave,—stand forth  
 And speak—and to my questions now reply—  
 Were ye a race who o'er these happy fields  
 Chased the wild deer, as naked as himself,  
 Hurl'd the rude spear, or bent the twanging bow,  
 Or on the bosom of yon lovely stream  
 Paddled with savage skill the bark canoe?  
 Or train'd in all the gentler arts which shed  
 The flowers of life along the path of man,  
 Renowned at once in science, arts and arms?  
 Whence came; when were ye, what destructive scourge  
 Has, like a mighty inundation swept  
 Your very name from human history?  
 Ye answer not—The iron sleep of Death  
 Hangs dark and heavy on your dull, cold eyes.—  
 The Earth who was your parent, to whose breast  
 Living ye clung,—thence drew your nourishment;  
 Now, dead, again in her maternal arms  
 Enfolds your forms and bids you sleep in Peace!

A. M.

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### HOPE AND DESPAIR.

Deceived by Hope whose transient beam  
 Gave Fancy's tints their hue,  
 Pleased we indulge the blissful dream,  
 And fondly think it true.  
 But in Despair's sad sick'ning sight  
 The pleasing vision fades,  
 Ambition leaves her lofty flight  
 And sighing seeks the shades.

VALERIUS.

From the Italian of Mestastasio.

If every one's internal care  
 Were written on his brow,  
 How many would our pity share,  
 Who raise our envy now!  
 The fatal secret when revealed,  
 Of every aching breast,  
 Would prove that only when concealed,  
 Their lot appears the best.

### WOMAN.

Woman, thou source of earthly bliss,  
 We scarce can ask another,  
 In childhood's fond embrace we kiss,  
 And call thee mother.

And then a sister's tender name,  
 Calls for its soft regards,  
 In answering the tender claim  
 What joy rewards!

But when the ardent soul of youth  
 Is warmed by fires from heaven,  
 And when to sacred love and truth  
 All else is given;  
 Then name her not, it is profane,  
 'Tis not a lover's part,  
 But keep the joy and keep the pain  
 Deep in thy heart.

But now the nuptial hour is past  
 She is thy friend for life,  
 Here is thy paradise, at last  
 She is a wife.

M. M.

[The following beautiful poem, from the *Christian Observer*, will be perused with pleasure by the serious part of our readers; although there may be some objection to the use of it, in devotional exercises, as the persons singing it would appear to be worshipping a star.]

### EPIPHANY.

Brightest and best of the sons of morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.  
 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all!



Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?  
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the hearts of the poor.  
 Brightest and best of the sons of morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

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For the Port Folio.

There's not a moment half so sweet,  
 So fraught with heartfelt union,  
 As that when friends long severed meet,  
 And join in blest communion.  
 When woman's voice, the glance of Love,  
 And Beauty's witching powers,  
 Conspire at once the heart to move,  
 And chase the golden hours.  
 Let others boast the sparkling bowl,  
 Or music's softest breathing,  
 Or ardent strive for glory's goal,  
 Their brows with laurels wreathing;  
 Those eyes with rapture sparkling bright  
 Can more impart of pleasure;  
 Those soothing accents more delight  
 Than music's softest measure.  
 Why should I strive for glory's prize,  
 Each care of life increasing?  
 Or seek in wealth or fame to rise  
 And toil through life unceasing?  
 The bard hath said and well might say  
 "This world's not worth the winning;"  
 Its joys continual fade away,  
 Its toils are still beginning.  
 But Ah! there is a blest retreat,  
 To sooth each wounded feeling;  
 It is that smile so softly sweet,  
 A faithful heart revealing;

When pale disease with reckless sway,  
 Each flower of joy is stealing,  
 And sorrow like a wintry day,  
 Affection's buds congealing;  
 'Tis then Love's sunshine rising bright,  
 Displays each scene fresh blooming;  
 Like spring's bright sun with golden light  
 Fair Nature's face illuming.  
 Should sullen Fate with angry frown,  
 Of other gifts bereave me;  
 Should Fortune's partial sun go down,  
 And heartless friends all leave me,  
 If then my Lucy still remain,  
 Each gloomy moment cheering;  
 The seeming loss I'll count but gain,  
 Our hearts the more endearing.  
 True love is like the di'mond's glow,  
 In darkest hours still shining,  
 But false love like the show'ry bow  
 Fades when the sun's declining.

L. B. S.

1822.

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 For the Port Folio.

## BEAUTY.

*A comparison between natural and cultivated beauty occasioned by  
 reading Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Sing not of Persia's blue-ey'd maids,  
 With golden locks so graceful flowing;  
 Sing not of Cashmere's flow'ry glades,  
 With spicy-fragrant zephyrs blowing.  
 Those azure eyes, tho' bright they shine,  
 With tender love's most soft expression;  
 Can only shed their light benign,  
 Amid the Harem's dire oppression.

Though bleak the clime and rough the land,  
 Give me Columbia's free-born nation;  
 Where beauty's fairest flowers expand,  
 Beneath the beams of Education.

Give me the intellectual glance,  
 Reason's ethereal light revealing;  
 The *mental glow* that can entrance  
 The human heart with tend'rest feeling.

The lovely Persian's azure eye,  
 With nature's warm expression beaming;

May raise the floods of passion high,  
 With rapture, but with danger teeming.  
 But to behold this *mental glow*,  
 The soul o'erflows with soft emotion,  
 Mild as the tides delighted flow,  
 When Luna smiles upon the ocean.

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For the Port Folio.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Southey has published a third volume of the *Remains of Henry Kirk White*, which will be eagerly perused by all the admirers of this truly amiable and interesting poet. The first two volumes contained only selections of Mr. White's better pieces, but the present volume, containing his more juvenile and less studied productions, affords us a fairer specimen of his mind and habits. We may possess the biography of more powerful, or even of more precocious intellects than Kirk White's, but literature does not afford so fine an instance of the union of early character with early genius. His fervent piety was untinged with any of the extravagance incident to young and ardent minds, and was free from the bigotry and spirit of exclusion with which it is so often accompanied by maturer judgments. The clearness of his intellect, his unwearied and constant industry, so free from the sudden efforts of youth, which relax into inaction or dissipation; and, above all, the astonishing tone of prudence and quiet good sense, which distinguished this highly gifted individual, are most beautifully, but indirectly displayed in the contents of this volume.

*Pindar*, the most difficult of the Greek poets, has been translated, for the first time, by *T. Thiersch*, into German verse, of the same metre with the original. The translator is faithful; and although the original is rendered verse for verse, yet nothing seems forced, and the Greek text is conformable to the best editions.

Mr. Nathan Rosenfeld, a Jewish merchant of Warsaw, a man of deep research and learning, has lately published a history of Poland, written in the Hebrew language.

An immense hill or tumulus in the manner of the ancients, will be raised upon a mountain in Poland, to the memory of Kosciuszko, whose name will be inscribed on a block of granite, which will be placed at the top of the tumulus. The mountain, with the land that surrounds it to the banks of the Vistula, will be purchased for the purpose of making useful and ornamental plantations, and for building houses for the veterans who served under the General. These veterans will form a colony that will bear his name.

**M. Kowalski** has translated **Moliere's** comedies into the Polish language.

It affords us great pleasure to learn that **Dr. James' account of Maj. Long's Expedition** (reviewed in our No. for Dec.) is received with that liberality of patronage which it so well deserves. When such men communicate the result of their observations to the public they are entitled to our cordial support, because their labours reflect credit on the literature of the country.

A MS. of the eighth century, hitherto unknown, of a translation of the Bible into the Georgian language, by **St. Euphemius**, has been discovered in the convent of **Mount Athos**.

There is an official Gazette, which is regarded as the organ of the Chinese government in every thing that concerns the religion, laws, manners, and customs of that country. No article which has not been inspected by the Emperor, and which has not received his approbation, can be inserted. The least deviation from this rule, even the addition of a syllable, would be severely punished. It contains articles relative to public affairs in that great empire, as well as extracts from memorials and petitions presented to the sovereign, with his replies, orders, and favours granted to the Mandarins and people. It appears every day as a pamphlet, and contains sixty or seventy pages.

A collection of all the patriotic proclamations, and of all the acts of the Peloponnesian senate, that have appeared since the commencement of the struggle of the Greeks against their oppressors, has lately been translated from modern Greek into French, by **M. Mustoxydi**, a learned Greek of Corfu. It will shortly be published.

The Count **Zenowitsch**, a descendant from the ancient Greek emperor **Zeno**, is now residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main. His eldest brother is governor of Minsk, in Russia. The colonel formerly served under **Kosciusko**, and since in France. The **Zeno** family still adopt the armorial bearings of their ancestors.

The canal of **Alexandria** last year received, in honour of the sultan, the name of **Mahmondie**. It terminates a few steps from **Pompey's pillar**, and begins near the Nile, and under the town of **Saone**. Its length is 41,706 toises, its width 15 toises, and its depth 3 toises. One hundred thousand men began it in January 1819; this number was increased the following month to two hundred and sixty thousand; the workmen received a piastre a day. In the month of May thirty thousand other workmen were added, from Upper Egypt; and on the 15th September the work was completed. Six European engineers directed the work.

About a year ago, a Bible Society for women was established at Stockholm, at the head of which is the Countess **Lowenhjelm**.

**Captain Wulf**, translator of **Shakspeare**, has just translated into Danish, **lord Byron's Manfred**.

In the *Antologia*, a scientific and literary journal, published at Florence, (No. xviii. 1822) we find a version, by Michael Leoni, of some passages in Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*. To the same person, the Italians are indebted for translations of the *Eneid* and *Georgics*. These are characterized more or less by their fidelity, their versification, and the language, which challenges a comparison with the original text. The version of the *Georgics* was already known; but that of the *Eneid* appears to be the favourite of the author. The Italians possess many of them; but none will succeed in banishing that of Caro. We are unable, in this place, to do full justice to the labours of Leoni; but we may remark that he has surpassed all his predecessors in precision. He has endeavoured to imitate the forms, the cadence and the rhythm of the original, in which respects his work savours too much of imitation. He does not wish to say a syllable more than is before him. This scrupulousness is the more remarkable, when we compare his version with those of Bondi and Caro; the former of whom has 3,000 verses less, and the latter 5,000 more than Leoni.

Mrs. Cambridge, of this city, has issued proposals for publishing a volume of Poems, by subscription, entitled, "Poetic Trifles."

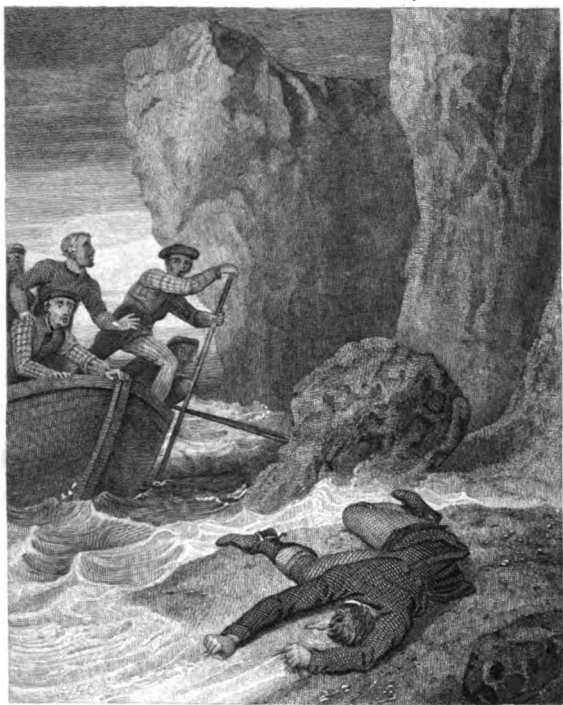
The editor of the *New England Galaxy*, proposes to publish a collection of the best verses which have ever appeared in the *American Journals*—as he has already a prose collection from the same sources—Many evanescent pieces of merit will thus be preserved and embodied, which perhaps may do as much for our reputation on this score, as larger and more elaborate volumes.

The patronage received by the editor of the *Prose Miscellanies*, from the *American Journals*, has induced the compilation of a second volume, which is now in the press, and will be published next month.

*Bohemian Literature.*—The branch of literature most assiduously cultivated here at present is that of philology and languages. The bookseller Hewel proposes to publish by subscription a German Dictionary, far superior to that of Adelung in comprehensiveness and extent. The second volume of Zimmerman's interesting History of Bohemia, under Ferdinand I. has appeared, and contains an introductory review of the literature of that period.

*Russia.*—Lithography is making rapid progress in this country, where it bids fair to become popular. Prints from Hamburg are more highly esteemed than those of either Munich or Vienna, to which the pre-eminence is generally allowed—A collection of portraits of celebrated living public characters, chiefly residing at St. Petersburg, has been commenced by a young artist named Hippus under the title of 'contemporaries.' Each number of this work contains five subjects, Count Strogonoff, Grilloff, the poet, and Martos a sculptor, who has been honoured with the flattering appellation of the Northern Canova, are among those which have already appeared.





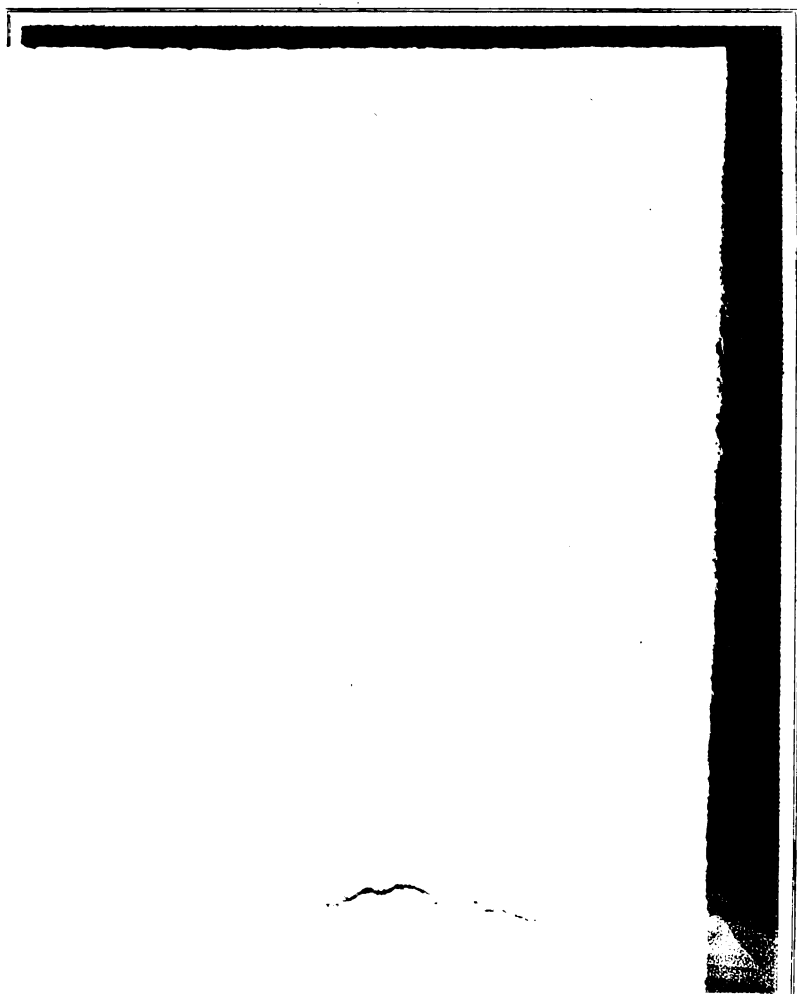
Drawn by R. Westall. RA.

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### THE DEAD BODY OF KENNEDY DISCOVERED ON THE BEACH.

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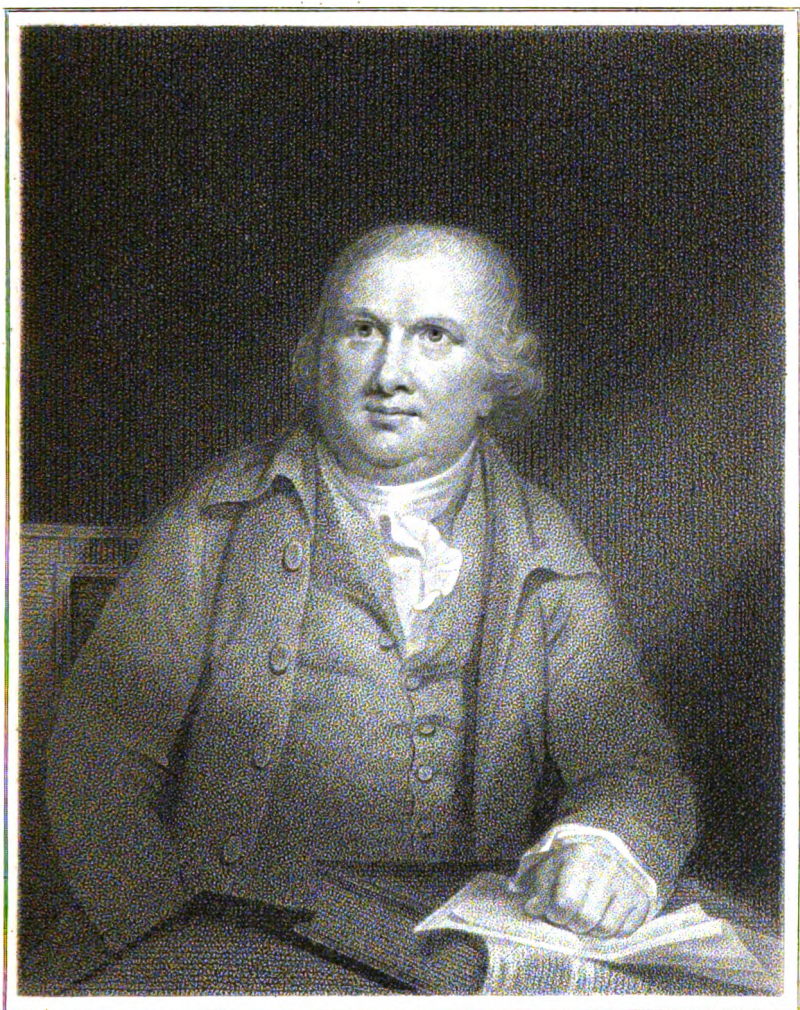


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ROBERT MORRIS.



# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

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## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ROBERT MORRIS.

BY JAMES MEASE, M. D.

A life of the distinguished individual, whose name appears at the head of this article, has already been published in the *Port Folio*; but as it was both imperfect and brief, we avail ourselves of the permission of the proprietors of the Philadelphia edition of the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia* to transfer from their columns, a memoir which has been prepared with better means of information.

ROBERT MORRIS was the son of a respectable merchant of Liverpool, who had for some years been extensively concerned in the American trade; and while a boy, he was brought by his father to this country, in which it appears he intended to settle. During the time that he was pursuing his education in Philadelphia, he unfortunately lost his father, in consequence of a wound received from the wad of a gun, which was discharged as a compliment by the captain of a ship consigned to him, that had just arrived at Oxford, the place of his residence, on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay; and he was thus left an orphan at the age of fifteen years. In conformity with the intentions of his parent, he was bred to commerce, and served a regular apprenticeship in the counting-house of the late Mr. Charles Willing, at that time one of the first merchants of Philadelphia. A year or two after the expiration of the term for which he had engaged himself, he entered into partnership with Mr. Thomas Willing. This connection, which was formed in 1754, conti-

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nued for the long period of thirty-nine years, not having been dissolved until 1793. Previously to the commencement of the American war, it was, without doubt, more extensively engaged in commerce, than any other house in Philadelphia.

Of the events of his youth we know little. The fact just mentioned proves, that although early deprived of the benefit of parental counsel, he acted with fidelity, and gained the good will of a discerning and wealthy young friend, the son of his master. The following anecdote will show his early activity in business, and anxiety to promote the interests of his friend. During the absence of Mr. Willing at his country place near Frankford, a vessel arrived at Philadelphia, either consigned to him, or that brought letters, giving intelligence of the sudden rise in the price of flour at the port she had left. Mr. Morris instantly engaged all that he could contract for, on account of Mr. Willing, who, on his return to the city next day, had to defend his young friend from the complaints of some merchants, that he had raised the price of flour. An appeal, however, from Mr. Willing to their own probable line of conduct, in case of their having first received the news, silenced their complaints.

Few men in the American colonies were more alive to the gradual encroachment of the British government upon the liberties of the people, and none more ready to remonstrate against them, than Mr. Morris. His signature on the part of his mercantile house to the non-importation agreement, as respected England, which was entered into by the merchants of Philadelphia in the year 1765, while it evinced the consistency of his principles and conduct, at the same time was expressive of a willingness to unite with them in showing their determination to prefer a sacrifice of private interest to the continuance of an intercourse, which would add to the revenue of the government that oppressed them. The extensive mercantile concerns with England of Mr. Morris's house, and the large importations of her manufactures and colonial produce by it, must have made this sacrifice considerable. His uniform conduct on the subject of the relative connexion between England and the Colonies, his high standing in society, and general intelligence, naturally pointed him out as a fit representative

of Pennsylvania in the national councils, assembled on the approach of the political storm; and he was accordingly appointed by the legislature of Pennsylvania, in November 1775, one of the delegates to the second congress that met at Philadelphia. A few weeks after he had taken his seat, he was added to the secret committee of that body, which had been formed by a resolve of the preceding congress and whose duty was "to contract for the importation of arms, ammunition, sulphur, and saltpetre, and to export produce on the public account to pay for the same." He was also appointed a member of the committee for fitting out a naval armament, and specially commissioned to negotiate bills of exchange for congress; to borrow money for the marine committee, and to manage the fiscal concerns of congress upon other occasions. Independently of his enthusiastic zeal in the cause of his country, of his capacity for business, and knowledge of the subjects committed to him, or his talents for managing pecuniary concerns, he was particularly fitted for such services; as the commercial credit he had established among his fellow citizens probably stood higher than that of any other man in the community, and of this he did not hesitate to avail himself whenever the public necessities required such an evidence of his patriotism. These occasions were neither few nor trifling. One of the few remaining prominent men of the revolution, and who filled an important and most confidential station in the department of war, bears testimony that Mr. Morris frequently obtained pecuniary and other supplies, which were most pressingly required for the service, on his own responsibility, and apparently upon his own account, when, from the known state of the public treasury, they could not have been procured for the government.

Among several facts in point, the following may be mentioned:

During the rapid march of Cornwallis through New-Jersey, in pursuit of the American army, Congress as a measure of security, removed to Baltimore, and requested Mr. Morris to remain as long as possible in Philadelphia, to forward expresses to them from General Washington. The daily expectation of the arrival of the enemy in the city, induced Mr. Morris to remove his family to the country; while he took up his abode with an intimate friend,

who had made up his mind to stay in the city at every hazard. At this time, December 1776, he received a letter from General Washington, who then lay with his army at the place now called New-Hope, above Trenton, expressing the utmost anxiety for the supply of specie, to enable him to obtain such intelligence of the movements, and precise position and situation of the enemy on the opposite shore, as would authorise him to act offensively. The importance of the occasion induced the General to send the letter by a confidential messenger.\* The case was almost hopeless from the general flight of the citizens: but a trial must be made, and Mr. M. luckily procured the cash as a personal loan, from a member of the society of Friends, whom he met, when, in the greatest possible anxiety of mind, he was walking about the city, reflecting on the most likely means or person, by which, or from whom it was to be obtained. This prompt and timely compliance with the demand, enabled general Washington to gain the signal victory at Trenton over the savage Hessians; a victory which, exclusively of the benefits derived from its diminishing the numerical force of the enemy by nearly one thousand, was signally important in its influence, by encouraging the patriots, and checking the hopes of the enemies of our cause; and by destroying the impression which the reputed prowess of the conquered foe, and the experience of their ferocity over the unprotected and defenceless, had made upon the people. Upon another occasion, he became responsible for a quantity of lead, which had been most urgently required for the army, and which most providentially arrived at the time when greatly wanted.† At a more advanced stage of the war, when pressing distress in the army had driven congress and the commander in chief almost to desperation, and a part of the troops to mutiny; he supplied the army with four or five thousand barrels of flour, upon his private credit; and on a promise to that effect, persuaded a member to withdraw an intended motion to sanction a procedure which, although common in Europe, would

\*The messenger was captain Howell, afterwards for several years governor of New-Jersey.

† See the particulars related by Judge Peters, in Garden's interesting *Anecdotes of the American war.* p. 334. Charleston, S. C. 1822.

have had a very injurious effect upon the cause of the country: this was to authorise general Washington to sieze all the provisions that could be found within a circle of twenty miles of his camp.\* While U. S. financier, his notes constituted, for large transactions, part of the circulating medium. Many other similar instances occurred of this patriotic interposition of his own personal responsibility for supplies, which could not otherwise have been obtained.

In the first year in which he served as a representative in congress, he signed the memorable parchment containing the Declaration that for ever separated us from England, and thus pledged himself to join heart and hand with the destinies of his country, while some of his colleagues, who possessed less firmness, drew back and retired from the contest. He was thrice successively elected to congress, in 1776, '77, and '78.

The exertion of his talents in the public councils, the use of his credit in procuring supplies at home, of his personal labour as special agent, or congressional committee-man, and of those in his pay, in procuring others from abroad, were not the only means employed by him in aiding the cause in which he had embarked. The free and public expression of his sentiments upon all occasions, in the almost daily and nightly meetings of the zealous; in the interchange of friendly intercourse with his fellow citizens, and the confident tone of ultimate success which he supported, served to rouse the desponding, to fix the wavering, and confirm the brave. Besides, the extensive commercial and private correspondence which he maintained with England, furnished him with early intelligence of all the public measures resolved on by the British government, the debates in parliament, and with much private information of importance to this country. These letters he read to a few select mercantile friends, who regularly met in the insurance room at the Merchants' Coffee-house, and through them the intelligence they contained was diffused among the citizens, and thus kept alive the spirit of opposition, made them acquainted with the gradual progress of hostile movements, and convinced them how little was to be expected from the government in respect to the al-

\* Debates on the renewal of the charter of the Bank of North-America, p. 47. Philadelphia, 1786.



leviation of the oppression and hardships against which the colonies had for a long time most humbly, earnestly, and eloquently remonstrated. This practice, which began previously to the suspension of the intercourse between the two countries, he continued during the war: and through the medium of friends on the continent, especially in France and Holland, he received for a time the despatches which had formerly come direct from England.

The increasing and clamorous wants of the army, particularly for provisions, and the alarming letter written by the commander in chief to congress on the subject, on being communicated to Mr. Morris, induced him to propose to raise an immediate fund to purchase supplies, by the formation of a paper-money bank; and to establish confidence in it with the public, he also proposed a subscription among the citizens in the form of bonds, obliging them to pay, if it should become necessary, in gold and silver, the amounts annexed to their names, to fulfil the engagements of the bank. Mr. Morris headed the list with a subscription of 10,000*l.*; others followed, to the amount of 300,000*l.* The directors were authorised to borrow money on the credit of the bank, and to grant special notes, bearing interest at six per cent. The credit thus given to the bank effected the object intended, and the institution was continued until the Bank of North America went into operation, in the succeeding year.\* It was probably on this occasion, that he purchased the four or five thousand barrels of flour above mentioned, on his own credit, for the army, before the funds could be collected to pay for it.†

On the occasion of the important, and as regarded the fate of the Union, the decisive measure of the attack on Cornwallis, the energy, perseverance, and financial talents of Mr. Morris were eminently conspicuous.

By previous agreement, the French army under count Rochambeau, and the French fleet under De Barras, with that expected

\* Of ninety-six subscribers who gave their bonds, six only are alive, viz. Charles Thompson, Richard Peters, Thomas Leiper, Wm. Hall, John Donaldson, and John Mease. For the original list, and account of the bank, see the Pennsylvania Packet for June, 1781.

† Debates on the Bank of North America, p. 47.

to arrive under De Grasse from the West-Indies, were to assist the American army in an attack upon New-York, the strong hold of the British. At that time, the American army lay at Philipsburg on York island, waiting for the fleet under count De Grasse, who changed the destination of his squadron, and entered the Chesapeake bay. The communication of this occurrence, by one or other of the two first named commanders, induced an immediate change of measures, and it was determined by general Washington if possible to proceed to the South; but the want of means to move the army, was a serious difficulty; and this consideration, with the disappointment of his long settled plans and arrangements, and in the breach of a positive engagement on the part of De Grasse, produced an agitation in the high-minded and honourable chief, which those who witnessed it "can never forget." Most fortunately Mr. Morris, and Mr. Peters, the secretary of war, had arrived the day before, as a committee from Congress, to assist the general in his preparations for the attack on New-York, and the embarrassing situation of affairs being laid before them, they gave such consolation and promises of aid, each in his particular department, as to encourage his hopes, and calm his mind. The utmost secrecy was enjoined on both, and so faithfully observed, that the first intelligence congress had of the movement of the army, was the march of the troops, on the third of September, through Philadelphia. It was not, however, until it had passed the city 15 miles, that Mr. M. was relieved from his anxiety respecting his promise to general Washington of a competent pecuniary supply to effect the transportation of the army. His object, for this end, was the loan of the French military chest, and the proposition was made to the French minister Luzerne, who refused in the most positive manner to assent. His persuasive talents succeeded in part with count Rochambeau, and at Chester, whither Mr. Morris, had gone in company with General Washington, it was obtained. It is probable that the joy naturally felt on meeting at that place an express from the marquis Fayette, announcing the arrival of count De Grasse in the Chesapeake, with an assurance from Mr. Morris that our army could not move without funds, hastened the negotiation of this fortunate loan.

In the year 1781, Mr. Morris was appointed by congress "superintendant of finance," an office then for the first time established. This appointment was unanimous. Indeed, it is highly probable, that no other man in the country would have been competent to the task of managing such great concerns as it involved; for none possessed, like himself, the happy expedient of raising supplies, or deservedly enjoyed more of the public confidence. As the establishment of the office of finance, and the appointment of Mr. Morris to fill it, form an epoch in the history of the United States, and in the life of that officer, it merits particular notice.

It is well known that the want of a sufficient quantity of the precious metals in the country, for a circulating medium, and the absolute necessity of some substitute to carry on the war, induced congress, from time to time, to issue paper bills of credit to an immense amount. For a time, the enthusiastic zeal and public spirit of the people induced them to receive these bills as equal to gold and silver; but, as they were not convertible into solid cash at will, and no fund was provided for their redemption, depreciation followed, as a necessary result, and with it the loss of public credit. "In the beginning of the year 1781, the treasury was more than two millions and a half in arrears, and the greater part of the debt was of such a nature, that the payment could not be avoided, nor even delayed: and therefore Dr. Franklin, then our minister in France, was under the necessity of ordering back from Amsterdam monies which had been sent thither for the purpose of being shipped to America. If he had not taken this step, the bills of exchange drawn by order of congress must have been protested," and a vital stab thereby given to the credit of the government in Europe. At home, the greatest public as well as private distress existed; "public credit had gone to wreck, and the enemy built their most sanguine hopes of overcoming us upon this circumstance:"\* and "the treasury was so much in arrears to the servants in the public offices, that many of them could not, with-

\* Debates on the renewal of the charter of the Bank of North America, p. 49.

out payment, perform their duties, but must have gone to gaol for debts they had contracted to enable them to live." To so low an ebb was the public treasury reduced, that some of the members of the board of war declared to Mr. Morris, they had not the means of sending an express to the army.\* The pressing distress for provision among the troops at the time, has already been mentioned. The paper bills of credit were sunk so low in value, as to require a burthensome mass of them to pay for an article of clothing. But the face of things was soon changed. One of the first good effects perceived, was the *appreciation*† of the paper money; "this was raised from the low state of six for one, to that of two for one, and it would have been brought nearly, if not entirely to par, had not some measures intervened, which, though well meant, were not judicious." The plan he adopted was, "to make all his negotiations by selling bills of exchange for paper money, and afterwards paying it at a smaller rate of depreciation than that by which it was received; and at each successive operation the rate was lowered, by accepting it on the same terms for new bills of exchange, at which it had been previously paid. It was never applied to the purchase of specific supplies, because it had been checked in the progress towards par, and therefore, if it had been paid out in any quantity from the treasury, those who received it would have suffered by the consequent depreciation.

A slight reflection will show the arduous nature of the duties which he undertook to discharge.

In old organized governments, where a regular routine of the department has been long established, and the details, as it were brought to perfection, by gradual improvement, derived from the experience and talents of successive officers, little difficulty is experienced by the new incumbent in continuing the customary train of operations. Simple honesty, attention to duty, and a careful progress in the path previously pointed out, are all the requisites; but the state of public affairs, and especially in the

\* Debates on the renewal of the charter of the Bank of North America. p. 47.

† This word appears to have been coined during the revolution, and used as the opposite of *depreciation*.

fiscal department of the United States at the time alluded to, furnished none of these helps. Every thing was in the greatest confusion; and a new system of accounts was not only required to be devised, but the means of supplying the numerous and pressing wants of the public service to be discovered, and attention paid to those wants. The task would have appalled any common man; but the natural talents of Mr. Morris, together with his experience and habits of despatch, derived from his extensive commercial concerns for a long series of years, and an uncommon readiness, great assiduity and method in business, with decision of character, enabled him to surmount all the difficulties that lay in his way. An inspection of the official statement of his accounts, will at once show the serious nature of the multifarious duties attached to the office, and the pressure of his engagements; but an opportunity of so doing, even if wished for, can be had by few. Some idea may be formed of them, when it is known, that he was required "to examine into the state of the public debts, expenditures, and revenue; to digest and report plans for improving and regulating the finances; and for establishing order and economy in the expenditure of public money." To him was likewise committed the disposition, management, and disbursement of all the loans received from the government of France, and various private persons in that country and Holland; the sums of money received from the different states; and of the public funds for every possible source of expense for the support of government, civil, military, and naval; the procuring supplies of every description for the army and navy; the entire management and direction of the public ships of war; the payment of all foreign debts; and the correspondence with our ministers at European courts, on subjects of finance. In short, the whole burthen of the money operations of government was laid upon him. No man ever had more numerous concerns committed to his charge, and few to a greater amount; and never did any one more faithfully discharge the various complicated trusts with greater despatch, economy, or credit, than the subject of this sketch. The details of his management of the office of finance may be seen in the volume which he

published in the year 1785.\* It is well worth the inspection of every American. The preface,† in particular, should be read attentively, as he will from it form some idea of the state of public affairs, as to money, at the time; of the difficulties attending the revolutionary struggle on that account, and the means by which our independence was secured, or greatly promoted, and for the enjoyment of which he ought never to cease to be thankful.

The establishment of the Bank of North America forms a prominent item in the administration of Mr. Morris. The knowledge which he had acquired of the principles of banking, and of the advantages resulting to a commercial community from a well regulated bank of discount and deposit, in enabling merchants to anticipate their funds in cases of exigency, or of occasions offering well grounded schemes of speculation,‡ rendered a hint on the subject of the importance of a bank to the government enough; and he accordingly adopted it with warmth. Such an institution had been previously suggested, and as already said, an attempt at one, although with paper money, but backed by the bonds of responsible men, had been made the preceding year. The greater facilities which one with a specie capital promised, in enabling the government to anticipate its revenue, and to increase the quantity of circulating medium, and promote trade, were forcibly

\* A statement of the accounts of the United States of America during the administration of the superintendant of finance, commencing February, 1781, ending November, 1784.

† It commences thus:

*"To the Inhabitants of the United States.*

*"FELLOW-CITIZENS,*

*"That every servant should render an account of his stewardship, is the evident dictate of common sense. Where the trust is important, the necessity is increased, and where it is confidential, the duty is enhanced. The master should know what the servant has done. To the citizens of the United States, therefore, the following pages are most humbly submitted."*

‡ Mr. Morris stated, in his speech on the renewal of the charter of the Bank of North America, that before the American war, he had "laid the foundation of a bank, and established a credit in Europe for the purpose. From the execution of the design, he was prevented only by the revolution." *Debates*, p. 37.

impressed on his mind, and induced him to propose it to congress. In May, 1781, he presented his plan, which was approved by that body. Subscriptions were opened shortly after; but, in the following November, when the directors were elected, "not two hundred out of a thousand had been subscribed, and it was some time after the business of the bank was fairly commenced, before the sum received upon all the subscriptions amounted to \$70,000." Mr. Morris, no doubt, became sensible that such a capital would go but a little way in aiding him in his financial operations for government, and at the same time accommodate the trading part of the community. He therefore subscribed \$250,000 of the \$300,000, (which remained of the money received from France,) to the stock of the bank, on the public account: \$450,000 had been brought from France, and lodged in the bank, and he "had determined, from the moment of its arrival, to subscribe, on behalf of the United States, for those shares that remained vacant; but such was the amount of the public expenditures, that notwithstanding the utmost care and caution to keep this money, nearly one half of the sum was exhausted before the institution could be organized."\* It was principally on this fund that the operations of the institution were commenced; and before the last day of March, the public obtained a loan of \$300,000, being the total amount of their then capital. This loan was shortly after increased to \$400,000.† Considerable facilities were also obtained by discounting the notes of individuals, and thereby anticipating the receipts of public money; besides which, the persons who had contracted for furnishing rations to the army, were also aided by discounts upon the public credit. And in addition to all this, the credit and confidence which were revived by means of this institution, formed the basis of the system through which the anticipations made within the bounds of the United States had, in July, 1783, exceeded \$820,000. If the sums due, (indirectly) for notes of individuals discounted, be taken into consideration, the total will exceed one million! It may then

\* Debates on Bank, p. 48.

† The sum total brought into the public treasury, from the several states, not amounting to \$30,000 upon the last day of June.

not only be asserted, but demonstrated, that without the establishment of the national bank, the business of the department of finance could not have been performed."

Besides this great benefit to the public cause, derived from the bank, the state of Pennsylvania, and city of Philadelphia, by loans obtained from it, were greatly accommodated. It enabled the first to provide for the protection of the frontiers, then sorely assailed; and to relieve the officers of the Pennsylvania line from their distress, occasioned by the failure of the internal revenue, which had been mortgaged for payment of interest of certificates granted them for military services. It enabled the merchants to clear the bay, and even river Delaware, of the hostile cruisers (which destroyed the little commerce that was left, and harassed our internal trade,) by fitting out, among other armed vessels, the ship "Hyder Ally," which, under the command of the late gallant Barney, in four days after she sailed, brought into port the sloop of war General Monk, which the British, with accurate knowledge of all public movements, had fitted out at New-York, with the particular object of capturing her.\* By loans from the

\* The following statement of the comparative force of the two vessels, was published in a newspaper of the day.

1. The General Monk carried 18 nine pounders; the Hyder Ally carried only 4 nines and 12 six pounders.

2. The General Monk carried 130 men; the Hyder Ally only 120 men.

3. The General Monk was completely fitted for sea, and was officered and manned with a crew regularly trained, and perfectly disciplined, by long experience, in the British navy. The Hyder Ally was a letter of marque a few days before the battle. Most of her officers were young men. Her captain brought up in a counting-house, who had become a sea-officer, as many of our farmers, lawyers, and doctors became generals from necessity and patriotism. The crew was picked up the week before in the streets of Philadelphia; many of them were landsmen, and most of them had never been in action before.

4. The General Monk lost 53 men in killed and wounded; the Hyder Ally lost only 11.

Add to these circumstances, that the victory, under all these disparities, was obtained in 25 minutes, and it will appear to be one of the most honourable exploits to the flag of the United States, that occurred during the war.



bank the city authorities relieved the pressing wants of the capital, which suffered in a variety of ways from the exhausted state of its funds, the necessary consequence of the war. But the support of public credit, the defence of the state and harbour, and relief of the city funds, were not the only results from this happy financial expedient of Mr. Morris. By accommodations to the citizens it promoted internal improvements, gave a spring to trade, and greatly increased the circulating medium by the issue of bills which, being convertible at will into gold or silver, were universally received as equal thereto, and commanded the most unbounded confidence. Hundreds availed themselves of the security afforded by the vaults of the bank to deposit their cash, which, from the impossibility of investing it had long been hid from the light; and the constant current of deposits in the course of trade, authorized the directors to increase their business, and the amount of their issues, to a most unprecedented extent. The consequence of this was a speedy and most perceptible change in the state of affairs, both public and private.

In the same year, an additional mark of confidence reposed in the talents and integrity of Mr. Morris, was evinced by the legislature of Pennsylvania, by their appointment of him as their agent to purchase the supplies demanded of the state for the public service. By the nature of the organization of the general government, the annual necessities of the public funds, provisions and other supplies were apportioned among the several states, and large demands were made upon Pennsylvania in 1781. Mr. Morris was appointed to furnish them, and a particular resolve of Congress permitted him to undertake the trust. The supplies were furnished in anticipation, before the money was obtained from the state treasury: and while he thus enabled the state promptly to comply with the demands of Congress, he shows, by his account of the transaction, that the plan of his operations was more economical than any other, which, under the state of things at the time, could have been adopted. Those only who are old enough to recollect the state of parties at the time in Pennsylvania, or have made themselves acquainted with them, can duly appreciate the extent of the compliment paid to Mr. Morris by his appoint-

ment upon the occasion mentioned. Political feuds, arising in part from a difference of opinion on the subject of the constitution of Pennsylvania of 1776, prevailed to a great extent, and the conduct of the ruling party, who were opposed to any change in that feeble instrument, was on many occasions, marked by want of both intelligence and liberality of sentiment. Mr. Morris was considered the head of what they chose to term the aristocratic party, that is, that portion of men of wealth, great public consideration, superior education, and liberal ideas, who ardently wished a more energetic form of state government than could exist under a single legislature, and numerous executive council; and could the legislature have dispensed with his services, or had there been any man among the party in power, capable of fulfilling the trust, it is probable that he would not have been appointed to it. That man, however, did not exist. The manner in which Mr. Morris executed it, showed how well he merited the confidence of the legislature, and also a skilfulness of management, which none but himself could have effected.\*

In the year 1786, Mr. Morris served as a representative of Philadelphia, in the state legislature. Always ready to lend the aid either of his talents, time, or purse, when required by the cause of his country, or state, he yielded to the wishes of his fellow-citizens in standing as a candidate, for the express purpose of exerting his influence in favour of the renewal of the charter of the Bank of North America, which had been taken away from that institution by the preceding assembly. The ostensible reasons for this unjust measure were ill grounded fears of the evil effects of the bank on society, (and especially the agricultural interest,) its incompatibility with the safety and welfare of the state; an improbable possibility of undue influence from it on the legislature itself; with other arguments of equal weight and truth. But the real cause must be ascribed to the continuance of the spirit of the same party which had been so violently opposed to Mr. Morris, and the society with which he associated during the whole of the American war. The debates on the occasion, which excited great interest among all classes of society, were accurately taken down,

\* See the Statement of his Finance Accounts, before referred to.

and published in a pamphlet.\* Mr. Morris replied to all the arguments of his opponents with a force of reasoning that would have produced conviction in the minds of any man, not previously determined to destroy the bank, if possible, at all hazards. The question however was lost by a majority of 18, (28 to 41). The succeeding legislature restored the charter.

The next public service rendered by Mr. Morris to his country, was as a member of the convention that formed the federal constitution in the year 1787. He had, as a part of his colleagues, Benjamin Franklin, George Clymer, and James Wilson, with whom he assisted in the councils that led to the memorable and decisive measures of the year 1776; and now with them again united in forming the bond of union, which was to lay the foundation for the future and permanent prosperity of their country. The want of an efficient federal government in conducting the war, had been severely felt by all those at the head of affairs, either in a civil or military capacity, and most particularly by Mr. Morris, while a member of Congress, and afterwards when the financial concerns of the Union were exclusively committed to him; and the necessity of it, "one, which would draw forth and direct the combined efforts of United America," was strongly urged by him, in the conclusion of his masterly preface to the "Statement of his Finance Accounts," already referred to.

The confidence of his fellow-citizens was again shown, in his election as one of the representatives from Philadelphia, in the first Congress that sat at New York after the ratification of the federal compact by the number of states required thereby, to establish it as the grand basis of the law of the land.

It adds not a little to the merit of Mr. Morris, that notwithstanding his numerous engagements as a public and private character, their magnitude, and often perplexing nature, he was enabled to fulfil all the private duties which his high standing in society necessarily imposed upon him. His house was the seat of elegant but unostentatious hospitality, and his domestic affairs were managed with the same admirable order which had so long, and so

\* For this interesting document, we are indebted to Mr. Mathew Carey, as writer and publisher.

proverbially distinguished his counting-house, the office of the secret committee of Congress, and that of Finance. An introduction to Mr. Morris, was a matter in course, with all the strangers in good society, who for half a century visited Philadelphia, either on commercial, public, or private business, and it is not saying too much to assert, that during a certain period, it greatly depended upon him to do the honours of the city; and certainly no one was more qualified or more willing to support them. Although active in the acquisition of wealth as a merchant, no one more freely parted with his gains, for public or private purposes of a meritorious nature, whether these were to support the credit of the government, to promote objects of humanity, local improvement, the welfare of meritorious individuals in society, or a faithful commercial servant. The instances in which he shone on all these occasions were numerous. Some in reference to the three former particulars have been mentioned, and many acts of disinterested generosity in respect to the last could easily be related. The prime of his life was engaged in discharging the most important civil trusts to his country, that could possibly fall to the lot of any man; and millions passed through his hands as a public officer, without the smallest breath of insinuation against his correctness, or of negligence, amidst "defaulters of unaccounted thousands," or the losses sustained by the reprehensible carelessness of national agents.

From the foregoing short account we may have some idea of the nature and magnitude of the services rendered by Robert Morris to the United States. It may be truly said, that few men acted a more conspicuous or useful part; and when we recollect that it was by his exertions and talents that the United States were so often relieved from their difficulties at times of great depression and pecuniary distress, an estimate may be formed of the weight of obligations due to him from the people of the present day. Justly, therefore, may an elegant historian of the American War say, "certainly the Americans owed, *and still owe*, as much acknowledgment to the financial operations of Robert Morris, as to the

negotiations of Benjamin Franklin, or even the arms of George Washington.”\*

After the close of the American war, Mr. Morris was among the first in the States who extensively engaged in the East India and China trade. He died in Philadelphia, in the year 1806, in the 73d year of his age.

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### ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.†

ALTHOUGH the Bible was intended for the use of the whole world, yet, as it was primarily committed to the traditive care of a particular people, it must necessarily partake of the characters which their peculiar habits would attach to the literature of their country. The sacred writers, in their historical narratives, in their devotional compositions, and in their didactic and prophetic writings, abound in the use of terms and figures, of allusions and illustrations, peculiar to Oriental regions, and intelligible only to readers previously acquainted with the customs and manners of the East. An intimate knowledge of the physical and moral circumstances of the people of those countries, is indispensable, therefore, in order to our obtaining a correct interpretation of the holy Scriptures. Without the aids which are to be derived from this kind of knowledge, the most skilful philologists could but furnish us with a vernacular translation of the Bible, as unintelligible, in many instances, as the original itself would be to the mere English reader. Without detracting from the paramount merit and value of the labours of translators and critical expositors of the sacred text, we are disposed to award a high share of commendation to those useful subordinate labourers in the field of Biblical interpretation, who have collected and applied the facts and customs described by travellers in their reports of their foreign excursions, to the illustration of the Bible. In this department, the meritorious labours of Harmer are well known to the student. The “Oriental Customs” of Mr. Burder have also obtained a deserved popularity; and the ingenious Editor of Calmet, has, in his “Fragments,” added considerably to the materials by means of which the obscurities of the Sacred Writings may be removed, and the truth of their representations illustrated.

\* Botta's Hist. Am. War. vol. iii. p. 343.

† *Illustrations of the Holy Scriptures*: in three parts. 1. From the Geography of the East. 2. From the Natural History of the East. 3. From the Customs of Ancient and Modern Nations. By the Rev. George Paxton, Professor of Theology under the General Associate Synod, Edinburgh 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1240. Price 1. 6s. Edinburgh. 1819.

The copious volumes of Professor Paxton differ in their plan from those of Harmer and Burder, and exhibit a more ample range of subjects. Not confining his details and remarks to the several classes of objects to which their researches were directed, he has aimed to make his work a general depository of knowledge illustrative of the text of the Bible, in the several particulars of Geography, Natural History, Customs and Manners. On the first of these subjects, he has availed himself largely of the work of Wells, the titles of whose chapters will be suggested to the recollection of our readers by the distribution of the contents of Mr. Paxton's Part I. Chap. 1. The garden of Eden—The Land of Nod—The City of Enoch. Chap. 2. The mountains of Ararat. Chap. 3. The Land of Shinar, and the City and Tower of Babel. Chap. 4. Of the Dispersion of Mankind. Chap. 5. Of the Conquests and Kingdom of Nimrod. Chap. 6. Chaldea—Ur—Haran—Canaan. The Mountains of Canaan—The Lakes and Rivers of Palestine—State of the weather in Palestine and the East—The General Fertility of Palestine—are the subjects of chapters 7, 8, 9, and 10. Very laudable pains have been taken by the author to collect information on these topics, from Bochart, Wells, Maundrell, Volney, &c. &c. Of the manner in which it is applied, the following paragraph is a specimen.

‘Carmel was one of the barriers of the promised land, which Sennacherib boasted he would take with the multitude of his horses and his chariots. “I will enter into the lodgings of his borders, and into the forest of his Carmel.”\* Ungrateful as the soil of this mountain is, the wild vines and olive trees that are still found among the brambles which encumber its declivities, prove that the hand of industry has not laboured among the rocks of Carmel in vain. So well adapted were the sides of this mountain to the cultivation of the vine, that the kings of Judah covered every improvable spot with vineyards and plantations of olives. Its deep and entangled forests, its savage rocks and lofty summit, have been in all ages the favourite retreat of the guilty or the oppressed. The fastnesses of this rugged mountain are so difficult of access, that the prophet Amos classes them with the deeps of hell, the height of heaven, and the bottom of the sea: “Though they dig into hell (or the dark and silent chambers of the grave,) thence shall mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down; and though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence; and though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent and he shall bite them.”† The Church, in her most afflicted state, is compared to a fugitive lurking in the deep recesses of this mountain; “Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage which dwell solitarily in the wood in

\* 2 Kings xix. 23.

† Amos ix. 2, 3.

the midst of Carmel.”\* Lebanon raises to heaven a summit of naked and barren rocks, covered for the greater part of the year with snow; but the top of Carmel, how naked and sterile so ever its present condition, seems to have been clothed with verdure in the days of Amos, which seldom was known to fade: “And he said, the Lord will roar from Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem, and the habitation of the shepherds shall mourn, and the top of Carmel shall wither.”† These are the excellencies answering to the “glory of Lebanon,” for which this mountain was so greatly renowned. Even the lofty genius of Isaiah, stimulated and guided by the Spirit of inspiration, could not find a more appropriate figure to express the flourishing state of the Redeemer’s kingdom, than the “excellency of Carmel and Sharon.” Vol. I. p. 150.

Some passages in these volumes are examples of indigested remark, rather than of explanatory discussion. Referring to the use of the olive branch as the sign of peace, Professor Paxton remarks:—

‘Dr. Chandler, indeed, is of opinion, that the idea of reconciliation and peace was not associated with the olive branch till ages long posterior to the deluge. The olive groves, he argues, are the usual resort of doves, and other birds, that repair to them for food; and thus endeavours to find a natural connection between the dove of Noah and the olive leaf. The olive might, he thinks, be the only tree which had raised its head above the subsiding waters, near the place where the ark was floating, although it is only of a middling height; but if the dove saw a greater number of other trees above the water, the habits of the bird naturally led it to the olive plantation for shelter and food, in preference to all others.

‘But the greater part of this reasoning avowedly rests upon mere assumption; and although the olive grove may be the favourite retreat of the dove, how are we to account for the olive branch being chosen by almost every nation, from the remotest times, for the symbol of reconciliation and peace? It is far more probable, that the dove was directed by the finger of God, to prefer the olive leaf, or a sprig of olive leaves, as being the symbol of peace with which Noah was already acquainted, or that it might in future, be the token of reconciliation between God and his offending creatures, and between one nation and another,’ Vol. I. pp. 289, 290.

The Author might surely have perceived that his own observations rest as much on mere assumption as Dr. Chandler’s; and he has evidently overlooked the application of Horace’s *Nec Deus intersit*. What limits the Professor would fix to his ‘remotest times,’ we cannot say; but, as no instances are produced of the use of the olive as a symbol of friendship in the antediluvian periods, it is reasonable to believe that the custom of bearing an olive

\* Mic. vii. 14.

† Amos i. 2.

branch to indicate peace, might be derived from the dove of Noah. The olive leaf, it would seem from the expression in Genesis, "*plucked off*," was not selected from the countless variety of leaves which floated on the subsiding waters of the Deluge, or bestrewed the slimy tops and declivities of Ararat, as the Author supposes.

Part II. contains Illustrations of the Scriptures from the Natural History of the East. In this division of the work, the Author has made great use of Bochart's *Hierozyicon*. The profound and splendid learning of that extraordinary scholar is amply displayed in that immortal work. The treasures of oriental and classical literature were at his command; and they are applied unsparingly in his erudite discussions: in quotation he is peculiarly rich and felicitous. From the pages of this learned and laborious illustrator of Scripture, Professor Paxton has borrowed the very numerous passages from Homer, Virgil, &c. which ornament his own illustrations of Natural History; and we should have been glad to report, that he has apprized his readers of the kind and extent of his obligations, which are by no means indicated by an occasional reference to 'Bochart.' The "*Hierozyicon*" is not in the hands of every reader, and we shall, therefore, supply this deficiency by transcribing, as a specimen, from Bochart, the passage to which Professor Paxton has been indebted for the learned illustrations in the following paragraphs.

'The incantation of serpents is one of the most curious and interesting facts in natural history. This wonderful art, which soothes the wrath, and disarms the fury of the deadliest snake, and renders it obedient to the charmer's voice, is not an invention of modern times; for we discover manifest traces of it in the remotest antiquity. It is asserted, that Orpheus, who probably flourished soon after letters were introduced into Greece, knew how to still the hissing of the approaching snake, and to extinguish the poison of the creeping serpent. The Argonauts are said to have subdued, by the power of song, the terrible dragon that guarded the golden fleece: *Ἡδὲν ἀνοπὴ θιλάει τερας*. Ovid ascribes the same effect to the soporific influence of certain herbs and magic sentences:

"Hunc postquam sparsit Lethæi gramine succi,  
Verbaque ter dixit placidos facientia somnos."

It was the custom of others to fascinate the serpent, by touching it with the hand. Of this method Virgil takes notice in the seventh book of the *Æneid*.

"Spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat."

Silius Italicus is still more express in his first book:

"Nec non Serpentes diro exarmare veneno  
Doctus Atyr, tactuque graves sopiré chelydros."

But it seems to have been the general persuasion of the ancients,



that the principal power of the charmer lay in the sweetness of his music. Pliny says, accordingly, that serpents were drawn from their lurking places by the power of music. Seneca held the same opinion:

“ ——— tracta Magicis cantibus  
Squamea latebris turba desertis adest.”

Serpents, says Augustine, are supposed to hear and understand the words of the Marsi; so that, by their incantations, these reptiles, for the most part, sally forth from their holes.

‘The power of music was believed to expel the serpent’s poison, and render its bite harmless:

“ Vipereo generi et graviter spirantibus hydrys  
Spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,  
Mulcebat que iras et morsus arte levabat.”

Æn. b. vii. l. 753.

‘Isodorus entertained the same opinion, which he thus expresses.

“Marsos illesos esse carminum maleficiis.”

- By the same means, or by the touch, it was believed, that the sufferings of those who had been bit, might be alleviated, and a complete cure accomplished. The sentiments of Virgil on this particular have been already stated. To his authority those pointed lines of Lucan may be added:

“ Pestis nigris inserta medullis  
Excantata perit.”

Vol. I. pp. 343, 344.

We have here a very unusual display of erudition, and an apparent facility of quotation, which would indicate the most familiar acquaintance with ancient literature. But let us turn to Bochart. (Hierozoicon, Pars Secunda, lib. iii. *De Serpentibus*.) ‘—Neque *Orpheum* hanc artem (the incantation of serpents) latuisse idem probat ex ipsius *Orphei* verbis.—Eodem pertinet, quod *Appollonii Argonauticon* libri quarti versu 147, *Medea* legitur Ἡδὴν ἡνοπὴν Σιλῆας τρέας, *suavi voce mulsisse monstrum*, id est, draconem; velleris aurei custodem.—*Ovidius* idem *Jasoni* tribuens libro septimo *Metamorphoses*,

Hunc postquam sparsit *Lethæi* gramine succi,  
Verbaque ter dixit placidos facientia somnos.

Aliis enim serpentes manu et tactu facinare moris erat. Virgilius libro septimo *Æneidos*,

Spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat.

*Silius Italicus* libri primi versu 411,

Nec non serpentes diro exarmare veneno  
Doctus *Atyr*, tactuque graves sopire chelydros.

—Cantu nempe Magico credebantur serpentes, e cavernis elici, atque evocari. Sic *Plinius* libri octavi capite decimo sexto eos *extrahi cantu*, dicit, cogique in pœnam.—Et *Seneca* in *Medea*,

tracta Magicis cantibus.

Squamea latebris turba desertis adest.

*Augustinus* libri undecimi De Genesi ad literam capite vigesimo octavo, *Putantur audire et intelligere serpentes verba Marsorum, ut eis incantantibus, prosiliant plerumque de latebris.*

*Etiam cantu sisti, deliniri, et stupefieri dicuntur angues.—Virgilius* ubi supra,

Vipereo generi, et graviter spirantibus hydrys

Spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat

Mulcebatque iras, et morsus arte levabat.

Cantu insuper crediti serpentes ab omni veneno expurgari, ut ne morsu noceant. Ita Isidorus Originum libri noni capite secundo, *Marsos scribit illæsos esse carminum maleficiis.*

—Et Lucanos libri noni versu 933,

Pestis nigris inserta medullis

Excantati perit.—

pp 386—390. Ed. 1675.

Neither the utility of the "Illustrations," nor the reputation of the Author, would have been impaired by a distinct acknowledgment of the advantages which the work has derived from Bochart's Collections. It is but just, that the learned of former times should enjoy the undivided credit of their indefatigable researches; and it is but honest, that succeeding writers who reap the fruits of their labours, should frankly ascribe to the original authors whatever they may choose to transfer from their works into their own pages. In the case before us, we should have been better pleased to find the Professor stating that a considerable portion of his work is abridged from the Hierozoicon, and that to Bochart he is indebted for the classical ornaments of his own "Illustrations." We could wish to see in living authors a more cautious regard for their own credit, and a more just and honourable feeling for the reputation of preceding writers.

In the account of the ass, we have the following remarks:

'To ride upon an ass was, in the days of the judges, a mark of distinction, to which it is probable, the vulgar might not presume to aspire. This is evident from the brief notices which the inspired historian gives of the greatness and riches of Jair, the Gileadite, one of these judges: "he had thirty sons that rode on thirty ass colts; and they had thirty cities, which are called Havoth-jair unto this day."\* Abdon the Pirathonite, another of these judges, "had forty sons and thirty nephews, that rode on threescore and ten ass colts."† It is reasonable to suppose, that the manners and customs of the chosen tribes underwent a change when the government became monarchical, and the fascinating pleasures of a court began to exert their usual influence; still, however, the ass kept his place in the service of the great: Mephibosheth, the grand-

\* Jud. x. 3, 4.

† Jud. xiv. 13, 14.

son of Saul, rode on an ass; as did Ahitophel, the prime minister of David, and the greatest statesman of that age. Even so late as the reign of Jehoram, the son of Ahab, the services of this animal were required by the wealthy Israelite: the Shunamite, a person of high rank, saddled her ass, and rode to Carmel, the residence of Elisha, to announce the death of her son to the prophet, and to solicit his assistance.\*

‘But, as the number of horses increased in Judea, and people of rank and fashion became fonder of pomp and show, the movements of the nobler and statelier animal were preferred to the rapid, but less dignified, motions of the ass. This change, it is reasonable to suppose, began to take place from the accession of Solomon to the throne of Israel; for that rich and splendid prince, collected a very numerous stud of the finest horses that Egypt and Arabia could furnish. One thing is certain, that after the Jews returned from their long captivity in Babylon, the great and fashionable, for the most part, rode the horse or the mule. The ass was resigned to the use of the lower orders; and it quickly became a mark of poverty and meanness to appear in public on that animal. This important change in the sentiments and customs of the Jews, enables us to understand how the public entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, riding on a young ass, could have been foretold by the prophet Zecharia, as an instance, of his meekness and humility: “Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy king cometh unto thee; he is just, and having salvation, lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.”† On that memorable occasion, by returning to the primitive simplicity which marked the conduct of their fathers, he poured contempt on the pride of human glory; he put honour upon the law, which prohibited the chosen people to multiply horses, lest they should imbibe the spirit, and engage in the ruinous enterprises of warlike nations; and he displayed at once, the mildness of his administration, and the unaffected meekness and lowliness of his character.’ Vol. I. pp. 430, 431.

Professor Paxton adopts Mr. Harmer’s illustration of our Lord’s warning to his disciples. Mark xiii. 15. Matt. xxiv. 17. The staircase of an Eastern house, he remarks,

‘Is uniformly so contrived, that a person may go up or come down by it, without entering into any of the offices or apartments; and by consequence, without disturbing the family, or interfering with the business of the house. In allusion to this method of building, our Lord commands his disciples, when the Roman armies entered Judea, to flee to the mountains; and adds “Let him that is on the house top not go down into the house, neither enter therein, to take any thing out of the house.” They were commanded to flee

2 Kings, iv. 8. 14.

† Zech. ix. 9.

from the top of the house to the mountains, without entering the house; which was impossible to be done, if the stairs had not been conducted along the outside of it, by which they could escape.' Vol. II. p. 244.

Mr. Burder's would seem to be an easier and more satisfactory method of elucidating the text. He gives in his "Oriental customs," the following extract from Wilyams's "Voyage up the Mediterranean:" 'The houses in this country are all flat-roofed and communicate with each other: a person there might proceed to the city walls, and escape into the country, without coming down into the street.\* Speedy flight is the object of our Lord's recommendation; and this would be much more practicable in the latter case, than in the former.

These copious volumes comprise a very ample collection of materials for the illustration of the Scriptures, and are well adapted for the use of those who are engaged in the work of public religious instruction; for whose benefit they are chiefly intended by the Author, having been originally prepared for the students under his care. It is, indeed, a work which must interest and gratify every reader who makes the intelligent perusal of the Scriptures an object of his attention. The volumes admit of compression, the Author's style being rather diffuse. His diction is on the whole perspicuous, though not free from blemishes: we have 'future,' for subsequent; 'plenty' for plentiful; and some other Scoticisms. Clemins Pædagogus, (Vol. II. p. 108.) is to us a novel personage. The bunch of grapes from Eschol, (Vol. I. p. 283.) is represented as requiring the strength of two men to bear it. The mode of its conveyance, "between two upon a staff," we should rather imagine to have been adopted in order to preserve the fruit from being crushed. The Chaldee Paraphrast does not describe the ministers of religion as engaged, since the coming of Christ, in teaching the people and conducting the affairs of the church. (Vol. I. p. 159.) An Index of *Texts Illustrated*, concludes the work. An Index of *Subjects* would have been a useful addition.

The annals of Newmarket record instances of horses that have literally outstripped the wind, as is proved from accurate calculations. The celebrated *Childers* was commemorated in particular as the swiftest of his tribe. He was known to have run near a mile in a minute: and to have cleared the course in Newmarket, which is only 400 yards short of four miles in 6 minutes and 40 seconds; running at the rate of  $82\frac{1}{2}$  feet in the space of a second. Of nearly equal fame is the character of *Eclipse*, whose strength was said to be greater, and his swiftness scarcely inferior.—*Shaw's Gen. Zool.*

\* Vol. II. No. 1210.

MARCH, 1823—NO. 251 26

## ON CRANIOSCOPY, CRANIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, &amp;c.\*

By Sir TORY TICKLETOBY, *Bart.*

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

*Counsel for the Prosecution.*

Gentlemen of the Jury, this cause here  
 Depends not on the truth of witnesses,  
 As was the case some hundred years ago,  
 Before the days of Justice Tickletoebius;  
 But upon statute 4th of George the Fourth.—  
 Compare this villain's head with what you know  
 Of bumps, that all agree denote a thief;  
 And if there's a righteous skull-cap in the box,  
 (And I must not suppose it otherwise,)  
 I have no fear but you'll give verdict, "Guilty."

*Counsel for the Prisoner.*

Look at that bump, my lord, upon his head;  
 Pray feel its brother, on the other side;  
 And say if, in the range of possibilities,  
 This poor man here could either rob or steal,  
 And bear such striking marks of rigid virtue.  
 Ye gentlemen of Jury, feel your heads,  
 And if there is a knob upon your skulls  
 (Unless mayhap the rudiments of horns,)  
 That bears more honest seeming, then will I  
 Give up this much wrong'd man to punishment.

*Justiciary Records for the year 1996.*

As almost every individual in this ancient city who can read has lately had an opportunity of judging of, the infallibility of the doctrine which measures the powers of our minds by the bumps upon our skulls, from the accurate examination of the head of the unfortunate individual who lately forfeited his life to the laws of his country, by one so eminently qualified to form an accurate opinion on the subject, I trust I shall be pardoned for dedicating a few pages to a theme which I have been compelled to hear illustrated in every company.

There seems now little doubt, from the learned publications of our own countrymen, that every prevalent bent of mind or brain (for brain without mind is a very useless article indeed) develops itself by a corresponding increase of the bony case which is supposed to contain the thinking apparatus, and that an exam-

\* *Cranioscopy* means the inspection of the cranium, and *Craniology*, a discourse on the cranium. *Phrenology* is derived from the Greek noun *φρενας*, mind, or rather perhaps from *φρενις*, *mentis delirium*; the same root from which our common English word *phrenzy* takes its rise, and which signifies, according to Dr. Johnson, on the authority of Milton, *madness, frantickness*. The Scottish writers on this subject, with the characteristic good sense of their countrymen, prefer the appropriate term *phrenology* to the less significant terms employed by the cranial philosophers of the south or the fathers of skull science on the continent. *Phrenitis* in the nosological systems of Sauvages and Cullen, I need scarcely remark, is a cognate word.

ination of the head of any one by those in the secret, is sure to detect the prevailing character of the individual, from the external swellings or bumps upon his skull. This is the system of those renowned discoverers, Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, and of their illustrators in this country; and any one who takes the trouble to examine it by the test of experiment, will soon find that this hypothesis of human action is admirably calculated for the subsequent improvement of our species. My chief objection to it is, that it does not go far enough, and that in the thirty-three great divisions in the map of the osseous covering of the centre of nervous energy, room has not been found for thirty-three divisions more. For instance, we know that there are dull, and very stupid, and even insane people in the world; yet there is no organ of stupidity, or bump of dulness,—no rise or depression to designate the sane from the insane,—the crack-brained theorist from the cool investigator. Now, that there must, in some skulls at least, be tremendous bumps of folly and gullibility, (*gullibilitiveness*, I believe, should be the word,) the writings of Spurzheim and his followers afford abundant and most melancholy proof.

The intimate connection which subsists between the stomach and the brain, so well known to medical men from the intolerable headachs which arise from repletion and indigestion, also well deserves the notice of some great man, capable of working up the idea into a system. The facts which have come under my own notice, have long impressed me with the belief, that there is more mind in the belly than most people are aware of. There is no saying what effect even diet may have on the production of genius; and it would be premature, in the present state of our knowledge on this point, to offer any conjectures as to the share which breakfast, dinner, and supper may have had in the elicitation of works, hitherto attributed to the head alone.

Without entering into the merits of these rival hypotheses, or of the more probable one of Lavater, that the prevailing habits of thought give a characteristic tone to the whole physiognomy, I may be permitted to state, that the production of genius is a much more philosophical subject of inquiry than the indications of it or the want of them in a person already formed, and where the utmost that can be expected from the knowledge is, some minute regulations for checking or improving what can only be checked or improved to a very limited extent. These indications, then, of the hitherto barren theory of Drs. Gall, Spurzheim, and Company, I now purpose to turn to some practical account.

It is a well-known fact, that the human cranium may be moulded, in early infancy, into any conceivable shape, from the elastic nature of the bones of which it is formed. Every medical practitioner, from Hippocrates and Celsus down to Abraham Posset the apothecary, is aware of this fact; and it is equally well ascertained, that several tribes of savages take their distinctive mark

from the form of the skull. It is fashionable among one tribe, for instance, to wear their brain in a case shaped like a sugar-loaf, while others prefer to have their terminating prominence moulded in imitation of a cocoanut. And I have little doubt, when the interior of the African continent is better known, that nations will be found with their craniums compressed into forms still more unaccountable.\* The mere mention of these undoubted facts, when coupled with the knowledge of the functions of the brain derived from the writings of Gall, Spurzheim, and their British disciples, must awaken, in the minds of philosophic observers ideas of the perfectibility of the human race, and the contraction and expansion of the powers of the human mind, which may make the golden age of the old world, or the Millenium of the present, an event within the reach of ordinary life, and perfectly practicable in the next generation.

I know the envy generally attached to the promulgator of a new discovery; and I should not have dared, did a court of inquisition exist in this country, perhaps even to hint at the generalization of facts collected by the great men who have gone before me in the road of discovery. But if the scheme I have now to propose be taken up by Parliament in their next session, I pledge myself, (the principles of Gall and Spurzheim retaining their infallibility,) gradually to lessen by its means the annual amount of crime in this country, and in the course of thirty years, the common term for a generation of human beings, to banish it entirely from Great Britain.

As it is of considerable importance, however, and as it may prevent the honour of my discovery from being appropriated by others, and save a world of literary controversy about priority of ideas, I beg to mention, that the idea came into my organ of inventiveness on the twenty-fifth of July, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one, ten minutes after eleven o'clock at night, and that it entered into my very marked organ of benevolence in less than three minutes after. As all the circumstances which lead to any very notable discovery are of service in tracing the filiation of ideas, I may further remark, that it was after a careful perusal of the Phrenological notices regarding Haggart's head attached to the end of that murderer's narrative, and the very satisfactory illustration of that almost prophetic art, which can, by manipulation typify a thrice-condemned convict as a remarkable culprit, before he is actually hanged! My supper this evening consisted of a plate of strawberries, (very small ones,) and about the eighth part of an ounce, by estimation, of Scottish Parmesan, viz. ewe-milk cheese.—Thus much for the ascertainment of my discovery, which I have little doubt, will add a few leaves more to

\*The relation which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Othello, of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," may turn out to be a veritable fact. Othello, it will be observed, was a native of Africa.

the already flourishing laurel which already encircles the head of Sir Tobias Tickletoebæus, Baronet.

As all the organs of thought and volition are as distinctly laid down in the cranial map of Gall and Spurzheim as the position of the Isle of May, or the Bell Rock, in the charts of the coast of Scotland,—and as I have already demonstrated the practicability of compressing the cranial bones, at an early age, into any conceivable form,—nothing more is required, to give a new and definite direction to the thoughts and feelings of the next generation than to mould the infant head to a given form, by the simple application of an unyielding metal head-dress, formed so as only to permit the development of the required organs. These metal caps might be moulded from the heads of those whose ruling passions were most strongly marked: and, continuing them of the same form, they might be made of increasing sizes, so as to suit every shade of growth, from puling infancy to the full grown man.

If the elevation of the skull, at a certain part, be occasioned by the development of a particular organ situated under it, (and this has been clearly demonstrated by Dr. Spurzheim, and his Scottish disciples,) there can be nothing more easy in nature or in the brass and iron manufactures, than to furnish metal caps, which, by repressing the growth of the injurious, and encouraging the expansion of the good affections, would inevitably make all the future generations of Britons to think and act alike for the common welfare. For instance, were the protestant succession wished to be secured to the descendants of the present reigning family, let the royal infants be provided, from their births, with iron caps with a large vacancy for *amativeness* and *philoprogenitiveness* in which these organs might shoot up to the utmost luxuriance; and if the organs of benevolence and righteousness, (why not *benevolentiveness* and *righteousiveness*, Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim?) were thought necessary in sovereigns, their growth might be encouraged at the expense of the other organs of less public value—as *selflovativeness* and *covetiveness*. Repressing the disposition to *furtiveness* and *secretiveness* in the next generation, the cause of one class of crimes would be instantly done away. Allow not the organs of *destructiveness* and *combativeness* to expand their bony covering, and war will be banished from the land. When the means of subsistence become too scanty for the existing population, let the organs of *amativeness* and *philoprogenitiveness* have no room for display in the head dresses of the young, and the next generation will live and die in hopeless virginity and unregarded celibacy. The organ of public *approbation* might make all the gentlemen in the public offices, now so handsomely paid for their trouble, think themselves fully requited for their services by a vote of thanks, were this organ to be exclusively encouraged in the children of the present incumbents. A strict attention to the



organ of *righteousness*, might sweep away at once all the expensive establishments of courts, judges, and lawyers: and the due production of the organs of *veneration* and *benevolence*, might save our successors, in less than thirty years, the expense of churches, and the payment of tithes. And were other nations not to adopt the great discovery now promulgated, and it were necessary to have a standing army kept up, one or two hundred thousand children, with steel caps which should allow only the organs of *combativeness* and *destructiveness* to enlarge in their infant craniums, would place the country in perfect safety from the danger of foreign invasion; while a due proportion of the organ of *determinativeness* in our peasantry and mechanics might make our subjugation a matter of absolute impossibility.

In short, the thirty-three divisions into which the skull is arranged and the thirty-three propensities corresponding to these divisions, may be so modified, by adopting metal cases for the covering of the heads of the young, as to produce any quantity of talent required. The Parliament have only to pass an act, ordering a sufficient number of these skull-moulds to be made, of various sizes, for the use of every parish; and to make it felony, without benefit of clergy, for the next generation to be without them, at least till the wished-for organs have sufficiently displayed themselves. Of the effects of this discovery upon the future fate of the world, nobody who possesses one bump out of the thirty-three can allow himself to doubt. The extravagance of one sovereign might easily be made up in the penuriousness of his successor; and indeed the measure, by a little care on the part of the parish officers, might make the least wise of the next generation equal to Newton or Bacon, and the least eloquent not inferior to Cicero or Demosthenes. In fact, the world might be made, in less than a century, to advance further in intellectual and moral improvement than it has done for the last five thousand years. Wars, and the ravages of war, might be made for ever to cease; and the multiplied and varied generations of mankind, might, without rivalry, walk their round upon the stage of life, free from the irritations of passion, and from every stain of moral turpitude which could either embitter their wanderings in time, or lessen their hopes of immortality. Then should we have professors of anatomy and butchers (to use a common metaphorical expression,) born with the knife in their teeth; lecturers on every branch of science calculated to acquire the necessary information from their cradles; or, what perhaps would be still better, the metal caps might be constructed so as to allow no faculty to expand beyond the mediocrity of hopeless dullness, or absolute stupidity; and then the money now expended in the education of the young, in cultivating faculties unmarked, perhaps unexisting, in the bony covering of the cogitative pulp, might be applied to more hopeful and necessary purposes.

Having laid the basis of my great discovery before the public, I now proceed to some of the minor details. The great matter at the first commencement of the plan would be, to provide accurate models of skulls, with the required organs properly displayed, for the purpose of having caps made of all sizes to suit the growth of the infant cranium. A search in the tombs of great men, whose excellence in any art or science was known and ascertained, might in this view be attended with very beneficial consequences; but as in cemeteries where thousands are annually buried, the confusion of skulls and bodies is such in a few years, that one would not be able to identify even their own bones, the effects to be derived from skulls drawn from this source, could never be accurately depended on. It has therefore struck me, that a more certain way of procuring models would be to have them from the craniums of existing talent where talent is wanted, or from the head-pieces of patriotism and incorruptible integrity, if any such should be found to exist in the country. In my speculations on this subject, I at first thought that removing the integuments from the outside of the cranial covering, or scalping our celebrated countrymen for the purpose of making casts from the bones of their heads, would be sufficient; but as anatomists assert that skulls are not every where of the same thickness, there may exist bumps and depressions on which the talents depend, only to be discovered by an internal examination of the shell after the removal of the kernel. It is not too much to expect, therefore, that the possessors of those craniums which have made a noise in the world, or which have been the cause of the celebrity of their proprietors, may leave them as a legacy to their admiring countrymen; but it would be far more patriotic, certainly, were they now to give them up to the modeller, before old age evaporates the cranial contents, or an additional deposit of osseous matter fills up some of the cavities on which eminence depends. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, the first general in Europe, and who has so often hazarded his life for the benefit of his country, would, I am certain, have no objection to have his body shortened a few inches to promote so much good, and thus be the matrix of a hundred future Wellingtons; and I feel quite confident that none of our own celebrated countrymen, and we have a good many, would hesitate for one moment to sacrifice their heads to the future and certain improvement of their native land. In place of one Stewart, and one Scott, (at present the brightest luminaries in our Scottish horizon,) we might, in a few years, have hundreds of the one, and thousands of the other; and provided we were wise enough to keep the models in our hands, (for they have no such heads in any other country,) an era in Scottish literature might arrive, far more splendid than the age that boasted of Hume, Smith, and Robertson. Or, say that the worthy managers of our city corpo-

rations, and the Sheriffs of our counties, were to lay their heads together, and resolve to deny county and civic privileges to every one who should not choose to have their children's heads cramped into these approved models; and if the General Assembly of our National Church should add the weight of their influence to the scheme, and deny church-privileges to the nonconformists, I have little doubt that the native enterprise of our countrymen, guided by such craniums, would soon acquire the government of the world, and lay the foundation of an empire of greater extent, and of infinitely more power, than any that has yet existed.

It has been objected, I believe, to the system of Gall, Spurzheim, and Company, that its direct tendency is to lead to the doctrine of Materialism; but I see no just grounds for the objection. If the soul is independent of the body, and if the bumps and depressions on the human cranium be the work of this invisible agent, it should rather, I think, afford evidence of its independent power that it can make room for the display of its peculiar faculties, without consulting the mass of matter or the bones where it is supposed to have its temporary residence. But as all the demonstrations of soul are only known to us through the medium of body, it is absurd to say that we can know any thing of this divine essence, excepting in connexion with its corporeal seat. Wine is wine, whether in a hogshead, a flask, or one of Day and Martin's blacking-bottles; and soul is soul whether we suppose its seat to be in the belly, the head, or the feet. Was ever a philosopher heard of, who could invent theories, or illustrate facts, without the assistance of his stomach, and the apparatus contained in his thoracic cavity? and does not a cannon-shot through the breast put a stop as effectual to the operations of soul, as if it had been directed to the head? All that phrenologists say is, that particular powers of mind or soul have been proved to manifest themselves in peculiar developments of the bones of the head; and all that I say is, that by my glorious invention, (as I have no doubt it will be termed by after ages,) the growth and development of these bones may, in early life, from their yielding quality, be made to accommodate themselves to the display of any required faculty of mind.

There is a strong argument from analogy, which may be here mentioned in illustration of the doctrine now propounded. Trees, it is well known when left to take their own mode of growing, always delight to luxuriate in the wild irregularity of unshapely and unpruned branches; though it is quite well known to the skilful gardener that they can be made to assume the form of a fan or a cone on walls, or expand horizontally on espaliers, at the pleasure of their early instructors, and still, after all, be trees, and bear fruit better than in their wild uneducated state. Now, I will not do my fellow-creatures the injustice to suppose, that they are less susceptible of cultivation than plum or cherry-trees; or that the bony

covering of their thirty-three propensities is harder than holl, or boxwood, or more untractable than the teak or "knotted oak." But further illustration is unnecessary; the very mention of the circumstance must carry conviction to the mind of the unprejudiced observer of nature.

It may be objected to the magnificent discovery now enunciated, that the soul may not choose to occupy a habitation moulded to a certain shape, and that, if forced to reside in a house she\* does not like, she may sit sullenly in her cell, and disappoint the hopes of those most interested in her future display. That this may happen in one case out of a thousand may be considered as possible; though it is not very likely that the occupier of a common-place rotundity would be content to lose the pleasure of thinking like Newton or Bacon, merely out of dogged moroseness, which would hurt no body but itself. But even were this case to be more common than can be supposed, the certainty of preventing the growth of evil propensities is sufficient to counterbalance the loss which society might sustain from this cause; and, to carry on the allusion to the training of plants, the manure of education which would in many cases be applied to heads already predisposed to excellence, might raise their possessors to such heights of knowledge, that the average of the whole population might be equal to a Locke, and not inferior to a Pope or Addison.

It is impossible for one mind to conceive all the objections which may be made by the ignorant, or those who are so wedded to old notions as to consider no innovations as improvements. But it would ill become the projector of so magnificent a plan for the future, not to suggest something likewise that may ameliorate the existing race of human beings, and at least banish vice and crime, if it do nothing more, from our native country. If the prevailing disposition of mind can be infallibly ascertained, according to Phrenologists, by the examination of the outside of the head, might not the British Parliament do something worse than pass an act, which shall oblige all individuals of this empire, of whatever age to submit their rotundities to the required examina-

\* By the bye, why is the soul always of the feminine gender, and the mind neuter?

The soul, secure in *her* existence, smiles  
At the drawn-dagger and defies its point.

Hark they whisper!—Angels say,  
Sister Spirit, come away?

I hope some of those metaphysical writers, who bewilder themselves and confound others, by the indiscriminate use of the terms soul, mind, brain, thinking principle, and so forth, would answer the question. My own soul, I am convinced, is an independent masculine spirit, which shall survive long after the pulpy attributes and bony faculties of phrenological minds shall be crumbled in dust.

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tion; and those found with organs hurtful to the community could then be separated from their general mass, and prevented from disturbing the peace of society by their furtive or murderous propensities? Crime would thus be crushed in the bud, and the infant murderer, or the confirmed thief, might pay the forfeit of their intended crimes long before their little arms were able to wield a rush, or their eyes distinguish one species of property from another. The grown up wicked people might be put to death without mercy, for the safety of the good; or, if this were thought too cruel, they might be transported, at the expense of the Societies for the Suppression of Vice, to our new settlements on Melville Island, where their ingenuity might have room for its display in contesting with the arctic bear and fox the right of property in each other's bodies. Were this "consummation," so "devoutly to be wished," to take place, a committee of Gall and Spurzheim's followers in London, and the same in Edinburgh, superintended by their publishing disciples, might be established, for the purpose of picking out all the disturbers of society with villainous propensities, previous to their shipment, and the British millennium might instantly commence, by the shutting up for ever of those receptacles of vice and misery, the Newgates and Bridewells, and prison-houses of every denomination.

As in every great revulsion of public opinion or change of public sentiment, certain classes are sure to suffer, the opposition to the measure from those interested in the existence of crime, or who derive their chief support from the commission of vice, might be overcome by granting them annuities equal to the amount of their annual profits. Or, if this should be thought to fall too heavy on the national income, the measure might be partially delayed till the present race of office-holders wore out. Leaving a few culprits in every county for a certain limited period, the criminal courts and the officers of police, the keepers of jails, and the public executioner, would have no more reason to complain of the stagnation of trade, than other honest dealers in mercantile commodities for a long time past.

In those cases where the bumps on the skull do not form an infallible criterion (for it must be allowed that this mode of judging of propensities sometimes fails) the assistance of those acute observers of human nature, the Bond Street and Police officers, ought to be called in, before deciding finally upon a moral delinquency; and, as a last resource, a jury of Spurzheimists would settle the matter in a way not to be called in question. Though the examination of the skulls of great men has, in a few cases, thrown discredit on the theory, by even the most acute phrenologists sometimes finding the cranium of a thief to belong to the most beneficent person, and a murderer's bump on a head overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," yet these are but exceptions to the general rule,—mere tricks of nature to perplex philosophers. It is a very ill constructed theory indeed, that can

not explain things much more perplexing, and fortunately here the explanation is not difficult. In craniums of this sort, the organs undisplayed possess sufficient control over the externally prominent ones to counteract their mischievous tendency; and although the head of Shakspeare, examined by the doctrines of the craniologists, palpably wants all the organs which should have contributed to form a mind capable of "exhausting worlds and imagining new ones;"—although Milton, by the same theory, looks very like as if he could steal a horse; Dryden might be mistaken for the keeper of a country ale-house; and Swift, Pope, and Gay, as three fellows whom it would be unsafe to meet upon an unfrequented road;—although Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Adam Smith, according to Spurzheim and Co., may be set down as tailors in no great estimation; Joseph Addison as an irreclaimable rake; David Hume and Edward Gibbon as portly coachmen, with heads as smooth as the hind-quarters of their horses;—yet all these I insist are but exceptions to the general rule, and are by no means to be considered as of any consequence in the estimation of the phrenetic or phrenological hypothesis.

To conclude, (for I do not wish to exhaust the subject,) it may be mentioned, as an additional argument for the introduction of metal caps, or mind-regulators, that the heads, where no superior purpose was required, might be formed so as better to suit the various occupations of men than those in common use. Might not the person intended as a teacher of mathematics, for example, have his seat of thought moulded into the shape of a triangle, a cone, a cylinder, or any other form which might be of use to him in his demonstrations of Euclid, and thus save the trouble of tracing illustrative diagrams? those intended to carry weights on this part of their bodies might have the upper surface of the cranium formed into a horizontal plane; while soldiers intended for parade, might have it elongated to a cone or cylinder, which would add some inches to their stature. But these details I willingly leave to the committee of parliament, who will have to arrange the provisions of the bill; only suggesting, as it is my own discovery, that the act should be intitled, both in the warrant of the money which I am sure to receive from parliament, and the Journals of the House, "An act for hastening the British Millennium, and for the revival of the Golden age."

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*Sculpture.*—John Gibson, an English sculptor, now studying at Rome, is likely to rise to eminence in his profession, and to become a conspicuous ornament of British art. Sir G. Beaumont has just given him a commission to execute in marble his exquisite groupe of *Psyche borne by Zephyrus*, the model of which is now the admiration of all who pretend to *virtu*. Canova has been warm in his commendation of this performance, in consequence of which, the artist's *studio* is become a lounge for all the fashionables at Rome.

## MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.\*

The name of the amiable and respected author of these volumes has for many years been familiar to the public: and, we may add, the attention bestowed on his writings is, at least, creditable to the age in which we live. Mr. Montgomery may, therefore, we think, rest assured, that the reputation he deservedly enjoys in his poetical career, will not, like that of some of our more fashionable poets, be ephemeral, but will prove secure and permanent as its foundation has been laid in the best affections of the people. No living poet has more uniformly devoted his powers to subjects of a devotional tendency, and of a pure and lofty character—has shown more tenderness and spirituality of feeling—in short, has sacrificed so little to the prejudices and passions of mankind, without exhibiting the least subservience, in order to secure to himself that share of popularity which is so gratifying, and even necessary to a poetical disposition. If he has not, on the whole, met with the same flattering reception which some of his more highly favoured brethren owe to a generous and indulgent class of readers, he should remember with whom he has had to compete—their numbers and also the profusion of their writings: he may likewise contrast, in his own mind, the nature and moral character of his works, with the splendour and brilliancy of such of theirs as have most powerfully excited general attention. Observing, however, through how many editions some of the constituent parts of the volumes before us have passed, we deny that Mr. Montgomery is to be regarded, in any respect, as an unsuccessful candidate for public favour; neither do we see why he ought to allow any thing like the idea of disappointment ever to disturb his thoughts. On the contrary, he should rise above cherishing those desponding and cheerless anticipations, which he occasionally expresses, as where he speaks of appearing before the public “with many apprehensions, and with small hopes.” We do not indeed say that he ought to be indifferent to the voice of public criticism, but he knows too much with regard to it to give himself up to apprehensions like these, which must have the effect of checking endeavours and resolutions that should be “free as the wind.” His early pieces, it is well known, were harshly and wantonly assailed in one quarter; but still they made their way to favour, in spite of the ill-natured, and ill-timed predictions of his reviewer: and therefore, unless it may, in any respect, have affected the author, so as to dispirit his mind, we cannot bring ourselves to think that the attack was followed with either any lasting or any very injurious effects. He certainly had sufficient power to retaliate, but it was well that he showed a Christian-like forbear-

\* The poetical works of James Montgomery. London: Longman & Co. 1822. 3 vols. 12mo.

Songs of Zion; being imitations of Psalms, by James Montgomery. London, 1822. 12mo. Pp. 153.

ance; and we have not a doubt that the cruelty and the injustice of the offensive criticism, have long since been forgiven, if not forgotten, by the mild and amiable spirit of our author.

We have no intention to examine and criticise the contents of all the volumes named at the head of this article. Most of them have been for several years before the public, and experienced, as we have already said, the applause to which they were entitled. He modestly says, with respect to them:—

“O for soft winds and clement showers—  
I seek not fruit, I planted flowers.”

We cannot however, help thinking that Mr. Montgomery has not been altogether very fortunate in the choice of subjects for his larger poems. It is true, that, in one way or other, they refer to some great moral or important event, in which the best interests and feelings of mankind ought to be engaged; but they are not of a nature to draw general and undivided attention.

His latest volume, *GREENLAND*, is a subject, for instance, that might be supposed sufficiently barren, as the icebound shores of that desolate and inhospitable land are not peculiarly rich in poetical association. Although the poet describes with great fidelity, and not less spirit, the remarkable scenery and most striking and splendid phenomena of the Arctic Regions,—it is as vain for an author to struggle with the difficulties which a subject of this nature presents, as it would be to look for variety where the same uniform and unchanging scene of desolation meets the eye of the beholder. He endeavours however, and not without some effect, to heighten the interest, by connecting it with the fate of the three Moravian Missionaries who first ventured to explore that distant land, and carry the news of salvation to the few and ignorant inhabitants, in the year 1734.—The poem opens with these beautiful lines, descriptive of a vessel gliding silently through the waters on a night of unclouded loveliness.

“The moon is watching in the sky; the stars  
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;  
Ocean, outstretch'd with infinite expanse,  
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;  
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,  
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;  
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,  
A ship above and ship below appear;  
A double image pictured on the deep,  
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;  
Yet, like the hosts of heaven that never rest,  
With evanescent motion to the west,  
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,  
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.”

And the progress of this voyage is no less finely narrated, thus affording full scope for incidents of a pleasing and appropriate nature:—for instance, such lines as these—



"Which makes us feel, in dreariest solitude  
Affinity with all that breathe renew'd—"

"Now a dark speck, but brightening as it flies,  
A vagrant sea-lowl glads their eager eyes;  
How lovely from the narrow deck to see  
The meanest link of nature's family,

come home to the feelings of every one who has ever traversed  
"the pathless ocean."

But with regard to the history of the ancient Norwegian colonies, which are said to have existed on both shores of Greenland, the retrospects which he takes of the history of the *Unitas Fratrum*, or society of Moravian Brethren, and of their disinterested and unwearied exertions in the cause of Christianity—we may remark, that, however well adapted to be introduced as episodes, they are not equally so to form the staple commodity of a large poem. Nothing can exceed the interest with which we read of the sufferings, the voluntary privations, and the extraordinary zeal and devotion, shown by the united Brethren on all occasions, as narrated in their own simple and unadorned annals. They display to us the pure spirit by which they were actuated, and the ennobling end of all their endeavours. We find them leaving their country, their friends, and their habitations—sojourning among the poorest and most abject of the human race—undergoing all privations and difficulties—braving the unmitigated severity of climates within the Polar Circle—as well as the burning heats of the deserts of Africa—yet cheerful, resigned, and diligent, in the cause to which they had devoted themselves. Mr. Montgomery could not be ignorant of the deep interest which every one must feel who peruses the volumes of Krantz, or any other of their historians; and therefore, we think, acted wisely in not proceeding, as was his first intention, to the completion of that poem.

For ourselves, although the "World before the Flood," the most perfect of his works, is a noble performance, we confess we like Mr. Montgomery best in his smaller compositions, which unite a high and dignified tone of moral feeling with great tenderness, and much depth and richness of imagination. We need not enlarge on this subject, as his minor poems either are, or ought to be, familiar with every reader of modern literature; but we cannot resist copying out a few stanzas from some of them, as specimens of his style and manner. From his earlier volume, the subject of so much unmerited abuse, we shall give a few lines. The stanza is certainly not well suited to a long poem, but it is written with great energy and spirit, and has been considered in the light of a metrical experiment.

#### WANDERER'S DAUGHTER.

"When poor Albert died, no prayer  
Call'd him back to hated life;

O that I had perish'd there,  
Not his widow, but his wife!"

WANDERER.

"Dare my daughter thus repine:  
Albert! answer from above:  
Tell me—are these infants thine,  
Whom their mother does not love?"

WANDERER'S DAUGHTER.

"Does not love!—my father hear!  
Hear me, or my heart will break!  
Dear is life, but only dear,  
For my parent's, children's sake.

Bow'd to heaven's mysterious will,  
I am worthy yet of you;  
Yes! I am a mother still,  
Though I feel a widow too!"

From the same volume, we select one of the shorter poems, as being quite characteristic of the author. It is entitled *THE COMMON LOT*, and reminds us of a still finer poem in one of his later volumes, written on seeing the picture of an unknown lady.

"Once in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man: and *WHO WAS HE?*  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

"Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown:  
His name has perish'd from the earth,  
This truth survives alone:—

"That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;  
His bliss and wo,—a smile and tear!  
—Oblivion hides the rest.

"The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits, rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

"He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;  
Had friends—his friends survive no more;  
And foes,—his foes are dead.

"He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:  
O she was fair!—but naught could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

"He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;

He was,—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

“ The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

“ The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

“ The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began,  
Of HIM afford no other trace  
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!”

We shall next copy his matchless poem, *THE CAST-AWAY-SHIP*, suggested by the loss of the *Blenheim*, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessel under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean; and we do so, because we think there is not a more exquisite and affecting poem of the kind in the English language.

“ A vessel sail'd from Albion's shore.  
To utmost India bound,  
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,  
With broad sea-laurels crown'd.  
In many a fierce and noble fight,  
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night,\*  
When Gallia's host was drown'd,  
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,  
Like the destroying angel rose.

“ A gay and gallant company,  
With shouts that rend the air,  
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,  
Their joyful brows prepare;  
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,  
And many a mother's blessing went,  
And many a father's prayer,  
With that exulting ship to sea,  
With that undaunted company.

“ The Deep, that, like a cradled child,  
In breathing slumber lay,  
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smil'd,  
As rose the kindling day;  
Through Ocean's mirror, dark and clear,  
Reflected clouds and skies appear  
In morning's rich array;

\* Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran aground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

The land is lost, the waters glow,  
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

" Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,  
See the tall vessel sail,  
With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,  
A swan before the gale;  
Deep-laden merchants rode behind;—  
But, fearful of the fickle wind,  
Britannia's cheek grew pale,  
When, lessening through the hood of light,  
Their leader vanished from her sight.

" Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,  
Victorious from the war;  
And banner'd mast, that would not bow,  
Though riv'n with many a scar;  
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought  
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught;  
But late her evil star  
Had curs'd it on its homeward way,—  
'The spoiler shall become the prey.'

" Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart  
Throbb'd with prophetic wo,  
When she beheld that ship depart,  
A fair ill-omen'd show!  
So views the mother, through her tears,  
The daughter of her hopes and fears,  
When hectic beauties glow  
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom  
The roses of an early tomb.

" No fears the brave adventurers knew;  
Peril and death they spurn'd;  
Like full sledged eagles forth they flew;  
Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd,  
In battle-hurricanes to wield  
His lightnings on the billowy field;  
And many a look they turn'd  
O'er the blue waste of waves,\* to spy  
A Gallic ensign in the sky.

" But not to crush the vaunting foe.  
In combat on the main,  
Nor perish by a glorious blow,  
In mortal triumph slain,  
Was their unutterable fate:—  
That story would the muse relate,  
The song might rise in vain.  
In Ocean's deepest, darkest bed,  
The secret slumbers with the dead.

\* This expression reminds us of the fine and spirited words in Leyden's apostrophe, in his verses on the death of Nelson:

" Blood of the brave! thou art not lost  
Amidst the waste of waters blue."

"On India's long expecting strand  
 Their sails were never furl'd;  
 Never on known or friendly land,  
 By storms their keel was hurl'd;  
 Their native soil no more they trod,  
 They rest beneath no hallow'd sod;  
 Throughout the living world  
 This sole memorial of their lot  
 Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

"[The Spirit of the Cape \* pursued  
 Their long and toilsome way;  
 At length, in Ocean solitude,  
 He sprang upon his prey;  
 'Havoc!' the shipwreck-demon cried,  
 Loosed all his tempests on the tide,  
 Gave all his lightnings play;  
 The abyss recoil'd before the blast;  
 Firm stood the seamen till the last.

"Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom  
 The merchant-sails were sped;  
 Yet oft, before its midnight doom,  
 They mark'd the high mast-head  
 Of that devoted vessel, tost  
 By winds and floods, now seen, now lost:  
 While every gun-fire spread  
 A dimmer flash, a fainter roar;—  
 At length they saw, they heard no more.

"There are, to whom that ship was dear,  
 For love and kindred's sake;  
 When these the voice of Rumour hear,  
 Their inmost heart shall quake,  
 Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,  
 Believe, and long to unbelieve,  
 But never cease to ache;  
 Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear  
 The hope that keeps alive despair."

The following lines, which form the SEQUEL to this fine poem, relate to the voyage afterwards made by the admiral's son to ascertain the fate of his father.

"He sought his sire from shore to shore,  
 He sought him day by day;  
 The prow he track'd was seen no more  
 Breasting the ocean spray;  
 Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,  
 He sail'd above his father's head,  
 Unconscious where it lay,  
 Deep, deep beneath the rolling main;—  
 He sought his sire; he sought in vain.

\* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms.—SEE CAMOENS' *Lusiad*, book v.

“ Son of the brave! no longer weep;  
 Still with affection true,  
 Along the wild disastrous deep,  
 Thy father's course pursue;  
 Full in his wake of glory steer,  
 His spirit prompts thy bold career,  
 His compass guides thee through;  
 So, while thy thunders awe the sea,  
 Britain shall find thy sire in thee.”

We can scarcely afford room at present for more than one other extract from these volumes of our author's collected poetry. We shall fix on some of the stanzas, of exquisite beauty, inscribed to the memory of the Rev. Thomas Spencer of Liverpool, who was drowned, while bathing in the tide, on the 5th of August, 1811, in his twenty-first year.

“ Oh! there was *ONE*,—on earth a while  
 He dwelt;—but transient as a smile  
 That turns into a tear,  
 His beauteous image pass'd us by;  
 He came, like lightning from the sky,  
 He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,  
 As prompt to disappear.

“ Mild, in his undissembling mien,  
 Were genius, candour, meekness seen;—  
 The lips, that lov'd the truth;  
 The single eye, whose glance sublime  
 Looked to eternity through time;  
 The soul whose hopes were wont to climb  
 Above the joys of youth.

— — — — —  
 The loveliest star of evening's strain  
 Sets early in the western main,  
 And leaves the world in night;  
 The brightest star of morning's host,  
 Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost;  
 Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,  
 Thus sprang his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,  
 That saw him, from the ravening deep,  
 Pluck'd like the lion's prey?  
 For ever bow'd his honour'd head,  
 The spirit in a moment fled,  
 The heart of friendship cold and dead,  
 The limbs a wreath of clay.

Revolving his mysterious lot,  
 I mourn him, but I praise him not;  
 Glory to God be given,  
 Who sent him like the radiant bow,  
 His covenant of peace to show;

Athwart the breaking storm to glow,  
Then vanish into heaven:

Verses of such captivating beauty require no comment; and we must add to them the following lines, on "THE CRUCIFIXION, imitated from the Italian of Crescimbeni," as we should feel some difficulty in pointing out any sonnet in the English language possessed of so much real power and sublimity.

"I ask'd the Heavens,—'What foe to God hath done  
This unexampled deed?'—The Heavens exclaim,  
'Twas Man;—and we in horror snatch'd the sun  
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame.'  
I ask'd the Sea;—the Sea in fury boil'd,  
And answer'd with his voice of storms—'Twas Man,  
'My wave in panic at his crime recoil'd,  
Disclos'd the abyss, and from the centre ran.'  
I ask'd the Earth;—the Earth replied aghast,  
'Twas man;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,  
That still I groan and shudder at the past.'  
—To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless Man, I went,  
And ask'd him next:—He turn'd a scornful eye,  
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply."

We now proceed to speak of Mr. Montgomery's later volume, "The Songs of Zion," which, as the title intimates, consists of "Imitations of the Psalms;" and to furnish the reader with a few selections from it. We cannot say that we anticipate any extension of the author's fame by its appearance, or that it will be much relished by "the reading public." Still, however, it is not the less creditable to his talents and feelings, in every point of view,—even although some people may consider this as a fresh instance of the author having directed his genius to an unpromising subject. We have no feeling of the kind; regarding, as we do, Mr. Montgomery as a person peculiarly qualified by his talents and the natural bent of his disposition to render effective assistance in the changes, which, for some years past, it has been contemplated to make in our national psalmody. But we refrain on the present occasion, from making any remarks on a subject of no less interest than importance; and the more so, as we have the prospect of entering fully upon its consideration at some future time. We must therefore satisfy ourselves in presenting a sample of the contents of this volume, which will be found equally distinguished for unadorned simplicity and force of expression, free from the ordinary embellishments which in general are the bane of this species of poetry. Our specimens shall be few, as we can refer the reader with confidence to the volume.

The author himself, in a short preface, says, that, by attempting to avoid the rugged literality of some, and the diffusive paraphrases of others, "he may, in a few instances, have approached nearer than either of them have generally done, to the ideal mo-

del of what devotional poems, in a modern tongue, grounded upon the subjects of ancient psalms, yet suited for Christian edification, ought to be." In this we think he has been eminently successful; and, as he concludes with saying, that if it shall be found "he has added a little to the small national stock of *psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs*, in which piety speaks the language of poetry, and poetry the language of inspiration, he trusts that he will be humbly contented and unfeignedly thankful,"—it were unjust not to return him our best—and they are sincere—acknowledgments for what he has performed.

PSALM VIII.

O Lord, our king, how excellent,  
Thy name on earth is known!  
Thy glory in the firmament  
How wonderfully shown!

Yet are the humble dear to thee:  
Thy praises are confess'd  
By infants lisping on the knee,  
And sucklings on the breast.

"When I behold the heavens on high,  
The work of thy right hand,  
The moon and stars amid the sky,  
Thy lights in every land:—

"Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign  
On him to set thy love,  
Give him on earth a while to reign,  
Then fill a throne above?

"O Lord, how excellent thy name!  
How manifold thy ways!  
Let Time thy saving truth proclaim,  
Eternity thy praise." .

PSALM LXIX.

"O God be merciful to me,  
For my spirit trusts in Thee,  
And to Thee, her refuge, springs:  
Be the shadow of thy wings  
Round the trembling sinner cast,  
Till the storm be overpast."

"Foes increase, they close me round,  
Friend nor comforter is found;  
Sore temptations now assail,  
Hope, and strength, and courage fail;  
Turn not from thy servant's grief,  
Hasten, Lord, to my relief."



*Montgomery's Poems.*

## PSALM LXXX.

"Of old, O God, thine own right hand  
A pleasant vine did plant and train;  
Above the hills, o'er all the land  
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.

"Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,  
Forth to the rivers went the root,  
Perennial verdure crown'd its head,  
It bore, in every season, fruit.

"That vine is desolate and torn,  
Its scions in the dust are laid;  
Rank o'er the ruin springs the thorn.  
The wild boar wallows in the shade.

"Lord God of hosts, thine ear incline,  
Change into songs thy people's fears,  
Return, and visit this thy vine,  
Revive thy work amidst the years.

"The plenteous and continual dew  
Of thy rich blessing here descend;  
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,  
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

"Then shall it flourish wide and far,  
While realms beneath its shadow rest;  
The morning and the evening star  
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

"So shall thine enemies be dumb,  
Thy banish'd ones no more enslaved,  
The fulness of the Gentiles come,  
And Israel's youngest born be saved."

## PSALM CXXXIII.

"How beautiful the sight  
Of brethren who agree  
In friendship to unite,  
And bonds of charity;  
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed  
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

"'Tis like the dews that fill  
The cups of Hermon's flowers;  
Or Zion's fruitful hill,  
Bright with the drops of showers,  
Where mingling odours breathe around,  
And glory rests on all the ground.

"For there the lord commands  
Blessings in boundless store,  
From his unsparing hands,  
Yea, life forever more:  
Thrice happy they who meet above,  
To spend eternity in love!"

We need hardly say, in concluding, how glad we shall be, on any future occasion, and, we hope speedily, to welcome Mr. Montgomery again in his poetical capacity. We have seen several of his occasional verses, which it were very desirable to have collected from their present very precarious state, in the columns of newspapers and magazines.

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[For the Port Folio.]

## LIVING MANNERS, OR THE TRUE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

*A Tale.*—Philadelphia, A Finley, 1822. pp. 108.

The writer of this little volume has comprised his important "Secret" in a very few pages. The ability he has displayed leaves no room to doubt that he might have extended his work to the satisfaction of the public. The commendation it has received from respectable authorities would encourage us to hope that there exists a taste for serious reading, yet it must be acknowledged that the machinery of a story will decoy many through a religious lecture, who would not have sought it in a less attractive form. The design of the author is to show that "Happiness" is to be found only in the possession and practice of religious principle; which is beautifully contrasted with the "Living Manners" of those who "live without God in the world." When the moral is so pure we do not see that the most scrupulous can object to a work of fiction. The divine founder of our religion himself taught in Parables—a species of story involving some momentous precept or doctrine. A work of fiction ought to be decried if the lesson inculcated be unsound, or the exhibition of life and character so exaggerated as to induce a disgust to the imperfect beings by whom we are surrounded, and a restless discontent in that mingled state in which we are wisely placed.

"Living Manners" delineates common men, and common incidents—excepting indeed the character of Dr. B. whose portrait we should hope, is borrowed from English books where such portraits have long abounded, rather than from a *living* example in the church of America. We think such a pastor would not be tolerated in any denomination of christians in our country.

Such language as the following is repulsive to the knowledge and feeling of the present day. We transcribe it, because, while it affords us an opportunity of bearing our testimony against such improper representations of the clerical character, which is so exemplary in the United States, it serves, also, as no unfair specimen of the style of the writer.

"After a few days Dr. B—honoured Sydney with a visit. The character of his young acquaintance had interested him. He was pleased with his ingenuousness, and he thought he could discover indications of talent, but he regretted that one of so fine promise should be led away, by what he considered the extravagance of fanaticism. Mr. S—had spoken to him on the subject of his nephew, and expressed a wish that he would endeavour to convince the youth of his error. Dr. B—now addressed himself to the task.

Sydney answered the raillery of his Rev. friend on the subject of his indifference to amusement with great good nature. At length in reply to the question, why he could not unite in the pursuits common to those of his age, he answered, that it might be a sufficient reason to aver that he found no delight in them; but, he would go farther, and say, that they destroyed his delight in religion, and, he was satisfied, if indulged in, they would soon destroy his religion itself.

"And what kind of a religion is yours?" said the Dr.

"One, sir, that has its seat in the heart, and its aliment in communion with God."

"Well, but may not a man be religious and live like the rest of the world? I am sure your joining with your friends need not prevent your saying your prayers, or your going to church, or your living honestly."

"My Bible tells me not to be conformed to the world, and characterises the friendship of the world as enmity with God. As to saying my prayers, I may do that without praying, and I may go to the church and spend all the time thinking of the ball."

"But do you believe, when the Bible tells us not to be conformed to the world, it means any other than the heathen world?"

"Every man's heart, we are told, is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and, of course, the great congregation of those hearts which make up the world, must be as much enmity against God, in this our day, as they were in the days of the heathen."

"Is not that strong language figurative?"

"Figurative! why, Dr. are we not commanded to love the Lord our God with all our mind and strength, and is it not evident as the sun-beam that we do any thing but love him?"

"I am sure we do love him. We cannot help loving a Being of so much goodness."

"Yes, his goodness we may love very well, but do we love his holiness? and if we do not love his holiness, is it not evident we do not love the God of the Bible? but we do not even love a God of goodness. If we did, we should serve him."

"And do we not serve him? Are we not regular in going to his temple, and offering up our thanks?"

"Is that all, or the chief part of this service? Does He not require the heart? and is it not palpable that our hearts are in love

with gratification, in some one of its thousand modes? Are we not more devoted to pleasure, the making of money, or the gaining of influence, than to the glory of even a God of goodness?"

"We are in the habit of giving to our fellow creatures, and, in this way, we express our gratitude."

"But are we not bound, whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, to do all to the glory of God?"

"Oh, the rigid measure you propose will never be applied to our actions."

"Has not God said He will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing whether it be good or whether it be evil? Has He not told us that a single evil desire is a breach of the commandment? Does he not command us to improve every talent to His praise?"

"But are we not to enjoy ourselves while in this world?"

"Yes, Dr. we are to enjoy ourselves; but not as the birds of the air, or as the beasts of the field do. We are not to expend all our energies on display, or waste all our powers in trifling. We are, says Christ, to deny ourselves, and take up our cross. We are to keep under our bodies and bring them into subjection. We are to glorify God in our bodies and our spirits which are His; then we shall find an enjoyment in the secret of our souls, of such a nature, as will lift us above this world with the foretaste of a better."

"Oh, I grant we are to seek for intellectual pleasures; we are to exert the powers of our minds, and rise above the mere pursuits of sense!"

"Dr. I mean the banquet of the heart with God: I mean that love, and that peace, and that hope full of immortality, which the bible talks about."

"Well, but there is certainly great satisfaction in conversing with the illustrious dead; in holding high converse with the poets and sages of antiquity; in wandering over the fields of literature, and indulging in the highborn thoughts of which the soul is capable."

"The poets and the sages of antiquity tell me nothing about a Saviour. They lead me not to the joys of the Holy Ghost. My soul is athirst for God, even for the living God."

"And you would banish all these classic writers, and turn barbarian at once?"

"I would that all our young men were led more to the bible and less to the Pantheon:—more to Jesus Christ and less to Cicero:—and, as for myself, though I know their elegance of style, I am content with the gospel."

"Your nephew is incorrigible:" said the Dr. to Mr. S——, the next time they met, "I can't make any thing out of him."

The manner, however, is not exactly, that which we should have preferred for such a book. We do not understand what is

meant by "the dwelling which gave birth to Sydney;" nor do we approve of his "threading the vales around his humble home." Still, as we take a lively interest in the tender part of the community upon which more peculiarly devolves the arduous employment of teaching the young idea how to shoot, we recommend this little work, as calculated to promote their object.

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### REMARKS ON "THE SPY."

We transcribe the following observations upon one of the recent productions of our press, from an Edinburgh Journal, because our readers are, no doubt, anxious to ascertain the verdict of European criticism, in this high matter; and secondly, because the article is a new evidence of what we have frequently asserted, that the better class of people on both sides of the Atlantic, are disposed to cherish those feelings which adorn the gentleman, and illustrate the life of a christian.

'This publication has two claims to our notice—it is an American work of fancy, and it is a tale of America. Its absolute merit might not otherwise have attracted our attention; for it is as well to say at once that it must not be measured by the gigantic standard, of such compositions, appealed to in this country. But we should have hailed it, even had it possessed less merit than it does, both because it is a lively picture of American life, and because it is another offering to the muses, in a country where *that* culture is too new to have as yet greatly improved national manners and sentiments, or shed much of its benign influence either on domestic or foreign relations. The "Sketch Book" has roused us, on this side of the water, to a new interest in the progress of transatlantic talent, taste, and genius. From internal evidence, we can judge that "the Spy" is by a different hand, and we are glad of it; for we love to see, not only the proofs multiplied of the intellectual and moral exaltation of the American people, but the channels diversified for the kindly flow of that genuine sympathy between the mother country and her forisfamiliarized offspring, for which a generous rivalry and cordial intercourse of genius and taste is but another name. It is, therefore, we should hold American *failures*, even worthy of our attention, and every attempt entitled to our critical aid and indulgent judgment.'

Having thus fairly stated Mr. Cooper's claims to notice, the reviewer then proceeds to lay before the reader an analysis of the tale, intermixed, *secundo arte*, with favourable specimens. The article concludes with the following estimate of the merits and defects of the work:

'We cannot say that the story we have detailed is intensely interesting; but we are, nevertheless, disposed to ascribe to it a very considerable share of merit, and although in some places it is rather forced, upon the whole, it carries the reader agreeably along from its commencement to its conclusion. It is, in no

instance improbable, and although the events do not rise out of each other as in a regularly constructed plot, they have a natural enough course in the circumstances, and serve all the purposes of characteristic painting. The author appears, however, to care less about a representation of American manners, than an exaltation of American character; and, having the pallet in his own hands, he has been tempted not to spare the colours. The picture, if overcharged, will at least serve the purpose of a standard for the American character in future, and, we may add, we could not wish our own countrymen likewise a better example; for it is a picture of the most heroic bravery, the most inflexible justice, the sternest duty, the most incorruptible integrity, the strictest faith, the purest patriotism, and the most generous romantic self-devotion. We think, however, that the grand advantage, in the well known fable, of holding the pencil, is not altogether generously used, in so far as all the specimens of the British character introduced, are brought merely to shadow out and display the American, by the most incredible contrast in the whole range of the moral world; in short, while all is wise, chivalrous, Roman, Spartan, on one side, there is not a character that is not either weak or wicked on the other. Wellmere is quite overdone. His bigamy and dastardly flight, leaving Lawton in the hands of the banditti, have no parallel. Henry Wharton is no compensation, although as brave as a British officer ought to be. His conduct, besides involving the grossest neglect of duty when he ought to have been at his post, is so much the foolish, unnecessary act of a mere boy, that its most serious consequences fail to excite our sympathies. Had there been an atom of even duty in his venture,—some important as well as disinterested motive beyond a mere visit, because he had not seen his friends for a year and a half, the scene of his solemn trial would have been enhanced in value, and easily carried to a very high pitch of pathos. This defect of object, as well as motive, attaches to the story in more particulars than one. The Singletons, for example, are pure lumber; wherefore there is no sympathy with the rise and progress of young Singleton's wounds, or Isabella's unrequited love; and we shall not be called unfeeling, when we say, that there is rather a relief to the reader when that supernumerary maid is fairly killed out of the way; there was no room for her, in the fable, more than in the old coach; and, instead of the emotions which are created by the tragedy of a Gertrude, the truism crosses our thoughts, in spite of ourselves, that if she had stayed at home she would not have been shot. It would, again, have much added to the interest of the bold expedition of Frances to the mysterious but, that she had had a sensible errand there. She has, when she sets out, no other expectation than to see her brother, with all the chances of her visit leading to the discovery of his retreat. Had Elizabeth of Siberia, or Jeanie Deans, had an object less weighty than the pardon respectively of a father and a sister, their toils

and dangers would never have fixed our attention for an instant. The fortitude of Frances was as causeless as that of her brother, when he passed the American posts with an old wig on his head, and a patch on his eye. That Washington is in the hut, is alike unknown to her and to the reader; and the scene that ensues is neither necessary to the development or the interest of the plot, nor by any means striking in itself. We go yet farther, and say, that none of the incidents chosen are of a striking kind. If the American war was to be selected, it was surely marked by events and incidents of a much higher character than have here been chosen; events which might have been introduced with the most powerful and exciting effect. Nevertheless, there is not one grand passage in the three volumes.—not that pathos is not again and again attempted; but it uniformly fails for want of adequate matter—for want of *dignus nodus*. We rather trace, too, in the passages meant to be exciting, a considerable deficiency in poetical thought, the essential of that eloquence in description, without which the thrill of sympathy, and the tear of feeling, are never put in requisition. There is, throughout, a want of the nameless charm with which a poetical mind invests even a prose narrative. Of this the author himself furnishes a test in his verses; which are nearly the worst, the most purely prosaic, we have yet seen printed. There is not always good taste or polish in the language of the tale, and sometimes very careless and even ungrammatical composition. There was no occasion for denominating Miss Peyton *invariably* “the spinster;” the appellation repeatedly comes in time to spoil the effect of a pathetic passage, if there had been in it no other element of self destruction; and the constant allusion to the disgusting practice of chewing tobacco, and discharging as well as replenishing the mouth, and to other acts and things of the same kind, are, to say the least, ungenteel.

The chief merit of this tale is some original painting of character, and a considerable portion of humour. Dr. Sitgreaves is quite an original sketch. His unregarded entreaties, that Lawton and his troopers would wound their enemies more carefully, with his other theories and experiments, are very amusing; and his coming out of the flames with the dead body of a robber in his arms, for future dissection, is exceedingly characteristic. Lawton is good, though less new. Hollister and Dame Flanagan we have seen before; but they are well enacted. The negro is a relief to the group, although his dinner procession is more minute than the occasion warranted. Washington is respectably introduced, though we could have conceived him converted to a much more striking use. But certainly our chief interest is in the extraordinary Harvey Birch; the proper hero of the piece. The conception is new, that a man shall sacrifice not only all worldly advantages and comforts, but his *good name*, for his country; and, it being essential, in his circumstances, to his country's good, that he shall be

believed by that country to be a traitor and a scoundrel; that in the whole course of his life, while generous disinterestedness and fortitude are strong within him, he shall do no act which shall betray these graces, but, in the perfect keeping of his assumed character, appear an avaricious, cunning, cowardly pedlar, until in his old age, when he dies for his country, it is found that he was known in all his virtue to Washington alone, is no doubt the very *acme* of self-devotion. The description is good, and the effect very novel and interesting.

We have somewhere before said, that it is none of the least of the advantages of the Scottish novels, that they point out to men of genius in other countries a field of characteristic painting, which otherwise might have remained uncultivated. Although our present author, in no particular, borrows the actual produce of the Unknown Novelist's labours, there is a likeness in the implements and the culture, which shows that a good example has been followed. No one can read "the Spy," without feeling a moral conviction, that, had not the Scottish Novels led the way, it would never have been imagined. It is woven on the same frame, although of meaner fabric, and less precious materials. After all, it is a first attempt, which indicates more power than the author has yet put forth; it is, therefore, superfluous for us to add, that we shall be happy to meet with this American novelist again, with still stronger claims to our encouragement and applause.

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A small farmer, in the vicinity of Manchester, (G. B.) not long since killed a cow, and sent part of the beef and a quantity of suet to his son, a weaver in Blackley, who hung it up so near the window, that some one in the night broke a pane and carried off the suet. In the morning, the weaver missing his suet went to the ale house, where he posted up the following advertisement, which still remains an evidence of the right *John Bull* generosity and spirit:—"Whereas, last night, a quantity of beef suet was taken from the house of Thomas Wolstonecroft, this is to give notice that if the person who took it away will prove that he was forced to do so by distress, the said Thomas Wolstonecroft will give him a dozen of flour to make the suet into dumplings. But if he cannot prove that he was in distress when he stole it, the said Thomas Wolstonecroft will fight him and give him five shillings if he beats him."



For the Port Folio.

## THE PIONEERS.\*

WE hazard nothing in saying that the flattering expectation, expressed in the conclusion of the remarks on "*The Spy*," which the reader will find in this number of the Port Folio, will be realized in the perusal of these volumes. The ingenious writer has submitted a new claim to encouragement and applause, which will readily be recognized, at home, by those who feel the love of country or the love of letters; whilst abroad, it will be hailed by men of generous minds, with that cordiality which is felt when we behold a worthy competitor, in a noble enterprize. He, however, who opens these volumes with an expectation of being enchained by a fascinating tale and agitated by critical conjunctures, as he was in the delightful romance, to which we have just referred, will most assuredly be dissatisfied. *There* the author had a continent for his stage; and his plot was closely connected with the deliverance of a nation. With a daring pen, which is more to be admired than imitated, he brought upon the stage the greatest of uninspired men, and led our imaginations into the stratagems of a camp and the manœuvres of a cabinet. *Here* the scene is laid in a frontier village, inhabited by ordinary personages, who have exchanged the abodes of civilization for a sylvan life. The reader, therefore, must not expect to be astonished by a succession of prodigious adventures, or perplexing incidents and harassing entanglements. His feelings will not be excited by any romantic trials of friendship or love. These the author has avoided, although "*The Spy*" contains ample evidence that he possesses the power of delineating tender scenes with great pathos and effect. We think a few pages of this description would have increased his popularity: but he seems to have turned away with a sort of churlishness, not belonging to his character, from our gratification in this respect. But let us be grateful for what we have.

The work is truly, what it professes to be, "a descriptive tale;" and it is by the laws of that species of composition that its merits are to be scanned. It might, indeed, be called historical; for the historian can scarcely find a more just and vivid delineation of the first settlements of our wilderness.

The dangers, difficulties, and pinching privations, encountered and endured, by the hardy adventurers, who first broke the silence of our interminable forests, and opened a passage for the beams of the sun to the face of the earth, which they had not visited for centuries;—the strange mixture of men of all countries, characters and occupations, who found themselves, they knew not how, assembled around the same fire, and bound together by the same fortunes;—the hardihood and perseverance with which they met

\* *The Pioneers*, or the Sources of the Susquehanna; A descriptive tale. By the author of "*Precaution*." In two volumes. New York, Charles Wiley, 1823. pp. 604.

and tamed the rudeness of savage nature,—and the incredible progress of their victories and improvements—these are the novel themes of the PIONEERS—and they are described in these volumes with the knowledge of a witness and the hand of a master. In Europe the scenes of this tale may be viewed as the wild creations of fancy, and the actors as the phantoms of an ingenious imagination; but the American, who has ample evidence of their truth, will recur to them with deep interest and pride, unmingled with a tinge of incredulity. We have been on the very spot, where the author has placed his village;—we have bathed in the same water where old Mohegan paddled his light canoe—we have witnessed the wilderness in flames, and contended successfully on the lake with the pride of the forest.\* The removal of forests of immense magnitude; the creation of flourishing towns and cultivated fields, where but a few years before those forests stood, are events now so familiar to us, that they scarcely excite surprise. But we perceive the effects without an exact knowledge of the means by which they have been produced. The Pioneers affords us much of this information, imparted with a fidelity and vividness that carry the reader into the midst of the scenes, and make him acquainted with every individual who is introduced. These individuals will all be found in good keeping; not deformed by caricature nor frittered away by extravagance. Each one speaks and acts with perfect fitness and congruity, and they are, as we can testify from personal observation, the very kind of persons who may be expected to be found in such situations.

The period selected for the commencement of the tale, is in the year 1793, about seven years after the axe of a small band of settlers had first awakened the forests from their sleep of ages. The principal personage in the story, Judge Temple,—is introduced in a very striking manner, encountering “the churlish chiding of a winter’s wind,” in a sleigh, accompanied by his daughter, who is returning from a boarding school. The road is described with all the minuteness of a topographical survey; we imagine we hear the pattering of the horses’ hoofs and behold the

\* On the occasion alluded to, the party consisted of three—the venerable Mr. Oldschool and two of his contributors;—one of them a poetical correspondent, and the other a writer in the travelling line. When the deer dashed into the lake, the poet in a wrapt phrenzy, seized the helm of the batteau, the Editor took the prow, and the traveller plied the oars. After an animated chase of some minutes, the animal was overtaken, and as we had no fire-arms or grappling irons, we caught him by the horns and pressed him under the water, while our contributors manfully seconded us by urging the bark on his back. Situated as we were, but one person could struggle with our prey, and he would have escaped, had not the traveller, who is a *bit of a bleeder*, contrived to introduce the point of a penknife into his jugular vein. All this passed in the dark, on the beautiful “Silver Lake,” in Susquehannah county.

frost which covers the horses. While the father is meditating on themes of sweet and bitter fancy, and the daughter is indulging those emotions which the wild scenery around her was so well fitted to inspire, their reflections are interrupted by loud peals from a pack of hounds. A deer bounds into the path, and the traveller discharges both barrels of his gun, successively, at him, but without effect. The animal is brought to the ground by two men, who immediately afterwards appear from behind the pines, where they had placed themselves in ambush. These hunters are Natty Bumpo, or Leather-stockings, and Oliver Edwards. The latter, though he seems to be treated as a person of some consequence by his own friends, does not strike us as entitled to much commendation. He is impetuous and unsettled; has no uncommon qualities, and acts without any precise purpose or object. His companion, we think, has been modelled from the effigies of old Daniel Boone, who abandoned the society of his kindred and built a hut among the Indians; and persisted in removing further into the interior as the path of civilization *invaded* his wild domains. Either of Natty's names is an odd one for a hero; but a hero he is, if courage, fidelity, and a spirit of independence, unbroken by a life of suffering, can make him so. His character, habits and opinions were formed by the course of his life, but they were raised on a foundation of fine materials.

The traveller, who is the proprietor of the tract of land where the whole story is enacted, is willing to have the merit of having killed the buck, though his conscience compels him to doubt *whether he struck him either*.

"No—no—Judge," returned the hunter, with an inward chuckle, and with that look of exultation, that indicates a consciousness of superior skill; "you burnt your powder only to warm your nose this cold evening. Did ye think to stop a full grown buck, with Hector and the slut open upon him within sound, with that robin pop-gun in your hand? There's plenty of pheasants amongst the swamps; and the snow birds are flying round your own door, where you may feed them with crumbs, and shoot enough for a pot pie, any day; but if you're for a buck or a little bear's meat, Judge, you'll have to take the long rifle, with a greased wadding, or you'll waste more powder than you'll fill stomachs, I'm thinking."

A pleasant conversation ensues between the judge and the ancient hunter, in which the efforts of the former to establish some title to the honour of being a good marksman are constantly foiled by the downright manner of the other, who at length terminates the discussion by assigning the merit of the fatal shot to Oliver Edwards. It turns out that the judge had struck this person instead of the buck, and he exclaims, with proper emotion, "—have I been trifling here about an empty distinction, and a fellow creature suffering from my hands without a murmur?" He makes offers of pecuniary assistance to the young hunter, which are received with much hauteur by him, and his grant of a privilege to shoot

in the woods what he pleases and where he pleases, provokes a very characteristic commentary from old Bumpo, who asserts an older title than that of the Judge and triumphantly demands "who ever heard tell of a law that a man should'nt kill deer where he pleased?" This demi-savage is constantly seen in bold relief, separated from all the others by the singularity of his opinions, the inflexibility with which he maintains them, and a manliness of spirit and wild virtue, that command respect even in a being so rude and so humble, so ignorant and unpolished. What could not be obtained by the intreaty of the good-natured Judge is effected by an appeal from his lovely daughter; and the wounded hunter suffers himself to be taken into the sleigh and conveyed to the mansion of Mr. Temple. Here ends the first chapter, and we are only deterred from pronouncing that it is not unworthy of the first novelist of our day by an unwillingness to afford any countenance to the comparison, which has been injudiciously asserted between them.

At Templeton we find Mr. Richard Jones, a kinsman of the proprietor; one of those hangers-on whom we sometimes meet with in the country, who endeavour to conceal their dependent state by a kind of horse-play raillery on the foibles of their patron, and who make themselves useful by mixing toddy, keeping the day of the month, and entertaining that portion of rural visitors at a gentleman's house, which can be entertained by no one else. He is a conceited and loquacious gentleman; and the character is well sustained, until he gets an office, when he ceases to be amusing. Next to him is Mrs. Remarkable Pettibone, in whom we recognize one of those frigid figures, without muscle or motion, apparently, who fill the important station of housekeeper to a widower, in the Eastern States. Her physiognomy may be traced by a single stroke from the vivid pencil of this author: "the skin of her nose was drawn tightly over the member, and then suffered to hang in large wrinkles in her cheeks and about her mouth." Add to this, that she was a tall long-sided spinster, dressed in calico, and took large quantities of snuff. By her side, stood Mr. Ben Pump the Major Domo, a sailor, who was first launched into this world among the mines of Cornwall; then acted as a smuggler between Falmouth and Guernsey; next was pressed, in that little island, which is described so vauntingly as being, exclusively, the abode of constitutional freedom,—fought under Rodney, when he obtained the glorious victory—and, at last, contrived to cast anchor under the hospitable roof of Judge Temple. The rest of the domestics require no particular notice. They come like shadows and so depart, as servants should do. But Ben is a jolly fellow. He is a good portrait, with some novelty in the design. His voluntarily going into the stocks to keep Leather-stockings in countenance and break the weight of his disgrace, is an admirable thought

and quite sailor-like. In occasional dashes like this, Mr. Cooper is eminently happy.

The ball in Oliver's arm is extracted by Elnathan Tod, the village doctor. The mother of this important person, a good lady in the western part of Massachusetts, early foresaw, that "Elnathan was cut out" for the profession, "for he was forever digging for *yarbs*, and tasting all kinds of things that *grew* about the Yots." Then again he had a *nateral* love for doctor-stuff, &c." The patient has not the most entire confidence in his skill, as he throws himself with great alacrity into the charge of Indian John, as soon as this chieftain joins the group. This is the last of a renowned tribe of the race of Mohegan warriors. He had for some time associated with the whites, was baptized, and now occupied a cave, in company with Oliver and Leather-stockings, on the lands of the Judge, to which some mystery was attached. He forms a fine and striking portrait in the circle. He represents, with barbarous dignity, in his seventieth year, the last remnant of a powerful race, over whom his ancestors bore sway. The stubborn, but fallen power and pride;—the lofty sentiments of personal dignity;—the enduring, uncomplaining patience of ruin and despair;—the feverish and convulsive recurrence to his former state;—the deep sense of his wrongs, all softened, though not subdued by his conversion to Christianity, are depicted with a strong and accurate pencil. He charges the Judge with having wilfully inflicted the injury upon the youth, but the warmth with which this is repelled convinces him of his error, and he gives his hand. The doctor resigns his place to him and he applies some simples to the wound and then departs, with his two companions. There is some altercation between Richard and Edwards about the deer, in consequence of the former having ordered the butler to give him the legs and reserve the saddle for the Judge's table. The other shows quite as much connoisseurship in the manner of cutting up a deer; insists upon his legal rights, and is only appeased when the animal is ordered to be placed in the vehicle which has been prepared for his conveyance home. He promises to return on the morrow, agreeably to the invitation which he receives, and leaves the whole party in astonishment at the proud emotions which he had displayed, towards every one but the gentle Elizabeth.

But we find that we have commenced our analysis on too large a scale for the limits which we can assign to this work; and it gives us pleasure to believe that it will be spread so widely through the country, before our monthly brochure is published, that a more particular account of the plot, in this place, will be unnecessary. We shall therefore abruptly break the thread of our narrative, and inform the reader that Edwards is received into the family, where he maintains the same unaccountable behaviour towards its principal personage. At length it becomes necessary to lay siege to the mysterious cabin, in order to execute legal process

against its semi-savage inhabitants. There they find a Mr. Effingham, the grandfather of Edwards, whose father, at the commencement of our Revolutionary war, had abandoned this country, leaving large funds in the care of his friend Temple. He was one of those fair-weather gentlemen who quailed in that storm, which brought out into glorious day, so many "village Hambdens." He died in England, and by some fatality, his family had imbibed a belief that Judge Temple had taken advantage of his own situation and the flight of his friend, to convert all the property to his own use. The misunderstanding is cleared up, according to the most approved mode, and Edwards, or young Effingham, recognizes in the object of his implacable scorn, a model of integrity and firmness.

Having thus summarily, and we hope satisfactorily, got through or rather, if it must be so, evaded the dull labour of abridgment, we pass on to the more agreeable task of submitting to the reader some of the fine passages with which these volumes abound. The descriptions throughout of the appearance and scenery of the country, are highly wrought and very striking. The opening scene of the work, the shooting of the buck, the sudden appearance and appropriate deportment of Leather-stockings and the young Hunter, so admirably contrived to excite and fasten curiosity—the generous intrepidity of the latter in stopping the horses on the brink of a precipice—and the subsequent ride to Templeton, are all, as we have already said, exceedingly well done, and, in most parts, highly impressive.

We have already complained of the want of a few love scenes, for although we are one of those, who have vowed, like Benedict, to die a bachelor, yet we are sometimes visited by some day-dreams on the subject, and we delight, when the mood is on, to indulge even its wildest wanderings. Perhaps if we had been one of the tenants of the wood, we should not have spoiled the barks of the Judge's trees, so highly prized, with the name of Louisa. She is, however, very amiable, and good, and "all that, *you know*." Her weakness and timidity are well contrasted with the higher qualities of the Heiress of the Woods, and render her a very proper companion for her, although we cannot say that she would suit us in that capacity. This may arise however from a sort of indecision, on that delicate subject, which has become so habitual with us, that we claim little right to say a word about it, and shall consider it no disparagement of our critical acumen, if any indignant sister of Louisa, should stigmatize this as only the opinion of an *Old*—

Oliver Oldschool, you mean Madam!

But there is Elizabeth, a fine spirited girl,—with a clear sense of propriety, finely combined with a proper degree of feminine delicacy and pride. She possesses, moreover, great decision and firmness in doing her duty, and belongs, upon the whole, to a high order of

heroines. None of the fierce and scornful looks which Oliver flashed upon her father, escaped her notice:—and in the heart of such a woman, they must have produced many painful struggles which might have been described with much effect. During the time that her lover resided under the same roof with her, a thousand little acts of tenderness must have escaped from the trammels of the most inflexible prudence. These we are left to imagine, and as *our* imagination is as dry on such topics as a remainder-biscuit, the veil must remain undrawn to our eyes. We shall just add, however, that the very causes, which imposed the restriction, were so many means in the hands of the author of enhancing the interest of the Tale. Pondering in our common and *inexperienced* minds upon the singular circumstances of the youth—his sullen pride in receiving the unsought favours of one by whom he fancied he had been so deeply wronged, and yet bound by the irresistible charms of his daughter, we should have led him often to “the dun umbrage of the falling stream;” or borne him reckless of every thing, to the most frightful recesses of the mountains, to muse on his uncertain fate, and meditate on the means of gratifying at once his hate for the father and his love for the daughter. How many long and anxious talks, too, should we have framed for the wondering females, in their moonlight rambles by the margin of the sequestered Lake—about this young huntsman—so silent and handsome—the mystery of his connexion with the barbarous inhabitants of the cave—and, above all, the evident superiority of his mind to his fortunes! Never, Mr. Cooper, never while you live, if you wish to sleep in a whole skin, throw aside such incalculable treasures. For want of a few pages of this description, which we all know you could have thrown off with as much ease as a fine woman scatters civil speeches among a crowd of admirers, you have inflicted a task upon the patience of many of your fair readers, who dare not remain in ignorance of “the new American novel;” certain prodigiously wise critics have pronounced you dull, and the learned fraternity of dandies, have voted you incontinently *a sad bore!*

The first scene which we have selected for the entertainment of those who can endure a novel without any love in it, is the fishing expedition, which is well described:

The night had now become so dark as to render objects without the reach of the light from their fire not only indistinct, but, in most cases, invisible. For a little distance the water was discernible, glistening, as the glare from the fire danced over its surface, touching it, here and there, with red, quivering streaks; but at a hundred feet from the shore, a boundary of impenetrable gloom opposed itself to the vision. One or two stars were shining through the openings of the clouds, and the lights were seen in the village, glimmering faintly, as if at an immeasurable distance. At times, as their fire lowered, or as the horizon cleared, the outline of the mountain, on the other side of the lake, might be traced, by its undula-

tions; but its shadow was cast, wide and dense, on the bosom of the waters, rendering the darkness, in that direction, trebly deep.

Elizabeth watched the motion of the batteau, as it pulled from the shore, letting loose its rope as it went, but it very soon disappeared in the darkness, when her ear was her only guide to its evolutions. There was a great affectation of stillness, during all these manœuvres, in order, as Richard assured them, "not to frighten the bass, who were running in to the shoal waters, and who would approach the light if not disturbed by the sounds from the fishermen."

The hoarse voice of Benjamin was alone heard, issuing out of the gloom, as he uttered, in authoritative tones, "pull larboard oar," "pull starboard," "give way together, boys," and such other dictative mandates as were necessary for the right disposition of his seine. A long time was passed in this necessary part of the process, for Benjamin prided himself greatly in his skill in throwing the net, and, in fact, most of the success of the sport depended on its being done with judgment. At length a loud splash in the water, as he threw away the "staff," or "stretcher," with a hoarse call from the steward, of "clear," announced that the boat was returning to the shore; when Richard seized a brand from the fire, and ran to a point, as far above the centre of the fishing ground, as the one from which the batteau had started was below it.

"Stick her in dead for the Squire, boys," said the steward, "and we'll have a look at what there is that grows in this here pond."

In place of the falling net, were now to be heard the quick strokes of the oars, and the noise of the rope, running out of the boat. Presently the batteau shot into the circle of light, and in an instant she was pulled to shore. Several eager hands were extended, to receive the "hauling line," and both ropes being equally well manned, the fishermen commenced hauling in, with slow and steady drags, Richard standing in the centre, giving orders, first to one party and then to the other, to increase or slacken their efforts, as the occasion required. The visitors were posted near him, and enjoyed a fair view of the whole operation, which was slowly advancing to an end.

Opinions, as to the result of their adventure, were now freely hazarded by all the men, some declaring that the net came in as light as a feather, and others affirming that it seemed to be full of logs. As the ropes were many hundred feet in length, these opposing sentiments were thought to be of little moment by the Sheriff, who would go first to one line and then to the other, giving each a small pull, in order to enable him to form an opinion for himself.

"Why Benjamin," he cried, as he made his first effort in this way, "you did not throw your net clear. I can move it with my little finger. The rope slackens in my hand."

"Did you ever see a whale, Squire?" responded the steward: "I say that if that there net is foul, the devil is in the lake in the shape of a fish, for I cast it in as fair as ever rigging was rove over the quarter-deck of a flag ship."

But Richard discovered his mistake, when he saw Billy Kirby before him, standing with his feet to the water, at an angle of forty-five degrees, inclining shorewards, and expending his gigantic strength in sustaining himself in that posture. He ceased his remonstrances, and proceeded to the party at the other line.

"I see the 'staffs,'" shouted Mr. Jones:—"gather in, boys, and away with it; to shore with her—to shore with her."



At this cheerful sound, Elizabeth strained her eyes and saw the ends of the two sticks on the seine, emerging from the darkness, while the men closed near to each other: and formed a deep bag of their net. The exertions of the fishermen sensibly increased, and the voice of Richard was heard, encouraging them to make their greatest efforts, at the present moment.

"Now's the time, my lads," he cried; "let us get the ends to land, and all we have will be our own—away with her!"

"Away with her it is," echoed Benjamin—"hurrah! ho-a-hoy, ho-a-hoe, ho-a!"

"In with her," shouted Kirby, exerting himself in a manner that left nothing for those in his rear to do, but to gather up the slack of the rope which he passed through his hands.

"Staff, ho!" shouted the steward.

"Staff, ho!" echoed Kirby, from the other rope.

The men rushed to the water's edge, some seizing the upper rope and some the lower, or lead-rope, and began to haul with great activity and zeal. A deep semi-circular sweep, of the little balls that supported the seine in its perpendicular position, was plainly visible to the spectators, and, as it rapidly lessened in size, the bag of the net appeared, while an occasional flutter on the water announced the uneasiness of the prisoners it contained.

"Haul in, my lads," shouted Richard—"I can see the dogs kicking to get free. Haul in, and here's a cast that will pay you for the labour."

Fishes of various sorts were now to be seen entangled in the meshes of the net, as it was passed through the hands of the labourers; and the water, at a little distance from the shore, was alive with the agitated movements of the alarmed victims. Hundreds of white sides were glancing up to the surface of the water; and glistening in the fire-light, when frightened at the uproar and the change, the fish would again dart to the bottom, in fruitless efforts for freedom.

"Hurrah!" shouted Richard again; "one or two more heavy drags, boys, and we are safe."

"Cheerily, boys, cheerily!" cried Benjamin; "I see a salmon-trout that is big enough for a chowder."

"Away with you, you varmin!" said Billy Kirby, plucking a bull-pout from the meshes, and casting the animal back into the lake with great contempt. "Pull, boys, pull: here's all kinds, and the Lord condemn me for a liar, if there an't a thousand bass!"

Inflamed beyond the bounds of discretion at the sight, and forgetful of the season, the wood-chopper rushed to his middle in the water, and begun to drive the reluctant animals before him from their native element.

"Pull heartily, boys," cried Marmaduke, yielding to the excitement of the moment, and laying his hands to the net, with no trifling addition to the force. Edwards had preceded him, for the sight of the immense piles of fish, that were slowly rolling over the gravelly beach, had impelled him also to leave the ladies, and join the fishermen.

Great care was observed in bringing the net to land, and after much toil, the whole shoal of victims were safely deposited in a hollow of the bank, where they were left to flutter away their brief existence, in their new and fatal element.

Even Elizabeth and Louisa were greatly excited and highly gratified, by seeing two thousand captives thus drawn from the bosom of the lake, and laid as prisoners at their feet.

The worthy judge has not a scruple of parsimony in his disposition, but he never hesitates to condemn waste. We record what he says on the present occasion, not only for the purpose of bearing testimony to the truth of this description; but to recal the recollection of a certain frolic on this lake, among those of our readers who dwell amid the wild and wondrous scenery on its margin. It was, perhaps, but an ordinary occurrence to them; diversified only by the presence of a traveller; but if it made no other impression upon his mind, he cannot soon forget such a scene of merriment and hospitality. Pleasure was at the prow precisely where the poet places her; we had no anchor, but abandoned ourselves to the genial influence of humour and wit and wine—the fish of course were not forgotten; but whether they were bass, or gudgeons, is beyond our psychology. But on that question hear the Judge!

“These fish, Bess, which thou’seest lying in such piles before thee, and which by to-morrow evening will be rejected food on the meanest table in Templeton, are of a quality and flavour that, in other countries, would make them esteemed a luxury on the tables of princes or epicures. The world has no better fish than the bass of Otsego: it unites the richness of the shad to the firmness of the salmon.”

By the bye, this is a well balanced period, Mr. Cooper; not a little after a great pattern; reduced, to be sure, to a scaly subject; but strongly evincing that you write *con amore*. We remember, on the occasion to which we have just referred—

“*Author.* Nay Mr. Oldschool do you call this reviewing? Who ever heard of critics stopping to dine? and prosing over the decanter?

*Reviewer.* We never did, sir. Our patrons never dream that we require food or slumber. We must be

Sleepless ourselves to give our readers sleep;

and they enjoy even that blessed invention without any thanks to us. They think that they have nothing to do but subscribe—and read; and we nothing but, as Gibbon’s patron said, “to scribble, scribble!”

The next scene, which we shall present to the reader, is the terrific conflagration in the woods. This was a difficult subject to manage. Language is hardly adequate to describe the magnificence and awfulness of an occurrence so common in this country. We have seen even lately, fences, crops, houses, and every vestige of improvement swept away by the devouring element. It sometimes rages for weeks, carrying dismay and devastation through large districts of country.

Previous to making any extracts, it may not be improper to mention that Elizabeth had gone on the mountain in search of Leather-stockings, to whom she had promised a canister of gun-

powder. She did not find him, but in her rambles she encountered his friend, the Indian chief.

"On the trunk of a fallen oak Mohegan was seated, with his tawny visage turned towards her, and his glaring eyes fixed on her face with an expression of wildness and fire that would have terrified a less resolute female. His blanket had fallen from his shoulders, and was lying in folds around him, leaving his breast, arms, and most of his body bare. The medallion of Washington reposed on his chest, a badge of distinction that Elizabeth well knew he only produced on great and solemn occasions. But the whole appearance of the aged chief was more studied than common, and was in some particulars terrific. The long black hair was plaited on his head, falling either way so as to expose his high forehead and piercing eyes, without their usual shading. In the enormous incisions of his ears were entwined ornaments of silver, beads, and porcupine's quills, mingled in a rude taste, and after the Indian fashions. A large drop composed of similar materials, was suspended from the cartilage of his nose, and falling below his lips, rested on his chin. Streaks of red paint crossed his wrinkled brow, and were traced down either cheek, with such variations in the lines as caprice or custom suggested. His body was also coloured in the same manner; the whole exhibiting an Indian warrior prepared for some event of more than usual moment."

An interesting conversation ensues, in the course of which the heiress endeavours to elicit the secret of Edwards, or the young Eagle, as he is called by Mohegan. The chief evades her questions at first and summons a burning blush upon her cheeks by a metaphorical interrogatory. "The Young Eagle has eyes; had he no tongue?" demands this Chesterfield of the woods. He is, however, about to comply with her earnest solicitations when they are interrupted by an appalling spectacle.

"Immense volumes of smoke at that moment rolled over their heads, and whirling in the eddies formed by the mountains, interposed a barrier to their sight, while he was speaking. Startled by the circumstance, Miss Temple sprung on her feet, and turning her eyes toward the summit of the mountain, she beheld it covered by a similar canopy, while a roaring sound was heard in the forest above her, like the rushing of furious winds.

"What means it John!" she exclaimed; "we are enveloped in smoke, and I feel a heat like the glow of a furnace."

Before the Indian could reply, a voice was heard, crying in the woods, with a painful anxiety—

"John! where are you, old Mohegan! the woods are on fire, and you have but a few minutes for escape."

The chief put his hand before his mouth, and making it play on his lips, produced the kind of noise that had attracted Elizabeth to the place when a quick and hurried step was heard dashing through the dried underbrush and bushes, and presently Edwards rushed to his side, with horror painted in every feature."

He called to the chief, as soon as he recovered breath, to be "up and away;" but his aged friend pointed to the Heiress—

"Save her—leave John to die."

"Her! whom mean you?" cried the youth, turning quickly to the place the other indicated;—but when he saw the figure of Elizabeth, bending towards him in an attitude that powerfully spoke her terror, blended with her reluctance to meet him in such a place, the shock for a moment deprived him of speech.

"Miss Temple!" he cried, when he found words; "you here! is such a death reserved for you!"

"No, no, no—no death, I hope, for any of us, Mr. Edwards," she replied, endeavouring to speak calmly, and rallying her thoughts for the emergency. "There is smoke, but still no fire to harm us. Let us endeavour to retire."

"Take my arm," said Edwards; "there must be an opening in some direction for your retreat. Are you equal to the effort?"

"Certainly. You surely magnify the danger, Mr. Edwards. Lead me out the way you came."

"I will—I will," cried the youth, with a kind of hysterical utterance. "No, no—there is no danger—I have alarmed you unnecessarily."

"But shall we leave the Indian—can we leave him here, as he says, to die?"

An expression of painful emotion crossed the face of the young man, who stopped, and cast a longing look at Mohegan; but dragging his companion after him, even against her will, he pursued his way, with enormous strides, towards the pass by which he had just entered the circle of flame.

"Do not regard him," he said, in those horrid tones that denote a desperate calmness; "he is used to the woods, and such scenes; he will escape up the mountain—over the rock—or he can remain where he is in safety."

"You thought not so this moment, Edwards! Do not leave him there to meet with such a death," cried Elizabeth, fixing a look on the countenance of her conductor, that seemed to distrust his sanity.

The appearance of the woods is next described in the most vivid manner:

Immense clouds of white smoke had been pouring over the summit of the mountain, and had concealed the approach and ravages of the element; but a crackling sound drew the eyes of Miss Temple, as she flew over the ground supported by the young man, towards the outline of smoke, where she already perceived the waving flames shooting forward from the vapour, now flaring high in the air, and then bending to the earth, seeming to light into combustion every stick and shrub on which they breathed. The sight aroused them both to redoubled efforts; but, unfortunately, there was a collection of the tops of trees, old and dried, which lay directly across their course; and, at the very moment when both had thought their safety insured, an eddying of the warm currents of the air swept a forked tongue of flame across the pile, which lighted at the touch; and when they reached the spot the flying pair were opposed by the surly roaring of a body of fire, as if a furnace were glowing in their path. They recoiled from the heat, and stood on a point of the rock, gazing in a sort of stupor at the flames, which were spreading rapidly down the mountain, whose side soon became a sheet of living fire. It was dangerous for one clad in the light and airy dress of Elizabeth to approach even to the vi-

cinity of the raging element; and those flowing robes, that gave such softness add grace to her form, seemed now to be formed for the instruments of her destruction.

The villagers were accustomed to resort to that hill in quest of timber and fuel; in procuring which, it was their usage to take only the bodies of the trees, leaving the tops and branches to decay under the operations of the weather. Much of the hill was, consequently, covered with such light fuel for the flames, which, having been scorching under the sun for the last two months, ignited with a touch. Indeed, in some cases, there did not appear to be any contact between the fire and these piles, but the flame seemed to dart from heap to heap, as the fabulous fire of the temple is represented to relumine its neglected lamp.

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The air seemed quivering with rays of heat which might be seen playing along the parched stems of the trees. The excited imagination of Elizabeth, as she stood on the verge of the precipice, and gazed about her, viewing the approach of their powerful enemy, fancied every tree and herb near her on the point of ignition. There were moments when dark clouds of smoke would sweep along the little terrace, and as the eye lost its power, the other senses contributed to give effect to the fearful horror of the scene. At such moments, the roaring of the flames, the crackling of the furious element, with the tearing of falling branches, and, occasionally, the thundering echoes of some prostrated tree, united to alarm the victims.

The figure of the Indian Chief at this terrible conjuncture, sitting on a log, humming his death song, and viewing the approach of the flames and the crashing of the trees, with immovable apathy, is most admirable. We behold him with a distinctness which is all but real.

Once or twice the eye of the aged chief, which was ordinarily fixed in the direction of the distant hills, turned towards the young pair, who seemed doomed to so early a death, with a slight indication of pity crossing his composed features, but it would immediately revert again to its former gaze, as if already looking into the womb of futurity.

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The log, on which Mobegan was seated, lighted at its farther end, and the Indian appeared to be surrounded by the fire. Still he was unmoved. As his body was unprotected, his sufferings must have been great, but his fortitude was superior to all. His voice could yet be heard raising its tones, even in the midst of these horrors.

What a contrast is presented to our view!

Elizabeth turned her head from the sight, and faced the valley. Furious eddies of wind were created by the heat, and just at the moment, the canopy of fiery smoke that overhung the valley, was cleared away, leaving a distinct view of the peaceful village beneath them.

"My father!—My father!" shrieked Elizabeth, "Oh! this—this surely might have been spared me—but I submit."

The scene of the death of the Chief, in which he returns to the

faith of his fathers and of his childhood, notwithstanding the fervent exhortations of the Rev. Mr. Grant, is very natural and shows a just discrimination in the author. A common genius would have pursued a different course, to make a display of his devotion to our religion.

Bumpo interrupts the worthy clergyman:

"Though all you say be true, and you have scripter gospels for it too," said Natty, "you will make nothing of the Indian. He hasn't seen a Moravian priest sin' the war: and it's hard to keep them from going back to their native ways. I should think 'twould be as well to let the old man pass in peace. He's happy now; I know it by his eye; and that's more than I would say for the chief, sin' the time the Delawares broke up from the head-waters of their river, and went west. Ahs! me! 'tis a grievous long time that, and many dark days have we both seen together sin' it."

"Hawk-eye!" said Mohegan, rousing with the last glimmering of life. "Hawk-eye! listen to the words of your brother."

"Yes, John," said the hunter, in English, strongly affected by the appeal, and drawing to his side; "we have been brothers; and more so than it means in the Indian tongue. What would ye have with me, Chingachgook."

"Hawk-eye! my fathers call me to the happy hunting-grounds. The path is clear, and the eyes of Mohegan grow young. I look—but I see no white-skins; there are none to be seen but just and brave Indians. Farewell, Hawk-eye—you shall go with the Fire-eater and the Young Eagle, to the white man's heaven; but I go after my fathers. Let the bow, and tomahawk, and pipe, and the wampum of Mohegan, be laid in his grave: for when he starts 'twill be in the night, like a warrior on a war-party, and he cannot stop to seek them."

The scene in which Elizabeth is saved from the panther is another which is entitled to the highest commendation. It freezes the blood. It is a fine subject for the painter, and in the hope that it may excite the pencil of some one, we shall transcribe the description in this place, and hereafter furnish an engraving.

The two young ladies were walking in the woods, attended only by a mastiff, when their attention was arrested by sounds resembling a human voice. They imagined it might proceed from a lost child, but their faithful guardian understood the noise better.

He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth, "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, courage, courage, good Brave."

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly, as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever, raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray.

was of the colour of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog, followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail fashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice—"stoop lower, gal; your bunnet hides the creater's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her and he called aloud—

"Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

This article has already been extended to some length, but if we were to pass over the scene in the Court, we should shut our eyes to the most interesting and highly finished picture in the collection. By the artifices of one of those villainous retainers of the law, who disgrace the temple in which they serve, the inhabitants of the mysterious cavern had been tempted to kill a deer, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided. As it was supposed to be concealed in their dwelling, a search-warrant was immediately obtained, but the officer was resisted by old Bumpo, who will not allow,

"An old man's but to be run down by such varmint as them. I won't deny the buck to you, Billy, and you may take the skin in, if you please, and show it as a tistimony. The bounty will pay the fine, and that ought to satisfy any man."

"'Twill old boy, 'twill," cried Kirby, every shade of displeasure vanishing from his open brow at the peace-offering; "throw out the hide, and that shall satisfy the law."



Billy Kirby is an honest fellow, who had been employed by the wily magistrate to execute the warrant. He is of opinion that if Bumpo "forgives the county his demand" for killing the two panthers, "the county should forgive him the fine; it's what I call an even trade and should be concluded on the spot." But this would not answer the purpose of Hiram, who was resolved to obtain a view of the interior of the hut; but, alarmed at the appearance of a rifle in the hands of Bumpo, he ran off and made a new complaint that he had been menaced and assaulted in the execution of his duty, &c. A posse is quickly raised and the old man is arrested. The description of the Court House;—the organization of the court;—the sober deportment of the prisoner,—are all recognized as true to life. But the trial of Bumpo can hardly be surpassed in strength of delineation and vividness of colouring. His simplicity, his subdued spirit, mingled with his habits of independence and unconscionableness of wrong, and his speeches to the court, irresistibly rivet the attention. That part of his address to Judge Temple, in which he reminds him of the rescue of his daughter from a cruel death;—that direct appeal to his paternal feelings, when he asks how the beast of the forest minded his laws when it thirsted for the blood of his child, &c. is a burst of natural eloquence that overpowers the heart. There is nothing in it but what such a man in such a situation might say, and yet nothing better could be said by any man.

Our extracts must be confined to a few passages from the trial:

"The duties of the public prosecutor were discharged by Dirck Van der School, who adjusted his spectacles, cast a cautious look around him at his brethren of the bar, which he ended by throwing his head aside so as to catch one glance over the glasses, when he proceeded to read the bill aloud. It was the usual charge for an assault and battery on the person of Hiram Doolittle, and was couched in the ancient language of such instruments, especial care having been taken by the scribe, not to omit the name of a single offensive weapon known to the law. When he had done, Mr. Van der School removed his spectacles, which he closed and placed in his pocket, seemingly for the pleasure of again opening and replacing them on his nose. After this evolution was repeated once or twice, he handed the bill over to Mr. Lippert, with a cavalier air, that said as much as "pick a hole in that if you can."

Natty listened to the charge against him with great attention, leaning forward towards the reader with an earnestness that denoted his interest; and when it was ended he raised his tall body to the utmost, and drew a long sigh. All eyes were turned to the prisoner, whose voice was vainly expected to break the stillness of the room.

"You have heard the presentment that the grand jury have made, Nathaniel Bumpo," said the Judge; "what do you plead to the charge?"

The old man dropped his head for a moment in a reflecting attitude, and then raising it, he laughed again before he answered—

"That I handled the man a little rough or so is not to be denied; but that there was occasion to make use of all them things that the gentleman has

spoken of, is downright untrue. I am not much of a wrestler, seeing that I'm getting old; but I was out among the Scotch-Irishers—lets me see—it must have been as long ago as the first year of the old war.”—

On this charge he is acquitted and immediately afterwards arraigned on another indictment for resisting the process of the law; upon which he is found guilty and sentenced to be confined an hour in the stocks, and to pay a fine of one hundred dollars.

“And where should I get the money!” interrupted the Leather-stockings; eagerly “where should I get the money! you'll take away the bounty on the painters, because I cut the throat of a deer; and how is an old man to find so much gold or silver in the woods? No, no, Judge; think better of it, and don't talk of shutting me up in a gaol for the little time I have to stay.”

“If you have any thing to urge against the passing of the sentence, the court will yet hear you,” said the Judge, mildly.

“I have enough to say ag'in it” cried Natty, grasping the bar, on which his fingers were working with a convulsed motion. “Where am I to get the money? Let me out into the woods and hills, where I've been used to breathe the clear air, and though I'm three score and ten, if you've left game enough in the country, I'll travel night and day but I'll make you up the sum afore the season is over. Yes, yes—you see the reason of the thing, and the wickedness of shutting up an old man, that has spent his days, as one may say, where he could always look into the windows of heaven.”

“I must be governed by the law.”—

“Talk not to me of law, Marmaduke Temple,” interrupted the hunter. “*Did the beast of the forest mind your laws, when it was thirsty and hungering for the blood of your own child! She was kneeling to her God for a greater favour than I ask, and he heard her; and if you now say no to my prayers; do you think he will be deaf?*”

“My private feelings must not enter into”——

“Hear me, Marmaduke Temple,” interrupted the old man, with a melancholy tone of voice, “and hear reason. I've travelled these mountains when you was no judge, but an infant in your mother's arms; and I feel as if I had a right and a privilege to travel them ag'in before I die. Have you forgot the time that you come on to the lake-shore, when there wasn't even a gaol to lodge in; and didn't I give you my own bear-skin to sleep on, and the fat of a noble buck to satisfy the cravings of your hunger? Yes, yes,—you thought it no sin then to kill a deer! And this I did, though I had no reason to love you, for you had never done any thing but harm to them that loved and sheltered me. And now will you shut me up in your dungeons to pay me for my kindness? A hundred dollars! where should I get the money? No, no—there's them that says hard things of you, Marmaduke Temple, but you an't so bad as to wish to see an old man die in a prison, because he stood up for the right. Come, friend, let me pass; it's long sin' I've been used to such crowds, and I crave to be in the woods ag'in. Don't fear me Judge,—I bid you not to fear me; for if there's beaver enough left on the streams, or the buckskins will sell for a shilling a-piece, you shall have the last penny of the fine. Where are ye, pups! come away, dogs! come away! we have a greivous toil to do for our years; but it shall be done—yes, yes, I've promised it, and it shall be done!”

In comparison with "*the Spy*," we think it will be found that "*the Pioneers*" is a more finished composition and of a higher order; it may not, however, be as popular, because, as we have already remarked, the subject is less captivating, and it wants the interesting plot which enriches its predecessor.

## ENGLISH MANNERS IN FORMER TIMES.

The following curious letter from the Countess of Northumberland, only daughter and heiress of Sir John Spencer—is printed in Nichols's history of Canterbury (a manor in England.) It is without date, but is supposed to have been written about 1617, and will enable the reader to judge of her immense wealth by the extent of her demands.

MY SWEETE LIFE,

"Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling your state, I supposed that it were best for me to think or consider with myself, what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I have had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which both by the laws of God, of nature, and of civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me 1600*l.* per annum, quarterly to be paid.

"Also, I would (besides that allowance for my apparel,) have 600*l.* added yearly, (quarterly to be paid,) for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for.

"Also, I would have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

"Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other lett, also believing that it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a good estate.

"Also, when I ride hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending, so far either of those said women I must and will have for either of them a horse.

"Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet, to myself with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watched lace and silver with four good horses.

"Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women.

"Also, at any time that I travel, I will be allowed not only carroches and spare horses, for me and my women; but I will have

such carriages as will be fitting for all, orderly; not pestering my things with my women's; nor theirs with chamber-maids, nor theirs with wash-maids.'

"Also, for laundresses, when I travel I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before with the greens, that the chambers may be ready sweet and clean.

"Also, that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me, either in city or in country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me.

"And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them very excellent good ones.

"Also, I would have to put in my purse 2000*l.* and 200*l.* and so for you to pay my debts."

"Also, I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* to buy a pearl chain.

"Now seeing I am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel, and their schooling, and also my servants (men and women) their wages.

"Also, I will have my houses furnished, and all my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit, as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings and such like; so for my drawing chambers, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpets, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

"Also, my desire is that you would pay all my debts, build Ashby-house, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God,) to the lord chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden; what entertainment he gave me when you were at Tiltyard. If you were dead, he said he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and he said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty, to use his friend so vilely. Also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter-house: but that is the least, he wished me much harm; you know him. God keep me and you from such as he is.

"So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is that I would not have, I pray that when you be an earl, to allow me 1000*l.* more than I now desire and double attendance."

"Your loving Wife,  
ELIZA COMPTON."

*From the Memoires de Morellet.*

### THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

One evening that Diderot and Roux had outdone each other in talking atheism, and had said things to call down a thousand thunderbolts on our heads, *if thunderbolts fell on such occasions*, the Abbe Galiani, who had listened patiently to this dissertation, at last said "gentlemen, gentlemen, allow me to say that if I were Pope, I would clap you both up in the Inquisition; or if I were King of France, in the Bastile: but having the happiness to be neither, I have only to promise to meet you here next Thursday, and I hope you will hear my answer as patiently as I have heard you." "Very well"—we all exclaimed, and particularly our Atheists,—“on Thursday!”

Thursday came, and after dinner and coffee, the Abbe, gathered himself up into an armed-chair, cross-legged like a tailor, and as the weather was hot, holding his wig aloft on his left hand, and gesticulating with his right, he proceeded as follows:

“Let me suppose that one of you, gentlemen, who believe that this world is the production of chance, were to go to a gaming table, and that your adversary were to throw seize-ace once, twice, thrice, four, five, and six times running, our friend Diderot would lose his money, and think the Devil was in the dice. Very well; the game proceeds, and your adversary still goes on throwing his main of seven, and without variation or interruption wins every stake. Diderot will now lose his temper as well as his money: he will swear that the dice are loaded—that the adversary is a black leg, and that the house is a *hell*! Ah! Mr. Philosopher! because the same sides of two dice come uppermost, for, ten, or a dozen times, and you lose a few shillings, you ~~firmly~~ believe that it is caused by a trick, an art, a combination, by, in short, a *master swindler* and his subservient tools: and yet, seeing in the universe around you, millions of millions of combinations, more regular, more difficult, more complicated, and all certain—all useful—all beautiful—you never suspect that *the dice of nature* are loaded; that there is, indeed, an art, a combination, and a *master intelligence* above, who regulates the great play by his subservient tools, and confounds the reason and the skill of such short-sighted gamblers as you.”

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*A Retort.*—“That is an elegant turkey,” said an American, who was dining in company with a number of Englishmen. They smiled at this Americanism, and he admitted the impropriety of the epithet. Presently his host, who was a true son of John Bull, offered him a cut of a “famous” piece of roast beef which was before him, and Jonathan had a fair opportunity of retorting upon his friends.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. CAREY & LEA have just published "*A Summer Month, or Recollections of a visit to the Falls of Niagara and the Lakes.*" This is an unpretending and unvarnished account of a pleasant excursion, which may serve as a guide to those who wish to dispose of a few weeks in the same manner. The author is evidently an unpractised writer, but he seems to have omitted no opportunity of acquiring information. His table of the route and distances will be found particularly serviceable to those who contemplate the same jaunt.

Mr. CHARLES MILLS, so advantageously known by his histories respectively of Mahometanism and of the Crusades, has just produced a learned and elaborate work, entitled "*The Travels of Theodore Ducas, in various countries in Europe at the revival of Letters and Art.* Part 1, Italy, 2 vols. 8vo. The traveller is a second Anacharsis, who is supposed to have travelled in the sixteenth century, about the time of the revival of letters after the dark ages. But he has not attained the graphical charms of his illustrious prototype, in whose delightful fictions, we are carried back to the Parthenon, or listen to the wisdom of the Porch. These travels may be regarded as a series of biographical sketches of men of talents and genius, who flourished at the period when Mr. Ducas visited the place of their dwelling. The manner in which the celebrated Machiavel is introduced to the reader, may be cited as a favourable specimen of the book:

The Florentine secretary often described to me the political storms through which he had passed; but he said that his happiest years had been spent at his small patriarchal inheritance, near Sancasciano, on the road from Florence to Rome. In the mornings, when the season of the year permitted the amusement, he employed himself in catching thrushes with a net or line. At other times he walked in the forests, and observed the labours and sports of the wood cutters. He then went to a fountain, and turned over the pages of Dante or Petrarch, or of the poets of the second order, as he called Ovid and Tibullus. He repaired to the high road, near the inn, conversed with the passengers, and marked the different humours and passions of the world. His dinner was plain; and, as soon as it was despatched, he returned to the inn, and joined the host and his usual company, namely, a butcher, a miller, and a lime-maker. He then passed the remainder of the day in cards or backgammon, or in boisterous and quarrelsome argument, the noise whereof frequently reached S. Casciano.

"This ignoble mode of life," continued Machiavelli, "carried off the effervescence of my mind; and I yielded to fortune, in hopes that she would one day or other be ashamed of her severity. In the evening I returned home, threw aside my village dress, attired myself like a Florentine gentleman, and entered my study. I there read the philosophers and histories of ancient times. I called upon the warriors and statesmen, whose annals I perused, to declare to me the motives of their actions. I investigated the causes of the different conditions of society: and, during four

hours of this description of liberal occupation, I forgot all my pains, and feared neither poverty nor death."—This is quite a graphical delineation.

Mr. JOHN D. HUNTER has just published a work entitled *Manners and Customs of several Indian Tribes located west of the Mississippi*. This work includes some account of the soil, climate, and vegetable productions, and the Indian *Materia Medica*, with the history of the author's life, during a residence of nearly twenty years among them. This gentleman's situation is somewhat singular. He does not know that he has a connection in the world. In early life he was stolen by the Indians; and he continued with them until the years of manhood, when he made his escape, and has now returned to dwell among his brethren. The style of his book, judging from the specimen which has been submitted to us, indicates nothing of the savage. It is far superior to many of our gubernatorial messages or senatorial speeches. As it was said in 1812, that our "red brethren" admired the unparalleled ferocity of certain white Mohawks when they murdered the venerable Lingan, so must we express the surprize and pleasure with which we are impressed, by the intelligence and perspicuity of this writer.

It is gratifying to us to learn that the communications from *A Hermit*, which formerly enhanced the value of our journal, have been collected into a volume, under the title—*Essays on various subjects of Taste, Morals and National policy, by a citizen of Virginia*. This is not the first time, by several volumes, that a gleaner of these pages, has been able to compile an important addition to the stock of permanent literature; and if the venerable Mr. Oldschool be not witty himself, he may boast that he has been the cause of it in others. Our readers will not expect from us a review of what has already been laid before them, at length. The production of our friend and correspondent has been characterized by competent authority, as indicating "good sense, clear perception, absence of all dogmatism and freedom from passion, and a polemical spirit. There is no effort," continues this critic, "to astonish with brilliant paradoxes or overwhelm with arrogant declamation; and though many of the subjects of the essays have elsewhere led to angry controversies, our author has treated them throughout with the urbanity of a scholar." *North American Review*, No. XIII.

Among the latest publications we find an account of the frightful life of *Ali Pacha* (pronounced Pashaw) *Janina, Vizier of Epirus, surnamed ASLAN, or the LION*. Though he lived in our time, and on the verge of European civilization, it would be injustice to measure the deeds of this ferocious monster according to our maxims of morality. Circumstances placed him beyond their influence, as effectually as if he had breathed the young

existence of the world, and inhabited a country the remotest possible, from that which was his real theatre of action. The religion, and if not the law, the usage of the Turkish people, allow, to human passion, and mere physical power, an indulgence, which it is the effort of christianity, and of our laws and usages to restrain. The hero of this work was extraordinary for nothing but a colossal genius, an animal courage, well deserving his surname—the Lion; and, what is more, a moral courage, the product of mental strength and energy, with which men are seldom created. If we except Charles XII, the world, during two thousand years, has seen but one other such man as Ali Pacha—and that other was Bonaparte. We quote an instance, in which these fearful mortals were brought into contact; an instance, in which the wily Corsican found himself effectually duped by his own arts:—

“Suspecting Bonaparte’s designs upon the tottering power of the Crescent, the crafty Pacha commenced by intriguing with the victorious general. He despatched to his head-quarters in the North of Italy a confidential agent, certain of finding him already favourably disposed towards him through the representations of the adjutant-general Roza. The letter which he addressed to him, was filled with expressions of admiration, and wrought so effectually upon Bonaparte’s vanity, that he caused it to be inserted in almost every journal. He immediately entered into negotiation with Ali, and flattered himself that he should find him a powerful instrument in the prosecution of his schemes of self-aggrandizement. Perfectly upon a par in the arts of duplicity and cunning, from that moment, the only aim of these two men was mutual deception.”

In the following passage, we are reminded of Bonaparte’s conversion to Islamism:

“In one of his (Pacha’s) journeys toward the Sinus Ambracius, he assured the French commandant of Preveza, that he was the staunchest disciple of the *Jacobi* religion, and protested that he was most anxious to be initiated into the worship of *Carmagnole*, actually mistaking Jacobinism and its excesses for a new religion.”

The butcheries of this scourge at Preveza, are not without a parallel in the life of his compeer:

“Seated in the balcony of the custom-house, which the fire had spared, he ordered one hundred and sixty Greeks, who had been taken in arms, and had implored a capitulation, to be brought before him. They were successively dragged out by the hair, one by one.—In vain did they raise their suppliant hands; Ali only answered their cries for mercy by giving the signal at which the still imploring lips were made to bite the dust. At the fall of each unfortunate victim, the bystanders raised a shout of exultation, and immediately stripped the body.”

This bloody tragedy was enacted on the spot where Octavius gained the battle of Actium; here the Turk received a letter from Lord Nelson, complimenting him on his success, and calling him *the hero of Epirus*; and he became afterwards a close and con-



stant correspondent of the British court, through the medium of Lord Collingwood.

M. LANGLES, a name long celebrated in the annals of French literature, is the author of *A Description of the ancient and modern Monuments of Hindostan*, in two vols. folio, with 144 plates and 3 maps. It was a vast undertaking to give a complete description of the immense country of Hindostan; to trace its history, to set forth the religion and manners of its inhabitants; to study and to design its antique monuments, and its populous cities. It required the united knowledge of the geographer, the philologist, the historian, the philosopher and the archæologist. Several estimable artists have already made us acquainted with the picturesque views, and the romantic sites of this interesting country, with the various and singular costumes of the Hindoos, and their prodigious monuments. Many learned Indianists have developed the mysteries, till then but imperfectly known, of the Brahmanic theology; and the most celebrated travellers, judicious antiquaries, and well informed officers, have in almost every part, extended their inquiries to the most minute details of topography. But not one of them has been able to present us with a complete view of the country, whose several parts they have described. This was reserved for M. Langles, who was placed in a situation which enabled him to collate, compare, and digest, all the materials which had been collected by so many able writers, and who has succeeded in forming them into one beautiful and symmetrical edifice. Whilst numbers of learned Frenchmen were following the armies of their country, through the plains of Egypt, M. Langles consecrated all his time to the study of Asiatic antiquities, and having compared the results obtained by others in Africa, with those which his own inquiries had afforded him, he has meditated on the striking analogy, which reigns between the plains of the Nile, and the fertile country that is watered by the Ganges. Every thing that relates to the history of these two countries, seems covered with a veil of mystery. We have, however, reason to hope, that with the help of the Sanscrit tongue, a new light may be thrown upon the darkness of the most ancient times. Numbers of antiquaries are now availing themselves of their knowledge of the Brahmin's sacred language, and the work which we announce, has considerably lessened the difficulty of their researches.

M. DE PASSENAUS is the author of an 8vo. vol. which has recently appeared at Paris, under the title of *Russia and Slavery*. He passed several years in that country, and has now returned to France, with the view of exciting hatred against slavery, by relating its horrors under the mild and paternal sway of the Emperor Alexander. Works of this description, even though ill written, command attention in Paris; for whilst they strengthen

the cause of the liberals, they are of too general a nature to justify the interference of the police. Two chapters are devoted to a review of the system of education in *Russia*, and the state of medicine. There are none but Germans, English, and French, who practise the healing art, among the Russians, with success. He gives a very simple reason why there are so few maimed soldiers after a Russian campaign, by asserting that nine-tenths of the Russian surgeons are so ignorant, that they are unable to stop the effusion of blood from the wounds of the men, and therefore allow them to bleed to death.

"*Werner*" is the last and the finest of LORD BYRON'S dramatic works. It is free from the supernatural agency of *Manfred*, which is behind the age. It does not labour under the want of interest which distinguishes *Marino Faliero*. It cannot, like *the Foscari*, be accused of insipidity—nor of partial languor like *Sardanapalus*—nor of the wanton impiety of *Cain*—nor are its beauties sullied by offensive descriptions of vicious passions.

## POETRY.

[For the Port Folio;]

TO \* \* \* \* \*

Ah! why did Nature with such care,  
 Form thee so lovely and so fair?  
 Why on thy cheek did she bestow  
 The lily pale, the roseate glow?  
 Ah! why did she endow thy mind,  
 With all we seek in womankind?  
 'Twas thus she tried her wily art,  
 To catch each eye—to win each heart.  
 Mine long has known her boundless pow'r;  
 For often at the midnight hour,  
 When care my wearied eyes assails,  
 And slumber o'er my couch prevails,  
 I strive to seek a short relief  
 From all my care—from all my grief;  
 But ah! thy voice, so known, so dear,  
 In softest tones salutes my ear!  
 Again by Fancy's dreams possess'd,  
 By thy lov'd side supreme I'm bless'd:  
 Together we the mountain rove,  
 And converse hold on themes of love,  
 Where Zephyr o'er the blossom plays,  
 And through the air its scent conveys;  
 Where feather'd songsters hov'ring round,  
 Enchain us with sweet music's sound.

But soon the sweet delusion's o'er,  
 The ideal scene can please no more!  
 Dull Truth in hateful guise appears,  
 And renovates the lover's fears.  
 She tells me—I'm not doom'd to prove  
 With thee the sweets of mutual love:  
 That cold dislike or coy disdain  
 Shall ever be my bosom's pain:  
 That one, on whose more favour'd tongue  
 Persuasion's honied accents hung,  
 Has long possessed thy willing heart,  
 And there he plays the idol's part.

SEADLEY.

### PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

[From "Gems from the Antique."]

The first gem in the series is one representing the heads of PERICLES and ASPASIA. Pericles is bearded, as in the very pride of manhood, and the casque is on his head, but the neck and shoulders are nude. Aspasia wears a veil, and has her hair elaborately arrayed on her front in long and separate curls. Nothing can be more noble than the serenity of the hero's countenance; and that of his frail and lovely friend is at once placid, melancholy and luxurious. Who could look on such a gem without emotion? but who is he among ten thousand who could have found out this lofty strain, at once interpreting and surpassing all the movements of our contemplation?

This was the ruler of the land,  
 When Athens was the land of fame;  
 This was the light that led the band,  
 When each was like a living flame:  
 The centre of earth's noblest ring,  
 Of more than men, the more than king!

Yet not by fetters, nor by spear,  
 His sovereignty was held or won;  
 Fear'd—but alone as freemen fear,  
 Lov'd—but as freemen love alone.  
 He wav'd the sceptre o'er his kind  
 By nature's first great title—Mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue;  
 Then eloquence first flash'd below!  
 Full arm'd to life the portent sprung,  
 Minerva, from the Thunderer's brow!  
 And his the sole, the sacred band,  
 That shook her ægis o'er the land!

And thron'd immortal by his side,  
 A woman sits, with eye sublime—

*Aspasia*, all his spirit's pride;  
 But if their solemn love were crime,  
 Pity the beauty and the sage;  
 Their crime was in their darken'd age.

He perish'd—but his wreath was won—  
 He perish'd on his height of fame!  
 Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun;  
 Yet still she conquer'd in his name.  
 Fill'd with his soul, she could not die;  
 Her conquest was posterity!

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LEONIDAS.

From the same.

Leonidas is represented kneeling behind his shield, with a dagger in his hand—the last attitude of the patriot hero. His countenance is exquisitely beautiful. The artist has had genius enough to express the perfection of valour, without suggesting the least idea of any thing like fierceness. Perhaps Mr. Croly's verses are not quite the natural comment on *such* a portrait; but they are noble in themselves.

Shout for the mighty men,  
 Who died along this shore—  
 Who died within this mountain's glen!  
 For never nobler chieftain's head  
 Was laid on Valor's crimson bed,  
 Nor ever prouder gore  
 Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day  
 Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men,  
 Who on the Persian tents,  
 Like lions from their midnight den  
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,  
 Rush'd—a storm of sword and spear;—  
 Like the rous'd elements,  
 Let loose from an immortal hand,  
 To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear,  
 Greece is a hopeless slave.  
*Leonidas!* no hand is near  
 To lift thy fiery falchion now;  
 No warrior makes the warrior's vow  
 Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.  
 The voice that should be rais'd by men,  
 Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge—  
 The tree—the rock—the sand—  
 On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,  
 In sounds that speak but to the free,  
 The memory of thine and thee!

The vision of thy band  
 Still gleams within the glorious dell,  
 Where their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?  
 Mother of men like these!  
 Has not thy outcry gone,  
 Where Justice has an ear to hear?—  
 Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;  
 'Till in thy crimson'd sea  
 Are plung'd the chain and scimitar,  
 Greece shall be a new-born star!

In the Chapel of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a very ancient structure, the following Epitaph on Doctor Edward Cook, who died in 1652, is characteristic of the extravagance of the age.

"Unsluice your briny Flood, what! can you keep  
 Your eyes from tears, and see the Marble weep?  
 Burst out for shame, or if you find no vent  
 For tears, yet stay, and see the stones relent."

Although natural history has become a common study, it may not be known generally to its devotees that the name of their ancestor was John Tradescant. This honour we find awarded to him in a splendid work called "London and its Environs." In a description of Lambeth Palace it is said—"in the church-yard is the tomb of the celebrated naturalist John Tradescant, who with his son, lived in this parish. The elder Tradescant may be justly considered as the earliest collector in this kingdom of every thing curious in natural history, and to him, we are indebted for the first introduction of Botany amongst us. The father is said to have been gardener to Charles the First. Both of them seem to have been indefatigable in the search of knowledge, and were great travellers."

The following epitaph is found on a monument in the church-yard of Lambeth.

"Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone  
 Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son;  
 The last dy'd in his spring; the other two  
 Liv'd till they had travelled Art and Nature through;  
 As by their choice collections may appear,  
 Of what is rare in land, in sea, in air;

Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)  
 A world of wonders in one closet shut:  
 These famous antiquarians that had been  
 Both gardeners to the Rose and Lilly queen,  
 Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when  
 Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,  
 And fire shall purge the world, they hence shall rise  
 And change their garden for a paradise.

---

Epitaph in Stepney Church, on Sir Thomas Spert, comptroller of the Navy to  
 Henry the Eighth, died, Sept. 1541.

"Not that he needed Monument of stone,  
 For his well gotten fame to rest upon,  
 But this was reared to testify that he  
 Lives in their loves that yet surviving be."

---

The following laconic memorial of William Wheatley who died 1683, is also  
 in Stepney church-yard.

"Whoever treadeth on this stone  
 I pray you tread most neatly;  
 For underneath the same doth lye  
 Your honest friend Will Wheatley."

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## CANTATA.

FROM METASTASIO.

Gentle zephyr, as you fly  
 Should you meet my cruel fair,  
 Whisper softly, "you're a sigh  
 Of a lover in despair"—  
 But tell her not whose sigh you are.  
 Limpid brook, since by your side,  
 The lovely object oft appears,  
 Gently murmur, as you glide,  
 "See a hapless lover's tears"—  
 But keep my name still from her ears.

I. C.

---

## PORTRAIT

OF A FICKLE FEMALE.

Behold — inconstant as the wind,  
 Her varying gait the picture of her mind—  
 By sudden starts her steps alternate grow  
 Quick as Flirtilla's, or as Aria's slow;  
 Eager she darts, some fav'rite end in view,  
 A feather stops her which she must pursue:

Fresh objects rising with the changing hour,  
 A lover tempts her now and now a flow'r:—  
 Her front unstable, see its changeful slopes,  
 In prudence young, though old in *fleeting* hopes:  
 Her azure glancing eye and active lid,  
 Now mildly beaming, and now darkly hid—  
 False in her friendships, faithless to her trust,  
 Now frailly *mortal*, now too strictly just:  
 By much too sanguine to be truly blest,  
 And too capricious to be e'er at rest.  
 Though thirty years have past, so wild her brain,  
 With some *experience*, yet a girl in grain. L.

---

### A SUMMER EVENING AT HOME.

Come, lovely Evening, with thy smile of peace,  
 Visit my humble dwelling, welcom'd in  
 Not with loud shouts, and the throng'd city's din  
 But with such sounds as bid all tumult cease  
 Of the sick heart: the grasshopper's faint pipe  
 Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,  
 The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude  
 Heard indistinctly from the village green,  
 The bird's last twitter from the hedge-row scene,  
 Where, just before, the scatter'd crumbs I strew'd,  
 To pay him for his farewell song—all these  
 Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and please  
 The stilly stirring fancies—though my hours  
 (For I have droop'd beneath life's early show'rs)  
 Pass lonely oft, and oft my heart is sad,  
 Yet I can leave the world, and feel most glad  
 To meet thee, Evening—here my own hand  
 Has deck'd with trees and shrubs the slopes around,  
 And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fann'd,  
 Sweet to my Spirit comes the farewell sound,  
 That seems to say—"Forget the transient tear,  
 "Thy pale youth shed—Repose and Peace are here."

---

### EPIGRAM.

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain,  
 "Is always right," says sprightly Jane;  
 "Ah! would to heaven," cries graver Sue,  
 "What's *right* were *fashionable* too."

### ANECDOTES, BON MOTS, &c.

*Chymical Dangers.*—M. Rouelle, an eminent French chymist, was not the most cautious of operators. One day, while performing some experiments, he observed to his auditors, "Gentlemen, you see this cauldron upon this brazier; well, if I were to cease stirring a single moment, an explosion would ensue, which would blow us all into the air." The company had scarcely time to reflect on this comfortable piece of intelligence before he did forget to stir, and his prediction was accomplished. The explosion took place with a horrible crash; all the windows of the laboratory were smashed to pieces, and two hundred auditors whirled away into the garden. Fortunately, no one received any serious injury, the greatest violence of the explosion having been in the direction of the chimney. The demonstrator escaped without farther harm than the loss of his wig.

A professor of a Northern University, who is as remarkable for his felicity in experimenting, as Rouelle could be for his failures, was once repeating an experiment with some combustible substances, when the mixture exploded, and the phial which he held in his hand blew into a hundred pieces. "Gentlemen," said the doctor to his pupils, with the most unaffected gravity, "I have made this experiment often with the very same phial, and never knew it break in my hands before!" The simplicity of this rather superfluous assurance produced a general laugh, in which the learned professor, instantly discerning the cause of it, joined most heartily.

*Hunter and Cullen.*—The celebrated Dr. William Hunter and Dr. Cullen formed a copartnership of as singular and laudable a kind as is to be found in the annals of science. Being natives of the same part of the country, and neither of them in affluent circumstances, these two young men, stimulated by the impulse of genius to prosecute their medical studies with ardour, but thwarted by the narrowness of their fortune entered into partnership as surgeons and apothecaries in the country. The chief object of their contract being to furnish each of the parties with the means of prosecuting their medical studies, which they could not separately so well enjoy, it was stipulated that one of them, alternately, should be allowed to study in what college he pleased during the winter, while the other should carry on the business in the country for their common advantage. In consequence of this agreement, Cullen was first allowed to study in the University of Edinburgh for one winter; but when it came to Hunter's turn next winter, he, preferring London to Edinburgh, went thither. There his singular neatness in dissecting, and uncommon dexterity in making anatomical preparations, his assiduity in study, and amiable manners, soon recommended him to the notice of Dr. Douglas, who then read lectures upon anatomy in London. Hunter was engaged as an assistant, and afterward filled the chair itself with honour.



The scientific partnership was by this means prematurely dissolved: but Cullen was not a man of that disposition to let any engagement with him prove a bar to his partner's advancement in life. The articles of the treaty were freely given up, and Cullen and Hunter ever after kept up a very cordial and friendly correspondence; though it is believed, they never, from that time, had a personal interview.

*Schoolmen of the Middle Ages.*—One of the most favourite topics of discussion among the schoolmen of the eleventh century, was the solution of the following quibbling problem:

"When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which rope is held at the other end by a man, whether is the hog carried to market by the rope, or by the man?"

This question after having been discussed by thousands of the acutest logicians, through the course of a whole century, "with all the rash dexterity of wit," still remains unresolved.

Menage says, that these scholastic questions were called *Questiones Quodlibeticæ*, and they were generally so ridiculous, that we have retained the word *Quodlibet*, in our vernacular language, to express something ridiculously futile.

*Priestley—God in all things.*—When the council of the Royal Society honoured Dr. Priestley by the presentation to him of Sir Godfrey Copley's medal, on the 30th of November, 1733, Sir John Pringle, who was then president, delivered on the occasion an elaborate discourse on the different kinds of air; in which, after expatiating upon the discoveries of his predecessors, he pointed out the particular merits of Priestley's investigations. In allusion to the purification of a tainted atmosphere by the growth of plants, the president thus eloquently and piously expressed himself:

"From these discoveries we are assured that no vegetable grows in vain; but that, from the oak of the forest to the grass in the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind; if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole which cleans and purifies our atmosphere. In this the fragrant rose and deadly nightshade co-operate; nor is the herbage nor the woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions unprofitable to us, nor we to them, considering how constantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air, for our relief and for their nourishment. And if ever these salutary gales rise to storms and hurricanes, let us still trace and revere the ways of a beneficent Being, who not fortunately but with design, not in wrath but in mercy, thus shakes the water and the air together, to bury in the deep those putrid and pestilential effluvia which the vegetables on the face of the earth had been insufficient to consume."

*The Dinner Bell.*—It is customary in large boarding houses to announce the dinner hour by the sound of a bell. A cat belonging to one of these houses always hastened to the hall on hear-

ing the bell, to get her accustomed meal; but it happened one day that she was shut up in a chamber, and it was in vain for her that the bell had sounded. Some hours after, having been emancipated from her confinement, she hastened to the hall, but found nothing left for her. The cat thus disappointed got to the bell, and sounding it endeavoured to summon the family to a second dinner, in which she doubted not to participate.

*Migration of the Swallow.*—The mystery which attends the retreat of the swallows from our northern climes during winter, is one which promises little hopes of ever being solved. To whatever clime or part of the world they proceed, their flight is at an elevation far beyond the reach of human optics. With the first ray of the morning they depart so directly upwards, as to elude all research; and with the first dawn of day they return, but whence no man can tell: they drop as from the clouds, and take up their abode in their former haunts, as if they had just left them the hour before.

The preparation for their annual flight is marked by some interesting circumstances. After the swallows have got their second brood, which is generally about the middle of September, they devote the whole of their remaining time to training the young for their ultimate flight. The regularity and order with which this is done is extraordinary. After the business of the food gathering is over, they assemble in multitudes from all quarters in general conversation, on the roof of some building, or some large tree. While the assembly are seated together, he who seems commander-in-chief keeps aloft on the wing, flying round and round; at last darting upwards with great swiftness with a loud, sharp, and repeated call, he seems as if he gave the word of command; instantly the whole flock are on the wing, rising upwards in the most beautiful spiral track, till they attain regions beyond the reach of human view. They remain in the upper regions of the atmosphere from a quarter to half an hour, when they all return by scores and dozens, to the place whence they took their flight. This manœuvre they will repeat two or three times in the evening when the weather is fair; and after ten or twelve days of such practising, they take their final departure for the season.

The theory of their submerging during winter is now, we believe, generally regarded as all a dream. It has arisen, apparently, from an optical illusion, which is very well explained in the following anecdote, related by Mr. Gavin Inglis. (Phil. Mag. vol. iii). "On the 11th of April, 1812, returning from Glasgow with a friend, we stopped at Kinross to corn our horses, and take a parting dinner—before dinner was ready, we took a turn down to the old chapel; and returning by the loch (lake) side, we both expressed our astonishment at the vast assemblage of swallows, the first we had seen that season, hovering over the surface of the corner of the lake. 'What,' said my companion, 'can the creatures have

emerged from the water? some people assert, that they hibernate at the bottom of lakes and rivers. It must be so: see, there is one just risen.' To a superficial observer, they had certainly all the appearance of just emerging from the bosom of the lake.

But looking attentively, we perceived them regularly descending in a slanting direction, and take something from the surface of the water, in which exercise they always in skimming struck the water with their breast, dashing a spray around them, which looked very much like to shaking the water from their wings. This I have since observed a thousand times, in the swallow skimming the river or mill-dam, catching the water flies, but which to persons not interesting themselves in the result, and at some little distance from the scene of action, is certainly very delusive, and without a close inspection, apt to leave the impression of their emerging from the water, upon the mind. The weather was still cold, and not a fly abroad in the air to support them; no doubt remained with us, of their thus gathering food; an idea in which we were soon strengthened, by stepping down to the edge of the lake, when we saw the surface of the water all along the shore, and as far as the eye could reach, swarming with insects, in appearance like gross gunpowder, and the water itself filled with the maggot of the water fly, upon which there can be no doubt whatever the birds were feeding."

Some similar occurrences had doubtless given birth to the theory of submerging; and Mr. Daines Barrington and others, who so confidently assert that they have seen them with their own eyes rising out of the lakes and rivers, and shaking the water from their wings, must have been deceived with their eyes open.

Buffon tells us that a shoemaker in Basle, anxious to obtain a solution of this singular mystery, put a collar on a swallow containing an inscription to this effect:

"Pretty swallow, tell me whither thou goest in winter?"

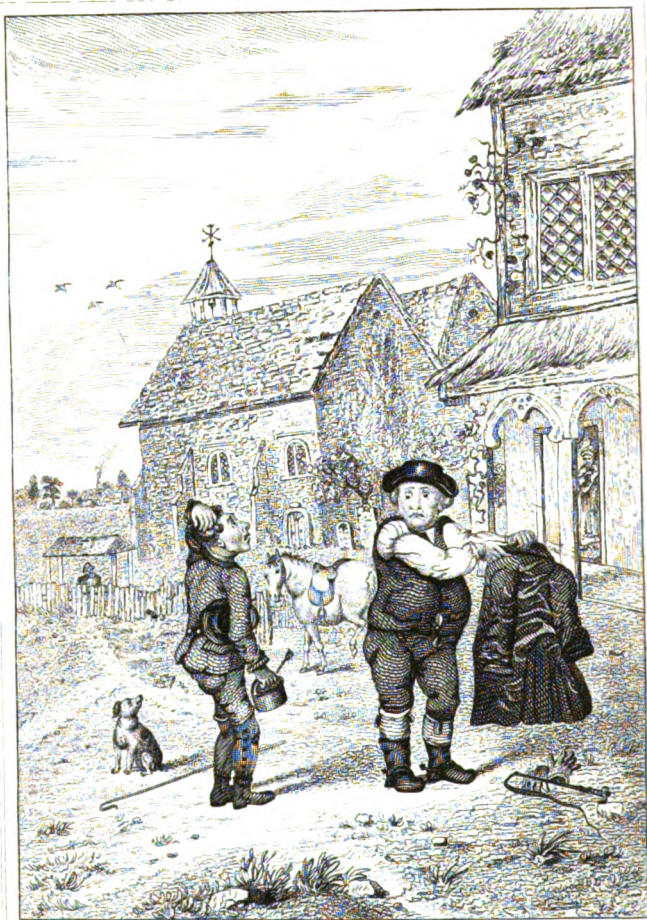
In the ensuing spring, he received by the same courier the following answer:

"To Anthony of Athens:—Why dost thou inquire?"

Assuming the story to be true, it is pretty evident that the answer must have been the work of some wag much nearer than Athens, for both Belon and Aristotle assure us, that though the swallows live half the year in Greece, they always pass the winter in Africa. A better answer to the son of St. Crispin would have been, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*; and in any future edition of Buffon, the story would not lose any thing by substituting this as the real fact.

*A Short Dialogue at the Theatre.*—"Smith, my dear fellow, I must squeeze a lady in your box!" "If you do," replied the other, "I'll kick you out of it."





MARKS AND RE-MARKS.

PHILADELPHIA: PUBLISHED BY H. HALL, 1843.

stole fruit, sweetmeats, and victuals; yet he never delighted in being mischievous or wasteful, in accusing others, or in torment-

APRIL. 1823.—NO. 252.

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PRINTED BY H. HALL, 1846.

# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

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## LIFE OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, a native of Geneva, and son of a watch-maker, was born 28th June, 1712. His birth was accompanied by the death of his mother; he therefore considered the commencement of his existence as the beginning of his misfortunes. It would appear by the little care bestowed upon his education, that his father never designed him to fill any higher station than his own, or that of a trader or working mechanic. To this neglect is to be added the disadvantage of a weakly constitution. But a strong and penetrating mind, aided by the early perusal of such authors as Plutarch, Tacitus, and other historical, political, and philosophical classics, soon began to read the book of man and of nature; and his ideas expanded too rapidly not to predict a brilliant career in the track of moral philosophy and speculative literature. His imagination swelled when he contemplated the characters which he found in these imperishable pages; to their lives and to the conversations which they occasioned with his father he imputes that free and republican spirit, that fierce and intractable disposition, which ever after was his torment. The utmost attention was bestowed upon him and he was almost idolized. Yet he owns that he had all the faults of his age; he was a prater, a glutton, and sometimes a liar; he stole fruit, sweetmeats, and victuals; yet he never delighted in being mischievous or wasteful, in accusing others, or in torment-

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ing poor animals. After remaining at home till his approach to manhood, he suddenly quitted his father's house; but on what account is not precisely known, though it has been pretty generally attributed to some frolic or whim of his own. But whatever might be the cause, certain it is, that he at the same time resigned the protestant creed for that of the catholic; that the Bishop of Anneci, in whose palace he solicited, and for a while, received an asylum, placed him with Madame de Warens, a lady who had recently apostated from the protestant to the papistical tenets, and that the change in his professed faith wore all the appearance of being the price of the patronage he received.

One of the most prominent features of Rousseau's mind was that of the love of independence: a sentiment which did not permit him to remain in the humiliating state of a protected man, or humble friend. Leaving the hospitable roof of his benefactress, he threw himself on his own resources, and went to Chamberri, where, as music had been one of the objects of his multifarious studies, he availed himself of his knowledge of that science by teaching it to others. At the age of twenty-nine he went to Paris, and there was so fortunate as to form connections that led to his being, in 1743, two years after his arrival at that capital, engaged as secretary to the French ambassador destined for Venice. In that situation, again, his high feelings displayed themselves, and a consequent quarrel with his employer produced his discharge and return to Paris; where he had not been long when he was noticed by Dupin, the Farmer-general, in whose department he obtained a profitable situation. But his ardent and aspiring mind, disdaining to content itself with official employment, was always more bent on study than on the dry, dull, business in which he was engaged; and the result was his entering upon that brilliant career of literature which surprised and delighted the world, and will transmit his name to the latest posterity. The private life of Rousseau may be read in his "Confessions," which are described by M. Sennebier, in his *Literary History of Geneva*, as "a very dangerous book." "The excellent analysis," continues this writer, "which we meet with of some sentiments, and the admirable anatomy which he gives of some actions, are not sufficient to counterbalance the detestable matter and the

unceasing obliquities every where to be found." What renders this book the more pernicious is, not only the baseness of the vices which he has disclosed, but the manner in which he endeavoured to unite them with the virtues.

It happened that while Jean Jacques was in Dupin's office, the Academy of Dijon proposed as a prize subject, the question—*Whether the re-establishment of the arts and sciences had been conducive to the purity of morals?* By the advice of Diderot, the friend and fellow-labourer of D'Alembert in the gigantic undertaking of a *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique*, Rousseau adopted the negative position; which he asserted with a boldness, and defended with a degree of eloquence, that astounded all the learned, and excited many literary antagonists. Several answers appeared against it, one of which was written by Stanislaus, king of Poland, who was, however, so much an admirer of Rousseau, that when the latter was ridiculed on the stage of Nancy, by Palissot, the king, then Duke of Lorraine, deprived the author of his place in the Academy. On this occasion Rousseau, with far more sense, interceded for him, and obtained for him his restoration. This striking and decided proof of a genius no less original than great, was soon afterwards followed by "A Discourse on the Causes of Inequality among Men, and on the Origin of Society"—a work which, while it exhibits a singular cast of thinking, displays a union of the boldest flights of imagination, with ideas almost as incoherent as novel, and attempts to exalt the savageness and gratifications of uncultivated nature above the polish and comfort of domestic and social life. His country, that had felt itself scandalised by his religious apostacy, read with satisfaction a production that evinced the writer's return from papal to protestant principles; and was so sensibly flattered by its being *dedicated to the Republic of Geneva*, that it restored him to its favour and regard. Not long after the appearance of this composition, he produced two dramatic pieces, one of which, "*Le Devin du Village*," was musical, and not only written, but set to music by himself. Its success in Paris was as decided and as great, as had been in London that of the *Beggars' Opera* of Gay. With the profits produced by these popular pieces, he now retired into solitude; and, relieved from all interruption, prosecuted his studies with more fervour than ever.

About this period, he produced his "Lettre sur la Musique Française;" the object of which was to prove that the French had no such thing as vocal music, and that, from the defects in their language, they could not have it. This work so excited the resentment of the people, that he is said to have been burnt in effigy. He now wrote his "Discours sur les causes de l'Inegalite parmi les Hommes, sur l'Orgine des Societes." This endeavour to prove that all mankind are equal, has been, in the opinion of a modern critic, by no means partial to Rousseau's character—much misunderstood by critics, and misrepresented by wits. Even by the author's confession, it is rather a jeu d'esprit than a philosophical inquiry; for he owns that the natural state, such as he represents it, did probably never take place, and probably never will; and if it had taken place, he seems to think it impossible that mankind should ever have emerged from it without some very extraordinary alteration in the course of nature. He also says that this natural state is not the most advantageous for man; for that the most delightful sentiments of the human mind could not exert themselves till man had relinquished his brutal and solitary nature, and become a domestic animal. At this period, and previous to the establishment of property, he places the age most favourable to human happiness; which is precisely what the poets have done before him, in their descriptions of the golden age. After publishing this rhapsody he gave to the world, in 1758, his "Lettre" to D'Alembert on the design of establishing a theatre at Geneva, which he proved, could not be necessary in a place situated as Geneva was. D'Alembert and Marmontel replied to him, and Voltaire appears from this time to have begun his hatred for Rousseau, with whom he and the rest of the philosophers had hitherto cordially co-operated against the Christian religion. Rousseau wanted that uniform hatred to revealed religion which the others called consistency, and his fancy was apt to ramble beyond the limits they had set. The principal feature in the attack of the author of "The Henriade," consisted in the remark, that this violent advocate for the purity of morals, and bold assailant of theatrical representations, had himself written a comedy and a pastoral, both of which had been exhibited on the Parisian stage. Though the question under discussion was not *whether M. Rousseau*

*had or had not written for the stage*, but whether the establishment of a theatre at Geneva would be beneficial or injurious to that republic, much was attempted to be made of the circumstance; and a false and feeble argument drawn from the error of the author's practice against the legitimacy of his reasoning. His next publication was the "Dictionary of Music," a work replete with useful information, and demonstrative of profound research and acute intelligence. In 1760 he published his celebrated novel "*la Nouvelle Heloise*." This epistolary romance, of which the plot is ill managed, and the arrangement bad, like all other works of genius, has its beauties as well as its defects. Some of the letters are admirable, both for style and sentiment, but none of the personages are really interesting. The character of St. Preux is weak, and often forced. Julia is an assemblage of tenderness and pity, of devotion of soul, and of coquetry, of natural parts and pedantry. Wolmer is a violent man, and almost beyond the limits of nature. In fine, when he wishes to change his style, and adopt that of the speaker, he does not long support it, and every attempt embarrasses the author and cools the reader. In this novel, however, Rousseau's talent of rendering every thing problematical, appears very conspicuous, as, in his arguments in favour of and against, duelling, which afford an apology for suicide, and a just condemnation of it; of his facility in palliating adultery, and his strong reasons to make it abhorred; on the one hand, in declamations against social happiness, on the other in transports in favour of humanity; here in violent rhapsodies against philosophers; there by a rage for adopting their opinions; the existence of God is attacked by sophistry, and atheists confuted by the most irrefragible arguments; the Christian religion combatted by the most specious objections, and celebrated by the most sublime eulogies. Yet in the preface to this work the author attempts to justify his consistency; he says public spectacles are necessary for great cities, and romances for a corrupted people. He affects also to say that it was not intended for extensive circulation, and that it will suit but few readers. With regard to their effects on the female sex, he pretends to satisfy his conscience with saying "no chaste young woman ever reads romances; and I have given this book a decisive title, that on opening it a reader may know what to expect."

Such is the impudence of this man, who had made his work as seductive as possible, and would have been greatly mortified if it had not produced its effect. Whoever, indeed, reads his "Confessions" will see that sensuality was his predominant vice, and that moral corruption became early familiar to him.

In his "Contrat Social," he bore his part, along with the Encyclopædists, in exciting those awful delusions which produced the French Revolution and all its disastrous consequences. It was, however, less cautious than some of his former productions, and was immediately prohibited in France and Switzerland; and hence his lasting enmity to all existing establishments, civil and religious, which brought on what he and his friends were pleased to consider as persecution. This appeared particularly in his "Emilie, ou de l'Education," which was published in 1762. In this work, with many remarks that may be useful, there are others so mischievous and impious, that whenever it produces an effect it must be of the worst kind. The French parliament condemned it and he was compelled to make a precipitate retreat, in order to avoid a prosecution. He directed his steps to his native country, but Geneva shut her gates against him, and both at Paris and Geneva, the "Emilie" was burnt by the common hangman. He sought shelter at Neufchatel, in Switzerland, where he continued his hostility to revealed religion, in a manner that excited great indignation among the clergy; and in September 1765, the populace attacked his person and house. He fled to Strasburg in a very destitute condition, where he waited till the weather permitted, and then set out for Paris, and appeared in the habit of an Arminian. The celebrated Hume at this time resided in Paris, and being applied to in favour of Rousseau, undertook to find him an assylum in England, to which he accordingly conducted him in the beginning of the year 1766, and provided him with an agreeable situation. But Rousseau, whose vanity and perverse temper were ungovernable, and who thought he was not received with the respect due to the first personage in Europe, which he conceived himself to be, took it into his head that Hume was in league with the French philosophers to injure his fame, and after abusing his benefactor in a letter, in the most gross manner, and even refusing a pension from the crown, left England in 1767, and went to France.

In 1768, he resumed his botanical pursuits, which he conducted with equal taste and judgment, by collecting and studying the plants on the mountains of Dauphine. During the year 1770, he appeared at a coffee-house in Paris in his ordinary dress, and he took much pleasure in the admiration of the surrounding crowd. This seems always to have been his ambition, and he was never content unless when occupying the public attention, even while he seemed conscious he could not draw the public respect. The bold delineation of character, interesting details, and fascinating language of his succeeding production, the "*Nouvelle Heloise*," which soon afterwards appeared in six volumes, 12mo. excited universal attention; and so effectually covered its defects, that on the subject of its merits only one sentiment was felt—the sentiment of admiration.

After an extraordinary series of vicissitudes, followed by a few years of quietude, spent in the society of some of his chosen friends, this singular genius died of an apoplexy, at Ermenonville, the estate of M. Gerardin, the 2d of July, 1778, aged 66. He was interred in the Isle of Poplars, in this beautiful retreat; and on his tomb were inscribed these words: "*Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la verite!*" "*Here reposes the man of nature and of truth.*"

Rousseau was naturally a man of great talents, and might have been one of the first of philosophers, if his genius had not been perverted in early life. He does not appear to have been a man of learning: his education was neglected and irregular: but imagination was his *forte*; and this, under the guidance of a sensual appetite, which never forsook him, led him to be the great master of seduction in morals, while his early association with Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot tempted him to rival them in impiety; and even when he quarrelled with them, as he did with all his cotemporaries, he still pursued the object by himself; and his sophistries, perhaps more than the wit and argument of his former colleagues, powerfully contributed to that delusion which afflicted the continent of Europe with so much misery.—Although Rousseau's works are less read now, he must ever be considered by the French as one of their first writers; and they continue to print very splendid editions of his works.

The following delineation of the character of Rousseau—as it is displayed in his works—was published by Voltaire in the form of a prophecy; and, although intended as a satire, and, in many respects exaggerated, yet, as perhaps the most masterly summary that has ever been published, we cannot forbear presenting it to our readers:—

“ In those days there will appear in France a very extraordinary person, come from the banks of a lake. He will say unto the people, ‘ I am possessed by the demon of enthusiasm; I have received from Heaven the gift of inconsistency;’ and the multitude shall run after him, and many shall believe in him: and he shall say unto them, ‘ Ye are all villains and rascals; your women are all vile; and I am come to live amongst you:’ and he will take advantage of the natural levity of this country, to abuse the people. And he will add—‘ All the men are virtuous in the country where I was born, and I will not stay in the country where I was born:’ and he will maintain, that the sciences and arts must necessarily corrupt our morals; and he will treat of all sorts of sciences and arts; and he will maintain, that the theatre is a source of iniquity and corruption; and he will compose operas and plays. He will publish, that there is no virtue but among the savages, though he never was among them; he will advise mankind to go stark naked; and he will wear laced clothes, when given to him. He will employ his time in copying French music; and he will tell you there is no French music. He will tell you, that it is impossible to preserve your morals, if you read romances; and he will compose a romance—*la Nouvelle Heloise*—and in this romance shall be seen vice in deeds, and virtue in words, and the actors in it shall be mad with love and with philosophy; and, in this romance, we shall learn how to seduce a young girl philosophically; and the disciple shall lose all shame and all modesty; and she shall practise folly; and raise maxims with her master, and she shall be the first to give him a kiss, \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* and his love-letters shall be philosophical homilies; and he shall get drunk with an English nobleman, who shall insult him, and he shall challenge him to fight; and his mistress, who hath lost the honour of her own sex, shall decide with regard to that of men; and she shall teach her master, who taught her every thing, that he ought not to fight; and he shall go to Paris, where he shall be introduced to some ladies of pleasure; and he shall get drunk like a fool, and shall \* \* \* \* \* and he shall write an account of this adventure to his mistress, and she shall thank him for it; the man who shall marry his mistress, shall know that she is loved to distraction by another; and this good man, notwithstanding, shall be an atheist; and, immediately after the marriage, his wife shall find herself happy, and she shall write to her lover, that if she were again at liberty, she would rather wed her husband than him; and the philosopher shall have a mind to kill himself, and shall compose a long dissertation, to prove, that a lover ought always to kill himself when he has lost his mistress: and her husband shall prove to him, that it is not worth his while; and he shall not kill himself: then he

shall set out to make the tour of the world, in order to allow time for the children of his mistress to grow up ; and that he may get to Switzerland time enough to be their preceptor, and to teach them virtue, as he had done their mother ; and he shall see nothing in the tour of the world, and he shall return to Europe ; and when he shall be arrived there, they shall still love one another with transport, and they shall squeeze each other's hands and weep ; and this fine lover, being in a boat, alone with his mistress, shall have a mind to throw her into the water, and himself along with her ; and all this they shall call philosophy and virtue ; and they shall talk so much of philosophy and virtue, that nobody shall know what philosophy and virtue are ; and the mistress of the philosopher shall have a few trees and a rivulet in her garden, and she shall call that her elysium ; and nobody shall be able to comprehend what that elysium is ; and every day she shall feed sparrows in her garden ; and she shall watch her domestics, both males and females, to prevent their playing the same foolish prank that she herself had played ; and she shall sup in the midst of her harvest people ; and she shall cut up hemp with them, having her lover at her side ; and the philosopher shall be desirous of cutting hemp the day after, and the day after that, and all the days of his life ; and she shall be a pedant in every word she says ; and all the rest of her sex shall be contemptible in her eyes ; and she shall die, and before she dies she shall preach according to custom ; and she shall talk incessantly, till her strength fail her ; and she shall dress herself out like a coquette, and die like a saint.

“ The author of this book, like those empyrics, who make wounds on purpose, in order to show the virtue of their balsams, poisons our souls, for the glory of curing them ; and this poison will act violently on the understanding and on the heart ; and the antidote will operate only on the understanding ; and the poison will triumph, and he will boast of having opened a gulph ; and he will think he saves himself from all blame, by crying, Woe be to the young girls, who shall fall into it ; I have warned them against it in my preface ; and young girls never read a preface : And he will say, by way of excuse, for his having written a book which inspires vice, that he lives in an age wherein it is impossible to be good : and, to justify himself, he will slander the whole world, and threaten with his contempt all those who do not like his book : and every body shall wonder how, with a soul so pure and virtuous, he could compose a book which is so much the reverse : and many who believed in him, shall believe in him no more.”

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### THE SPEECHES OF MR. GRATTAN.\*

EVERY nation has had three distinct periods in its annals ; that of fable, that of partial light, and that of authentic history. The life of the eminent person, whose speeches are now before us, com-

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\* The Speeches of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan in the Irish and in the Imperial parliament. Edited by his Son. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1822.

Miscellaneous Works of the Same. 1 vol. 8vo.

APRIL. 1823.—NO. 252. 35



prehends the most important portion of the last period. Grattan, as the great orator of the House of Commons, and as the man of unrivalled influence with the people, as exercising his power with both for the honour and happiness of his country, has mingled his name with all that is glorious and all that is melancholy in the history of the Irish constitution. He has been acknowledged, by an unanimous voice, the founder of the liberties of Ireland. The materials may have been prepared by others, the remnants of the rude privileges of their Celtic fathers, and the purer and more shapely models of England, lay before him; but he was the first that gathered them together, exercised a master's hand upon them, and built the fair temple of the constitution. Few men have had this fortune, or deserved it more; and if Grattan had perished at an early age, few men would have gone down to the grave with a richer and more exulting retrospect; but he survived to see his labours thrown into confusion, the parliamentary independence of Ireland extinguished, and the country delivered over to a long sufferance of calamity.

Henry Grattan was born in Dublin in 1746. His descent was respectable, his father having been recorder of the city, and its representative in parliament. The family income does not seem to have been more than sufficient for the usual expenditure of official rank in that joyous and dissipated metropolis, and young Grattan was to make his own fortune. In Ireland, as in Scotland, the bar is the prevalent profession. The son of a law officer, and a member of parliament, had a double motive for embracing this ambitious profession, and he commenced his literary training by entering Trinity College, the Irish university. There, unlike Swift and Burke, he made a remarkable figure, and there began his competition with the clever and arrogant individual whom he had for an opponent during his political career, Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Chancellor. He became a Templar in 1767, a time of memorable parliamentary effort in England, and was early and easily drawn from the drier matters of the law to the debates. Chatham was then in all his grandeur, flashing his unproductive lightnings on the cloudy and disturbed politics of the administration. Grattan, born for an orator, here found his example at once. The condensation and vividness of the pre-eminent speaker of England inflamed the kindred spirit of the Irishman; his first effort was a "Character" of Chatham, singularly brilliant and original.

Grattan was called to the bar in Ireland in 1772, and seems for some time to have indulged in the tempting society of Dublin, and in the lighter kinds of literature. He toyed in private theatricals, and even wrote an epilogue, to be spoken by the *belle* of the time, the handsome Countess of Lanesborough. He next dipped in politics, though still at a timid distance, and was the

author of some anonymous essays, sufficiently derisive of the unpopular and much laughed at administration of the Marquis of Townsend. A young man of talents, who was to be the architect of his own fortune, might have been naturally numbered among ministerial *eleves*; and the Townsend government were not tardy in purchasing parliamentary vigour. But Grattan's choice was made. He associated himself at once with the party opposed to the Castle. Lord Charlemont, a man respected by government, as a mediator between the aristocracy and the people, and standing in high honour with the public, from his sincerity, independence, and patriotism, brought him in for a borough, and Grattan, almost from his first step in the threshold of the Commons, became the hope of opposition.

We are not the panegyrists of the English polity in Ireland; but no honest view of its motives can be taken, without allowing for casualties beyond the reach of human counsel. Tyranny is out of the question; there is nothing to establish the charge of sullen violence or vindictive execution. The whole course of the English government was a great remedial trial, sometimes stern, sometimes conciliatory, but, whether stern or conciliatory, too frequently defeated by habits and misfortunes against which no wisdom could stand its ground.

Ireland was not *conquered* by England. This is her pride, but it is her misfortune. From the landing of Fitzstephen in 1170 to Cromwell's campaign in 1650, the full impression of the English arms had not been felt. The great mother of freedom and legislation had not been able to introduce them into Ireland; she had not been able to sow the seed of civilization in the shaking and bloody soil. Her establishment seemed more the refuge of outcasts from shipwreck on some barbarous shore, than the site of dominion.

When England at this obscure period is impugned, it is forgotten that she sat upon no Epicurean throne. For two hundred years she was struggling through the fierce hazards which were yet to mould her form into civil and warlike virtue. She had to undergo the extremes of foreign and domestic war. France was to be fought, and to be held in a dubious and wasting subjection. Domestic faction was to be crushed. The armies of York and Lancaster were battling on the soil. The Spaniard, lord of the empire in every quarter of the world, was to be encountered all round the world. England, tasked to her last lance, and driven to the final chance of battle, where defeat was to leave her without a name, was often forced, like Rome in the general assault on her dominion, to leave the more remote provinces to their own defence; and Ireland was abandoned to the wild feuds, of chieftains, exasperated by mutual injuries, inflamed to arms by native

courage, and bound and sworn to relentless hostility by superstition, ignorant, bloody, and barbarian.

This was the situation of Ireland for four hundred years; a fierce chieftainry, a foreign supremacy, weakly but desperately maintained; no commerce, no law, no retrospective glory, no rising prospect of better times; the desert and the pilgrimage cheered by no glittering patriarchal dream of future splendour; a fragment of English life keeping its grasp on the edge of the country, like men expecting to be swept off by the first wave; and, within the land, the perpetual swell and tumult of the fierce passions, the ferocious instincts, of savage life, sharpened and made more sanguinary by the craft of a rude civilization. This would have been spared if England had conquered the soil. But her irresistible invasions were as transient as the fires of the lava poured into the ocean. Every half or quarter of a century some great effort was made by England for the tranquility of this distracted land. The chivalry of the Henries and Edwards, Richard and Elizabeth, came and disappeared, like the visions in the cave of the wierd sisters, leaving "the word of promise to the ear." The pride of knighthood was disgusted by a conflict with the nameless and unmailed dwellers of the wilderness; and at the first sounding of the trumpet from France, the Norman and the Saxon abandoned the triumph over naked valour, and followed the king to Cressy and Poitiers. The armies of Elizabeth, feebly led, and desperately resisted, perished in their camp, and left the Irish to shed tenfold blood upon their grave. Alternately dependent, without the advantages of protection, and free, without the honours of liberty, Ireland was consumed by the evil of perpetual change. Every paramount foreign summons left the English settlements open, and the Septs instantly arose and devastated the *Pale*. The foreign convulsion ceased, and the current rolled back, but its channel must now be forced through corpses; all was to be begun again. The conquest, thus imperfect, loose, and transitory, could only trample the land into mire. The soldier marked the ground with his heel, and could do no more. There was no time for the slow benevolence of the plough. Ireland was one vast *border*. It is less wonderful, that she should have languished under this sanguinary vicissitude, than that she should have retained a name as a country, that a blade of corn was to be found in the fields, that a ship visited her ports, that the face of man was not altogether extinguished within her shores. Prophecy has no picture more fearful than this dilapidation of a land. But, in the midst of this continued roar of war, the native genius made itself memorable in two of the most refined indulgences of our nature, a vivid and impassioned poetry, and a music, original, tender, and magnificent in the highest degree. Music is the portion of an unfortunate people. Prosperous nations have no music,

or none worth the name : or only bequeathed to them from some little secluded remnant of ancestry, entrenched among lakes and mountains, and consoling exile and defeat by song. But national misfortune is the sure parent of music. The sufferings of Scotland have brought her exquisite melodies down even so low as 1745. The habits of Ireland combined with its vicissitudes to give a deeper colour to its music. The eastern chieftains were kings, and surrounded with the pomps of barbarian regal life. Their banquet was the boundless and lavish prodigality of uncivilized power ; they moved to battle, at the head, not of clans, but of armies. Antiquaries have attempted to trace an obscure descent from the blood of the East. But the Irish king had a less equivocal resemblance to the Persian satrap, in the profuse ornament of his dress, in the scarlet or saffron mantle, the golden armour, and the diadem set with emeralds. The wars kindled by the rude ambition of those gorgeous savages were massacres ; and the hard recorded a victory which left no enemy in the field, or a defeat that broke down the throne,—a mourning and desolation unutterable. The habitual instrument was the harp, the loftiest, the most touching, and the most romantic of all instruments. It impressed the national style with a portion of its own character ; and the Irish music has no superior in romantic grandeur, and profound impassioned melancholy. When the ancient dynasties were extinguished, and the regal star had set for ever, the night did not pass away with it ; the struggle was perpetuated, and the finer minds of Ireland, harassed and driven into its fastnesses, had the same bitter inducements to cherish the early tastes of their country. Like Milton's fallen spirits, they took with them their songs and rich recollections into their exile ; and,

- - "Retreated in their silent valleys, sang,  
With notes angelical, to many a harp,  
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
By doom of battle."

What Ireland might have been with her great original qualities of war and peace, cultivated and guided to her true interests, is now beyond conjecture. In the recent struggles of the empire, she has not fallen behind any of its kingdoms in the vigour of her genius, or the valour of her soldiers. It cannot be doubted, that, in her historic darkness, many a bold hand and mighty intellect arose and perished. Men fought from the rage of appetite, from the madness of faction, from the impulse of gallant blood ; without direction, and without reward. History recoils from this furious gladiatorship, and leaves the heroic slaves without a name. Yet, in a nobler cause, and in a later time, those men might have stood among the glorious of the earth. If, in the spirit of the Homeric prayer, the light had been let in upon the conflict round

that trampled and defaced corpse, their native sovereignty, the world would have seen, grappling hand to hand, many a form worthy of kings and chieftains, many a noble courage and superb mind, stamped by nature to have led armies to battle, and guided the councils of empires.

The first regular parliament of Ireland was convened in 1297 by Sir Thomas Wogan, the English chief governor. The lords spiritual and temporal were summoned, and writs to the sheriffs directed the return of two knights for each county or district entitled to representation. Of a country torn by faction, the parliament might naturally be reluctant to assemble, and, when assembled in factions, prejudiced and ineffective. The English viceroy seems to have required all his sagacity to keep the conflicting interests at peace, and invigorate the diplomatic indolence of those fierce and panoplied debaters. But something was done. The land was prolific of calamities; and the list of sufferings, grievances, and mal-practices, set forth by this parliament, contained every evil that could spring out of beggary, lordly broils, and rude persevering misgovernment.

But Ireland was still to be ruled only by the sword. The legislature fell into disuse, and we scarcely hear of the parliament till two centuries after, when Sir Edward Poynings—a name hateful to Irish annals—came, as Lord Deputy, to remodel the general system. He introduced a statute which broke down the independence of parliament at a blow. By this statute, emphatically called Poyning's Law, it was established that no parliament should be held in Ireland, of which the object was not previously notified to the king, under the great seal of Ireland, by the king's lieutenant and council. In the reign of Mary, this statute was bound tighter round the liberties of parliament, by the doctrine that no bill, nor even heads of a bill, could be framed by the legislature. The Irish viceroy and privy council were to originate the bill, and it was then to be transmitted to England for the decision of the king and privy council; the power of the Irish parliament being limited to its acceptance or rejection.

The Revolution of 1688 sent something of its spirit into this *Ultima Thule* of politics. The frost that had bound up the Irish parliament was partially thawed, and this long slumbering and reptile-blooded legislature lifted up its crest for a moment. But it was to feel it trampled down again by the Whigs, now no longer struggling for place, and clamorous for freedom. The cause was trivial,—a quarrel between the House of Lords and the Court of Exchequer; but closing in "An Act for the better securing the dependency of Ireland on the Crown of Great Britian," by which the Lords were deprived of the right of judication in appeals. Farthermore, "the British parliament was declared to have full power to make laws for the kingdom of Ireland." The Irish

parliament was thus, from 1719, the date of this extraordinary transaction, virtually a cipher.

If Ireland had been a thousand miles farther off in the Atlantic, she might never have incurred this decrepitude, or, incurring it, she might never have found its restorative. But she was too near to England to be out of the sound of that perpetual public voice, which has made the characteristic, and the strength of English freedom.

The constitutional beacons could not be fired, without casting their light across the waters, and being seen upon the Irish shore. A few men, disgusted with the national mismanagement, formed themselves, in conjunction with the more ostensible opponents of administration, into a party, called indiscriminately patriots and tories, and commenced a struggle against whiggism, which, changing its original principles, had long been called tyranny. The celebrated *Dean of St. Patrick's* was the soul of this party. The character of Swift has been insulted by the whig writers in every day since his own. But whatever may have been the eccentricities of his personal character, or the irritation of a mind singularly liable to violent impulses, there can be but one conviction, of his sagacity, directness, and courage. His personal disappointment may have originally prompted him too hastily, against the measures of administration. His exile, as he termed it, might have soured a more placid spirit. But he was on the spot where, if a man had a human feeling within him, it must have been stirred. The distress which he might have originally looked on as an instrument against the viceroy, soon absorbed him on its own account. If he lifted the robe from the bleeding body of the state, it was no longer to harangue over it, as a stimulant to popular revenge; but, as he stripped it up, to be more heavily impressed with the depth of the wounds, and to try more sedulously whether life may not yet linger in that torn and neglected frame. It is palpable, that Swift soon grew sincere; his personal hazards, his open defiance of the bench, his insults to the treasury, his fearless and unrelaxing patronage of every design which had in view the promotion of Irish interests, all are an answer to the poor imputation of personal motives. We are not now to estimate the man by the recollections that linger through the long decay of a hundred years; the petty incidents of his captiousness, his capricious friendships, his strange marriage, or the unfortunate and graceless burlesque of his poetry. But let him be judged of by his actual undeniable public influence; by the bold and powerful proportions of his mind, in its full and naked exercise, not wrapped in the idle and enfeebling habits of his less honourable hours; and no individual of his day can stand beside him as a competitor. We have in him, the extraordinary example of an individual, without family influence, extensive income, or considerable

rank, swaying a great population, casting into shadow, as he moved, the court and the legislature, treading down the selfishness of the Irish administration, and, after vanquishing the Castle, defying and defeating the English whig privy council, and doing all this without the arts by which the populace are ordinarily moved, without the promise of plunder, or the hope of revolution. It is to Swift's immortal honour, that, attaining the whole power of a demagogue, he was superior to the abuse of the public mind, that his views were directed to objects of unequivocal national utility; and that his glorying was, not to have maddened the nation with the drunkenness of insurrectionary folly, but to have set them on their feet, to have established their steps, and showed them where to look for a constitution.

The Irish populace were sufficiently inflammable. An instance of but a little later date proved the fierce nature of the materials on which Swift wrought with so wise a moderation. In the year 1759, on the rumour that the Parliament was to be transferred to England, a sudden multitude poured into the House of Lords, placed an old woman on the throne, made a search for the journals, for the purpose of burning them, seized many members of both Houses, whom they compelled to swear that they would never vote for an UNION, destroyed the equipages of members who had escaped, and erected a gibbet for a peculiarly obnoxious individual. Those were the elements by which a powerful malignant might have shaken the country. An interval of quiet occurred, which showed how much the national discontent depended on the character of the local administration. The celebrated Lord Chesterfield became Viceroy in 1745. The time was perilous. England, plunged in a wasteful war with France and Spain, was, for the first time within centuries, forced to fight on her own territory. The vigour of the Pretender's invasion was rapidly rousing the disaffected spirit of the country, and the constitution seemed to depend upon a battle at the gates of London. Chesterfield, in the trying situation of governor of a people full of bitter memories, conciliated all parties with matchless good sense. His first and most difficult step was to restrain the violence of the habitual councillors of the crown, who, by new measures of restraint, would have probably driven the nation into rebellion. His next was, to give assurance of his impartiality to every class of political difference. Chesterfield was himself a proof of the advantage of appropriate situation to character. In England, he has passed down to posterity, as little more than a court intriguer, and the author of some profligate letters. But the gay and graceful idler of St James's was the man of diligence and spirit in Dublin Castle. The English voluptuary was the statesman of Ireland. He endeavoured to amuse and occupy the public mind by newspaper discussion; he improved the environs of the me-

ropolis, and laid out a noble park for the citizens. He even availed himself of the popularity of Swift's famous signature, and published a *Drapier's* letter on the Pretender's claims. He discountenanced all party irritation, and silenced the old malice of the court, or its new follies, with witty contempt. A man of influence rushed into his chamber one morning, before he had risen, with the alarm, that "Thirty thousand Irish were up in the north." Chesterfield bid him look at his watch and tell him "the hour." "It was nine. Bless me, said the viceroy, can it be so late? No "wonder they are up, I ought to be up too." His repartees are still current in Ireland, as evidences of the playful wisdom of a man whom they still honour. At a drawing room, where a Miss Ambrose, a Roman Catholic, of remarkable beauty, was present, some observation was made on the dangers resulting from popery. "For my part," said Chesterfield, turning his eyes on this handsome recusant, "I know but one dangerous Papist, and that one "is —Miss Ambrose."

These are not very splendid displays of wit; but in politics nothing is trivial that can influence the public spirit. It was by such pleasantries that he brought the people into good humour with his government, and it is by such that his name is still commemorated in Ireland. His viceroyalty lasted but a year; he was recalled in 1746, and the kingdom was thenceforth wearied with the struggles of ignorant power and rude faction.

A signal change in the constitution of the Irish parliament occurred in 1768. The tumultuous habits of Ireland had given it a virtual remoteness from the paramount country. Fierce rebellion, or angry obedience, were all that made its character with the English; and who feels for the coercion of barbarians? The caprices of power, checked at home by fear of the people, or by respect for the law, found their natural range in this distant and desolated land. The prerogative, so early chained up in the royal menagerie, was let loose to prey through the moral wilderness of Ireland. The House of Commons had consisted of one hundred members in the reign of Henry VIII. *Mary* and *Elizabeth* increased them by forty-eight; but of those, seventeen were for counties, and established by the latter. James I. summoned to his first parliament in 1613 two hundred and thirty-two, of whom forty were made at once, James answering the complaints of the Commons on this extraordinary exertion of power, with the levity of a fool, and the insolence of a tyrant, "I have made forty boroughs, suppose I had made four hundred—the more the merrier." Charles I. Charles II. and James II. continued to increase the number of boroughs, chiefly from motives of personal favour. The last creation was by Anne, who, however, made but one. These parliaments had at length become of the duration of the king's life, unless dissolved by his prerogative. But from 1716



the English parliament had been septennial. The first step of the patriots on feeling their strength, was to present a bill limiting the extravagant and ruinous duration of the Irish legislature. After a series of defeats, popular disturbances, and ebullitions of party acrimony, Lord Townsend was sent over, in 1767, to terminate this conflict, which had endured from 1761. The royal consent was given to an octennial bill in 1768, and the nation was overjoyed at its success. It had certainly made a great and solid advance to freedom.

Townsend has, like Chesterfield, left strong recollections in Ireland. A man of talent, knowledge of the world, and ready pleasantry, has powerful qualifications for popularity in all countries; but in the proverbial conviviality of Ireland they were irresistible. To this day a Townsend club holds the anniversary of this accomplished humourist's birth. Thus, in defiance of Shakspeare, a great man's memory may live half a century without church-building. Townsend was the first viceroy since Chesterfield who seemed to feel a personal interest in the people. He associated with the general society of the metropolis, disclaimed the repulsive etiquette assumed by former governors, and by many instances of spirit, wit, and generosity, mingled with some frolics still well remembered, this Irish *Henri Quatre* made himself an unrivalled favourite with the multitude. In parliament he met with furious hostility. His task had been to break down the power of the oligarchy, who, taking the side of the English cabinet, had seized the entire patronage of the kingdom, and absolutely dictated to the government. To shake this alliance, the viceroy, sagacious and indefatigable, sought out, among the rising minds of Ireland, the talents that might render him independent of its overwhelming help. He opened his table to them, and, in the freedom of conversation and social wit, formed his estimate of their capabilities. His acuteness was unailing, and the men whom he thus selected justified his choice, by the infusion into parliament of new eloquence, knowledge, and vigour, and by finally subduing an aristocracy, at once too ambitious and too ignorant to be entrusted with the interests of the country. But this was the happier and the more remote result. The first effect was to enrage the great holders of power, and, by combining their jealousy with the old repugnance of the opposition, to bring a storm of obloquy on the government. Townsend, either exhausted by this perpetual dissension, or satisfied with having placed his object within view, retired in 1772. From his time the viceroy, who had previously resided in Ireland only one winter in every two years, took up his permanent residence in the capital. The old habit of abandoning the administration to lords-justices, of whom two out of three were regularly chosen from the borough-holding aristocracy, was at an end; and those *under-*

*takers*, as the managers of the borough interest were called, thenceforth lost a great portion of the influence which they had used for their own aggrandizement to the equal discredit of government and of the country.

Grattan's first speech recorded in these volumes was made in 1778, on the motion of *Mr. Robert Stewart*, father of the late lamented secretary, relative to the excess of the public expenditure over the income. It is a bold, popular declamation; but chiefly remarkable for its evidence of the speaker's early adoption of his style. It has the same vividness and brevity of phrase, the same contrasts of language, and the same strong embodying of familiar images, which distinguished him till his last hour. Reprobating the habit of creating supernumary salaries, this spirited novice says :

"The people, who see that employment is not in the contemplation of such places, grow suspicious. They think that places are created, not for individuals only, but that we have established and entailed upon the public whole *foundations of idleness*; so that we are deliberating not only about limiting an expense, but setting bounds to a *slave trade* !

"Nor is it only that the nation is impoverished by the corrupt spirit in which ministers have increased every salary; the country is plundered by their inadvertency, by yielding to the importunities of some, they teach all to be importunate. One job is the father of a thousand pretensions.—Where every thing is a job, every man will be a claimant.

"Thus has this new system, (or I know not what to call it,) of venality and prodigality, advanced upon this country with a solid and accumulating strength, which has broken down the great works of the constitution. The service of the crown has sunk: the emoluments have increased; the dignity vanished; the supposition of hire precludes the idea of honour. Ministers have taken the jewels out of the crown, and have staked them against the liberties of the people !

"Let gentlemen contemplate what will soon be the weakness of the British empire, wrecked in the vortex of that pernicious contest with America. How likely to require aid from us, when the House of Bourbon gathers about her, and, like an exhausted parent, she faints back upon the only child her violent councils have left her.

"Will you pass a window tax in time of peace, in addition to hearth money, and condemn the poor to a *dungeon* for ever ? In all the contests between the wretched condition of the subject, and the liberal disposition of parliament, we may make that condition more vexatious, not more productive; the omnipotence of parliament may destroy trade, it cannot impregnate; it may stop the circulation of law and letters; it can do no more. In Ireland, the iron hand of poverty limits the omnipotence of parliament !

"Or shall we endeavour to transfer the scene; we cannot raise and starve public bounty, and humble our past establishments. It would not do,—for though we were to take the robe off the back of the people in order to make a livery for placemen and pensioners; though churches and public works were left to decay, and become as rotten as our policy; though we were to steal from the Dublin distresses, and spurn into the street the Foundling Hospital, with all its orphans, though we were to live for administration only, and the majesty of the people were to go naked and threadbare to accommodate the household of the Castle, yet we could not supply to their profusion 100,000*l.*

by denying every thing to the necessities, the improvement, and the decencies of our country!"

This, delivered with Grattan's energy of manner, must have had a powerful effect. But the charges made with such force against the government, were actually levelled, not at the viceroy and the English cabinet, but at the overgrown power of the party whose dispossession was to be the first advance to free action on the part both of the minister and of the people. Some public friends of the English interest, the prime serjeant, *Burgh*, the provost of the university, *Hutchinson*, subsequently secretary of state, &c. voted for the motion. This oppression of the viceroy by the borough-holders furnishes a clue to Grattan's unceasing attacks on the government, while to the end of his life he continued the declared and sincere friend of connection with England.

But an Englishman looking on the decrepit state of the Irish constitution, would have been among the most strenuous assertors of the measures which now engrossed the popular side. Dependent judges, a perpetual mutiny bill, a perpetual grant of the customs and excise, a House of Commons disabled from giving birth to any measure, a privy council embracing the whole province of legislation, originating, uttering, and controlling the parliamentary laws,—these were the elements of which the Irish charter was shapen, elements, not of order, but of confusion, not of strength, but of restless and fatal weakness; not tending to coalesce and be reconciled into the vigour and noble regularity of a free constitution, but to be involved in perpetual conflict till they fell into ruin and were no more.

The opposition applied themselves to their task with manliness and system. They wisely divided the obnoxious statutes among them, and thus were enabled to bring forward their successive measures with an intelligence and honourable rivalry, deserving of high distinction in parliamentary history. Grattan and Brownlow, a man of great public weight, grappled with the question of "*Irish Legislative Independence*." Burgh, afterwards Chief-Baron, and Daly, a country gentleman of large fortune, and of ability as a speaker, occupied themselves with general superintendence. Bushe, versed in finance, undertook the "Perpetual Mutiny Bill." Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, possessed of great opulence, and Sir Hercules Langrishe, the wit of his day, and one of the most graceful orators of the house, undertook the "*Roman Catholic Penal Code*." Yelverton, subsequently Chief-Justice, and Flood, a name eminent among the eminent, were appointed to the overthrow of "*Poyning's Law*." The meetings of these leaders were held at the Earl of Charlemont's house, where the mild wisdom and accomplished knowledge of his Lordship, gave consistency and mode-

ration to measures, that, intemperately urged, might have set the kingdom in a flame.

All nations part reluctantly with power. The sceptre, even when it is too heavy for the hand, is unwillingly relinquished. England had fought for the burthensome sovereignty of America, and lost it. The example of the resistance and the result survived the battle. The roar of a nation in arms went across the Atlantic, and, when it had died at home, it was heard in its echo in Ireland. The memories of that period are still fresh in the general mind, and we shall merely state the consequence, that Ireland, sustained by the spirit of her volunteers, and England, inclined to conciliation by her own good sense, and the necessities of the time, finally arranged difficulties which might have been easily embittered into civil war. But this fortunate completion was not attained till after many a long and violent struggle within the senate, great emotion among the people, great revolutionary hazard in the armed force, averted only by the sincerity of Grattan and his friends, in their attachment to English connection. On the 19th April, 1780—a date which, if other counsels and other days had not visited Ireland with the Union, should have stood “aye sacred in the calendar”—Grattan moved the famous “*Declaration of Right*.” His speech on this occasion placed him at once in the foremost rank of eloquence and patriotism. It is thus that this fervid and powerful genius swoops upon his subject.

“If I had lived when the 9th of William took away the woollen manufacture, or when the 6th of George the First declared this country to be dependent, and subject to laws to be enacted by the parliament of England, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience, to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power. Or if I had a son, I should have administered to him an oath, that he would consider himself as a person separate and set apart for the discharge of so important a duty.”

“The people of this country are not satisfied—something remains; the greater work is behind; the public heart is not well at ease; to promulgate our satisfaction—to stop the throats of millions by the votes of parliament—to preach homilies to the volunteers—to utter invectives against the people, under pretence of affectionate advice, is an attempt, weak, suspicious, and inflammatory. You cannot dictate to those whose sense you are entrusted to represent. Your ancestors, who sat within these walls, lost to Ireland trade and liberty; you, by the assistance of the people, have recovered trade, you still owe the kingdom liberty—she calls upon you to restore it.”

“This dissatisfaction, founded upon a consideration of the liberty we have lost, is increased, when they consider the opportunity they are losing. For, if this nation, after the death-wound given to her freedom, had fallen on her knees in anguish, and besought the Almighty to frame an occasion in which a weak and injured people might recover their rights, prayer could not have asked a moment more opportune for the restoration of liberty, than this in which I have the honour to address you.”

The peroration of this whole speech concentrates the argu-

ment and the feeling of the question in a grand burst of Grattan's peculiar oratory.

"Hereafter, when those things shall be history—your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament—shall the historian stop at liberty! and observe, that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude. They were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and *the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged*, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostrated at the threshold."

"I might, as a constituent, come to your bar, and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land, and their violation—by the instruction of eighteen counties—by the arms, inspiration, and *providence* of the moiment, tell us the rule by which we shall go—assert the law of Ireland—declare the liberty of the land!

"I will not be answered by a *public lie, in the shape of an amendment*. Neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing, but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow subjects, the air of liberty! I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags—he may be naked, he shall not be in iron. And I do see that *the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted*. And though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and *the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him*."

This is splendid oratory, and no man can read it without a conviction of the genius of Grattan. Its nervous and direct strength must have made the speaker eminent in any assembly of the earth. The feelings of the time have passed away, and language, lofty and superb as this, is lost on the fallen fortunes of the Irish parliament. It is a magnificent inscription on the grave, where its tenant has been long dissolved. But the monument may perish, the inscription will not be forgotten, and, in the future prosperity of Ireland, her noblest feelings will be learned from the memory of this panegyric, as her deepest wisdom will be warned by the fate of this legislature.

We cannot restrain ourselves from giving another fragment; it is from the second speech on the Declaration of Right. It is a perpetual splendour.

"The claim (of England, as having conquered Ireland) naturally leads to the subject of the volunteers. You have an immense force, the shape of a much greater, of different religions, but of one political faith; kept up for three years defending the country; for the government took away her troops and consigned her defence to the people; *defending the government*, I say, aiding the civil power, and pledged to maintain the liberty of Ireland to the last drop of their blood. Who is this body? The commons of Ireland! and you at the head of them. It is more.—It is the society in its greatest possible description; it is the property; it is *the soul of the country armed*! They for this body have yet no adequate name.

"In the summer of 1780, they agree in a declaration of right; in the summer of 1781, they hear that the French are at sea. In the heat and hurricane of their zeal for liberty they stop; without delay, they offer to march; their

march waits only for the commands of the Castle. The Castle, where the sagacious courtier had abandoned his uniform, finds it prudent to receive a self-armed association. The delegates of that self-armed association enter the mansions of the government, ascend the steps, advance to the presence of the lord-lieutenant, and make a tender of their lives and fortunes, with the form and reception of an authenticated establishment. A painter might here display and contrast the loyalty of a courtier with that of a volunteer; he would paint the courtier hurrying off his uniform, casting away his arms, filling his pockets with the public money, and then presenting to his sovereign *naked servitude!* He would paint the volunteer seizing his charter, handling his arms, forming his columns, improving his discipline, demanding his rights, and then, at the foot of the throne, making a tender of his allegiance; *he had no objection to die by the side of England; but he must be found dead with her charter in his hand!*

“How do you mean to proceed? Submit and take the lead in the desertion? Impossible. The strength, which at your back supports your virtue, precludes your apostasy; *the armed presence of the nation will not bend; the community will not be sold.*”

“Before you decide on the *practicability of being slaves*, look to America. Do you see nothing in that America but the grave and prison of your armies? Do you not see in her range of territory, cheapness of living, variety of climate, and simplicity of life,—the drain of Europe? Whatever is bold and disconsolate, sullen virtue, and wounded pride, all, all to that point will precipitate; and *what you trample on in Europe will sting you in America.*——What do you wait for? Do you wait for a peace; till the volunteer retires, and the minister replies by his cannon?——Or do you wait for more calamities in the fortunes of England, till the empire is a wreck, and the two countries go down together.——Are the princes of the earth more vigilant than the Almighty, that you should besiege the throne of mercy with your solicitations, and *ho!d it unnecessary to admonish the king? or do you wait till your country speaks to you in thunder!*”

These appeals were irresistible. The treasury made a protracted defence; but the public sentiment was too deeply founded, and too proudly raised to be overthrown. The resolutions were combated by a feeble majority; but the will of the nation was pronounced, the failures of the armies in America, and the menacing hostility of Europe, had shaken Lord North on his throne, and disgusted England with the prospect of Irish coercion. The Rockingham administration came into power in March, 1782. The Duke of Portland was sent over as viceroy; the Irish parliament was declared independent; and the empire saved from a civil war. The interest which the nation took in these memorable debates was one of the characteristics of the era. They had looked carelessly on the proceedings of their languid and shackled legislature. Bitter feuds arose in the house, and were extinguished with no more result than any other vulgar riot; but the obscurity of this midnight brawl, with its insignificant fury and its personal and degraded violence, had now been succeeded by a nobler illustration. As the debates propounded matters of national importance, they assumed the dignity of national council. They became more decorous, more eloquent, more the object of public anxiety and of patriotic distinction. A crowd of men too high spirited to have solicited

place, and too contemptuous of parliamentary notoriety to have thrown off the favourite indolence of birth and fortune for the worthless bustle of unnoticed debates, were urged to sudden diligence; and it is a remarkable fact, that some of the most laborious and brilliant among the future debaters, were *country gentlemen*! The gratitude of the nation was irrestrainable; but its justice paid the first homage to Grattan. A hundred thousand pounds were proposed for the purchase of an estate for the great patriot. At his own request, the vote was lowered to 50,000*l.*—a trivial sum for his services, or for his exigencies, but a signal honour, without a precedent and without an example.

The security of political freedom in England may throw these labours and these rewards into an unfaithful light. But we should remember what Ireland was; we should look out of our territory, sheltered and cultivated almost into a prodigal and dangerous luxuriance, and pass across that mighty gulf, which separated political Ireland from the peace and ancient glory of England. The Irish patriot had other evils to deal with than those of a pampered and fretful fancy; not the slow discoveries of his study, but the bitter and melancholy pressures which smite man in every pore, and will not be eluded. The captious freedom of the modern reformer may be the license to do mischief; the cry of Irish independence was the cry to be allowed to live out of thralldom. There was a famine of all privileges; justice was to be sought only at the foot of the English privy council; every boon was accompanied and degraded by a renewed sense of shame; in that great prison every turn of the gate upon its hinges sounded slavery; every gust of fresh air was heard in the shaking of the national chains. What would be the feelings of England if she had now to kneel to authority with this petition in her hand:

“The repeal of a perpetual Mutiny Bill.

“The repeal of the power of the privy council to make laws for Parliament.

“The restoration of the Peers to the right of final judicature.

“The abrogation of the claim of the Crown to make laws for the people.

“The dependence of the army on the three estates of the realm.

“The acknowledgment of the exclusive right of the King, Lords, and Commons, combined, to make laws for the kingdom.”

Yet it was with this petition, deepened by its being addressed to authority, foreign in all things but in hereditary grievance, that Irish patriotism approached to the seat of English supremacy.

With claims of this necessity, faction has nothing to do. The men, by whom they were upheld, were the most unblemished friends to the constitution of England, and to the connection of both countries. But they felt, truly, that there can be no solid connection between the free and the slave, and they raised Ireland into liberty, that the alliance might be sincere, pure, and indissoluble.

In this general triumph, Grattan took the undisputed lead, and his speech in the address of thanks to the viceroy has the solemn beauty of a *pæan*.

“I am now to address a **FREE PEOPLE**!

“Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation.”

The orator suddenly rises into a strain of magnificent self-applause.

“I found Ireland on her knees.—I watched over her with an eternal solicitude.—I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed. Ireland is now a nation.—In that new character I hail her, and bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua*!”

This language, which would have been ostentation in the lips of any other man, was, in his, simplicity and justice. He then throws a flash upon the Cimmerian darkness of the past.

“She is no longer a wretched colony, returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his oppression. Nor is she now a squabbling, fretful sectary, perplexing her little wits, and firing her furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities, and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war.”

He then rushes out into splendid amplification.

“You, with difficulties innumerable, with dangers not a few, have done what your ancestors wished, but could not accomplish; and what your posterity may preserve, but will never equal. You have moulded the jarring elements of your country into a nation; and have rivalled those great and ancient commonwealths, whom you were taught to admire, and among whom you are now to be recorded. In this proceeding you had not the advantages which were common to other great countries; no monuments, no trophies, none of those outward and visible signs of greatness, such as inspire mankind, and connect the ambition of the age which is coming on, with the example of that going off, and forms the descent and concatenation of glory! No, you have not had any great act recorded among all your misfortunes; nor have you one public tomb to assemble the crowd, and speak to the living the language of integrity and freedom.”

“I congratulate my country, who, going forth, as it were, with nothing but a stone and a sling, and what oppression could not take away, the favour of heaven, accomplished her own redemption, and left you nothing to add, and every thing to admire. You want no trophy now; the records of parliament are the evidence of your glory.”

We have not now space to examine the often discussed topic of Irish eloquence. Its palpable characteristics are vigour and richness—great variety of passion—and great imaginative power—sometimes extravagant in its flights, but always showing



native strength of wing. It is the very antipodes of meagreness, aridity, and common-place. We speak of it, of course, in its highest examples. It has been degraded, like all the other eminent and enviable things of the earth. Imitation naturally fastens on the costliest and most proper products, and the eloquence of the sister country has had its parasite plants, loading the noble tree with weedy fertility and colours not its own. But Ireland protests against having her claims to precedence in this master art of mind, decided by any living model. Her last orator is scarcely cold; and long distress and wild convulsions may shake the land, before the grave of eloquence is broken, and issues again in the shape of living man. It is at the foot of the statues of Burke and Sheridan, of Curran and Grattan, that Ireland takes her stand, and, in pride and sorrow, provokes the contest with the world.

We are not insensible to the faults of Grattan's style. His favourite figure was antithesis, a form of speech natural to a penetrating mind, and of all forms the most impressive on a public assembly. Maxims are arguments—the force of logic without the tardiness of induction. But their use may obviously be indulged too far; and they encumbered the excellence of his old age. Those were rarely visible in his earlier speeches, or, when they obtruded themselves, the fault was consumed in the surrounding glow of passion and genius, and, like spots on the sun, became a part of the intenser glory.

Another and more painful peculiarity was his strong and frequent appeal to the name and the ways of the Deity. This, which was sometimes stately, was sometimes forced, and is certainly among the hazardous violences of oratory. But those faults are too palpable to seduce the student. It is our higher gratification, as it is over better service, to commemorate rather the excellencies than the defects of distinguished ability; and in this spirit we have desired to direct the reader's attention to the more unquestioned merits of the great orator.

We have yet gone over but a few years of the forty that this eminent person filled up with active patriotism. We may return to the subject;—for the present recommending these volumes to the most diligent study of the parliamentary speaker. All imitation is false and unwise. But to dive into the secret of the renowned poet or orator; to see the hidden springs of that unfailing freshness and flow which won him homage; to purify and replenish our earthly nature, till it becomes the source of perennial purity and beauty like his own,—is not to imitate, but to rival; to make the true use of departed eminence; to follow the will of Providence in sending mighty minds, from time to time, to elevate the scale of human power. The student has in Grattan a great example. His clearness of reasoning; his diction, simple, strong, and original; his imagination, embodying ideas with a living vi-

gour, and presenting a perpetual grouping of grand and impressive conceptions, a continual freeze of mental sculptures; and those fine qualities, inspired by a lofty heart devoted to a cause well worthy of the life or death of man, place him rather among the immortal orators of antiquity, than among the leaders of our feeble time. His feelings, his style, and his time, were *Demosthenaic*. He was raised to raise his country with himself; and it is his supreme renown, that he succeeded;—that, during a long life of popular vicissitude, he was the highest mark both with the friends and the enemies of Ireland; that, with the strongest temptations to betray, he was found faithful to the last; and that, let the time of Ireland's grandeur come when it will, her patriot must first draw his inspiration from the sepulchre of GRATTAN.

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## THE NOCTURNAL SEPARATION.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

ONE summer, while at Baltimore on a pleasure excursion, peculiar circumstances suddenly rendered it necessary that I should set sail for St. Thomas's. I immediately proceeded to make inquiry about a vessel to convey me there, and found that there were none bound for that quarter, except a small schooner, which had very inferior accommodations, and was commanded by a person of rude manners and a disobliging temper. However, as my business admitted of no delay, I engaged a passage in her, and put my luggage on board, and desired the captain to send me notice whenever he was ready to sail, that I might immediately join him. I passed two days in that anxious and unsettled state of mind which the prospect of going to sea generally induces, and went despondingly to bed the second night, after having ascertained that the wind was unfavourable to the prosecution of my intended voyage. A loud knocking at my chamber door awakened me from a profound sleep, about an hour before dawn. I was on the point of demanding who occasioned the disturbance, when a voice called out, "The schooner is ready to sail—They are heaving up the anchor—Captain Burder sent me to warn you to come on board without a moments delay." I started from bed, and having dressed myself as quickly as possible, accompanied the messenger to the wharf, and embarked in a boat which waited there for us, and soon reached the schooner. Her captain was so busily engaged in giving orders to the seamen, that he seemed scarcely to notice my arrival. However, I addressed him, and made some remark about the suddenness of his departure. "That doesn't concern you," replied he abruptly, "I suppose your berth is ready below." But instead of taking his hint, and going down to the cabin, I remained upon deck until

we cleared the mouth of the harbour, which we at last accomplished with much difficulty, for the wind was as directly ahead as it could blow. I felt at a loss to conceive the cause of our putting to sea in such unfavourable weather ; but judged, from the specimen of the captain's manner which I had already had, that it would be useless to address to him any inquiries upon the subject. I therefore went to bed, and did not get up next morning till called to breakfast. On entering the cabin, I was astonished to find a lady and a gentleman there, whom I had not previously known to be on board. They were introduced to me as fellow-passengers ; and after expressing my gratification at the prospect of enjoying their society during the voyage, I began to converse with them, and soon found that their presence would in a great measure counterbalance the disagreeables arising from captain Burder's surly and untractable temper. They were named Mr. and Mrs. Monti, and were both young, and had recently been married. She was a pretty, lively, interesting creature ; and having fortunately been at sea before, she did not suffer from sickness, or feel at all incommoded or depressed by the comparative uncomfortableness of her situation ; and therefore the sociality of our little circle was never interrupted by her absence, or her incapacity to join it. But the charm of her manners seemed to exert no influence upon the stubborn nature of captain Burder, who always maintained a cold reserve, and rarely took any part in our conversation. His appearance and deportment were singularly unprepossessing. A short muscular figure, a stern countenance, burnt almost to a copper-colour by an exposure to tropical climates, black bushy hair, and small scintillating eyes, formed the exterior of our commander ; and his actions and external behaviour proved that the traits of his mind were as revolting as those of his person. He treated his crew in a capricious and tyrannical manner ; but at the same time, behaved towards them with an air of familiarity very unusual for shipmasters to assume when among common seamen. But a negro man, who attended the cabin, daily experienced the most inhuman usage from his hands, and afforded such a spectacle of degradation and misery as was painful to look upon. Almost every night after dark captain Burder had a long conversation with his mate, during which both seemed particularly anxious to avoid being overheard, and I once or twice observed them studying charts of parts of the ocean that lay quite out of our due and proper course. Their whole conduct was equally suspicious and inexplicable, and I often felt uneasy and apprehensive, though there was no defined evil to fear, nor any danger to anticipate. Our personal comfort was but little attended to on board the schooner ; and our table, which had never been a well furnished one, soon became so mean and uninviting, that Mr. Monti complained to captain Burder about it ; however, without avail, for

the latter told him that he must just take things as he found them. On comparing the quantity of stores we had respectively brought on board, we thought we could manage to live independent of our commander, and Mrs. Monti's woman servant was, therefore, desired to prepare our meals, and spread a table for us every day. Captain Burder grew furious with passion when he learned this arrangement, and muttered some threats which we did not understand. However, next day, his rage against us was farther increased, in consequence of Mr. Monti having taxed him with cruelty and injustice while in the act of beating the negro man already mentioned. This offence was not to be forgiven, and he accordingly broke off all intercourse with the individuals of our party. Delightful weather attended us during the first week of the voyage, and we usually spent the evenings upon deck, under an awning. While thus seated, one calm and beautiful moonlight night, Mrs. Monti said, "if the weather and ocean were ever in this placid state, I believe I would prefer a sea-life to any other. The most susceptible mind could not discover any cause for terror or anxiety in the scene around us—I would rather meet a speedy death among those little billows than linger life away upon a sick bed, racked with pain, and surrounded with weeping friends."—"I have less objection, Harriet," said her husband, "to your mode of dying than to your mode of living. I should not care to spend much time at sea, for I am sure it would pass very heavily. I love variety, and nothing of that is to be met with on board a ship."—"I agree with you," said Mrs. Monti; "but variety is not necessary to happiness—a regular, well-planned, uninterrupted routine, would suit my disposition exactly, and would be more easily attainable at sea than any where else. A life of change entails many miseries. It makes us the slaves of accidents of every kind, and when we are happy, we never can feel secure that our happiness will continue. Now, were I mistress of a large ship, and had the power of sailing continually upon a calm and safe ocean, I would collect my dearest friends on board of her, and get out of sight of land as fast as possible, carrying with me of course various means of amusement and recreation. We would regulate our time and our pleasures as we chose—no disagreeable person could intrude on us—no spectacles of misery would meet our eyes, and no lamentations assail our ears; and we would enjoy each other's society without the fear of ever being separated or disunited except by death; and when any one was removed, the remaining persons would console themselves with the reflection, that a link had been withdrawn from the chain which bound their hearts to this delusive and transitory world; and that, in proportion as their friends dropped away, they would feel more ready and willing to die than they had done while the former were in existence."—"This seems a very plausible scheme of yours my love;" replied

Mr. Monti ; " however, I am glad you cannot put it in execution. I don't know any part of the ocean that is exempted from tempests, which I see you are resolved entirely to avoid, and with reason, for I suspect that a good gale of wind would discompose you and your select party, even more than captain Burder himself, were he to find means of admittance into your projected floating Elysium." While we were engaged in conversation of this kind, I several times observed Samno, the negro man, beckoning to me, and then putting his finger upon his lips. At length I went to the bows of the vessel where he stood, and asked if he had any thing to communicate. " Yes, yes, master," said he, in a whisper, " something very strange, and of great consequence but will no one overhear us ?"—" Do not fear that," answered I ; " Captain Burder is asleep in his birth, and the watch are all near the stern."—" Then I will speak," answered Samno, " You and that other gentleman have been kind to me, and have often tried to save me from the rage of my wicked master—I mean now to serve you in my turn. Your lives are in danger. The captain intends to cast away the vessel."—" What do you mean ?" cried I ; " I am at a loss to understand you."—" Oh I'll soon explain it all," replied he. " Last night, I listened to my master and the mate while they were talking together, and found out that they had formed a plan to wreck this schooner, that they might get the insurance, which would buy her and all she contains twenty times over. These bales, casks, and boxes, that lie in the hold, have no goods in them. They are full of sand and stones. Captain Burder has cheated the insurers in this way, and now he wants to run the vessel a-ground somewhere on the Bahama banks, and leave her to be beat to pieces by the waves. He and his crew, who are all leagued with him, will go off in the boat, and land upon the nearest coast, and give out that they have been shipwrecked. This story, if it is not found out to be false, will entitle him to claim the insurance, which is all he wants. Here is a scheme for you !" I was too much startled and agitated by this intelligence to think of holding any farther conversation with Samno ; and after warning him to conceal his knowledge of the affair from his master and the seamen, I returned to my friends. As the tale I had just heard completely explained captain Burder's mysterious behaviour, and unveiled the cause of his sudden departure from Baltimore, I did not at all doubt the negro's veracity, and began to consider how the infernal machinations of our commander might be best counteracted. When Mrs. Monti retired to her state-room, I informed her husband of the plot that was in agitation. We conferred together a long time upon the subject, and, at last resolved to do nothing openly, until matters came nearer a crisis. Captain Burder's villainous scheme occupied my mind incessantly, and Mr. Monti daily made it a subject of conversation ; but still we could not

determine what course to pursue, and passed our hours in that state of irresolute anxiety, during which, the mind seeks an excuse for its own inactivity and want of decision, by endeavouring to convince itself that the proper time for exertion has not yet arrived. We cautiously concealed the affair from Mrs. Monti and her attendant, and took care that every thing connected with our little establishment should go on in its usual routine, lest any alteration might have excited suspicion among those who were leagued against us. Four or five evenings after Samno had made the above-mentioned communication to me, we were seated upon deck according to custom, it blew pretty fresh, and we went through the water at such a rapid rate that Mrs. Monti remarked it, and asked me, in a whisper, if vessels usually carried so much sail at night as we then did. At this moment, captain Burder who had been pacing the deck in an agitated manner for some time before, seized the lead, and hove it hurriedly, and continued to do so without mentioning the soundings to any one, or making any reply to the mate, who came forward, and offered to relieve him of his charge. There was a dead silence among the crew, all of whom stood near the bows of the vessel, observing their commander with expressive looks. An indistinct sensation of dread, in which I participated, appeared to steal over the individuals of our party. Mrs. Monti trembled and seized her husband's arm, and looked anxiously in his face; but he turned from her gaze without saying any thing. Samno leant against the bulwarks, and twice stepped forward, apparently with the intention of addressing some one, but each time, after a few moments hesitation, he quietly resumed his former position. The moon was nearly full, and we enjoyed all her light, except when a thin fleecy cloud occasionally happened to intervene, and to throw a fleeting and shadowy dimness upon the surface of the ocean. The wind, though strong, appeared unsteady and at intervals its sighing was changed into wild and melancholy moans, which seemed to hover around the vessel for an instant, and then to be borne far over the deep. At one time we glided silently and smoothly through the billows; and at another, they burst and grumbled fiercely around the bows of the schooner, and then collapsed into comparative quietness and repose;—every thing wore an ominous and dreary character, and the scene appeared to exert a depressing influence upon the minds of all on board. The silence was suddenly interrupted by Samno, who cried, "We are now on the Seal Bank! I see the black heads! the schooner will be a-ground immediately!" "Rascal! what do you say?" returned captain Burder, running furiously upon him; "you are a lying vagabond! utter another word, and I will let you feel the weight of the lead upon your body!"—"What can all this mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Monti, in a tone of alarm; "are we really in danger?"—"Captain Bur-

der," cried her husband, "I command you to put about ship instantly! we know all your plans! you are a deceitful villain!—Seamen," continued he, addressing himself to the crew, "Obey this man at your peril! he intends to cast away the vessel for the insurance; if we do not resist we shall lose our lives."—"Mutinous wretch!" returned the captain, "you speak falsely! I deny the charge! you shall repent of this yet. Yes, yes, I'll find a time.—Fellows, stand by me; recollect I am your commander. May I depend upon you all?"—"Ay, ay, sir, to the last," answered the sailors, though some of them spoke rather faintly and irresolutely. Silence now ensued, and captain Burder having thrown aside the lead, began to pace the deck hurriedly, and often cast looks of fury and defiance at Mr. Monti and me. We easily perceived that any sort of resistance on our part would be vain, and perhaps dangerous, and therefore patiently awaited the catastrophe. While he employed himself in soothing and encouraging his lady, I went down to the cabin, and collected all my valuables of small bulk, and concealed them about my person, and likewise privately desired Mr. Monti's servant to occupy herself in the same way. In a few minutes I distinctly felt the keel of the schooner rub upon the bottom. Every one started when this took place, and then appeared to await the next shock in breathless alarm. The vessel, as was expected, soon began a second time to grind against the sand and rocks underneath, and quickly got hard and fast a-ground. Captain Burder immediately ordered the sails to be backed, but this did not move her in the least degree. The shifting of the ballast, which was next resorted to, proved ineffectual, as he probably intended it should. Our situation, now became truly alarming. There was no land in sight; but from the fore-top we could discern shoals stretching on every side to the horizon—those of sand being indicated by the bright green colours of the sea—and those of rock by irregular patches of blackness upon its surface. However, these beacons of danger did not long continue distinguishable, for the moon sunk below the horizon, and clouds gradually overcast the sky. The wind and sea increased at the same time, and we soon began to drift along, being one moment elevated on the top of a billow, and the next dashed furiously against the bottom of the ocean. It was evident that the schooner would quickly go to pieces, and captain Burder ordered his men to let down the boat. While they were engaged in this, a temporary dispersion of some of the clouds afforded us light enough to discern a rocky island at a little distance; and the boat had hardly been dropped when our vessel struck violently—the waves breaking over her at the same time in rapid succession. We all rushed to the side of the schooner on which the boat lay, and leaped into her one after another, with the exception of Mr. Monti, who, when he had assisted his wife and ser-

vant in getting on board, returned to the cabin for some papers which he had forgot. Just as he came upon the deck again, a tremendous sea took the vessel a-stern, and swept him overboard. Mrs. Monti fainted away. Captain Burder immediately cut the barge rope, and ordered the crew to make for the island, saying, it was absurd even to think of saving my companion's life, and that we would be more than fortunate if we escaped a similar fate ourselves. The men rowed furiously, and we soon gained the rock, and landed in safety, though not until the bow of the boat had been stove in by the violent percussions she underwent while we were getting ashore. It was so dark that none of us attempted to explore the apparently insulated spot upon which we had been obliged to take refuge; and my thoughts were chiefly directed to the recovery of Mrs. Monti, who continued in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and revived only to feel the agonizing conviction that her husband was no more. Captain Burder and his crew stood watching the schooner as she rapidly went to pieces, and had a great deal of conversation among themselves, which the noise of the sea prevented me from overhearing. About an hour after we had landed, Samno came running to me, and whispered, that he believed Mr. Monti was still alive, for he had recently heard some one shouting at a distance. I immediately accompanied him to a projecting point of rock, about one hundred yards off, and we both called as loud as we could. A voice, which I instantly recognized to be that of my friend, answered us; but it was some time before we were able to distinguish what he said. At last I ascertained that he had reached the shore by clinging to part of the wreck, and that he could not then gain the spot on which we stood, on account of an arm of the sea which extended into the interior of the island; but that he would immediately endeavour to find his way round the head of it. On hearing this, I entreated him to desist from any such attempt till daylight should render it a secure and successful one. He at last consented, and I hastened to Mrs. Monti, and communicated the joyful tidings of her husband's preservation, which affected her nearly as much as her previous belief in his death had done. Long before dawn we had all assembled on the point of the rock already mentioned; and the first beams of morning showed Mr. Monti opposite to the place where we stood, and divided from us by what appeared to be an arm of the sea, about one hundred and fifty yards wide. After exchanging a few words with his wife, he set out to compass its head and thus get round to us, while Samno went to meet him. We waited their arrival impatiently for near half an hour, and then saw the negro coming towards us with looks of despair. "We are all deceived," cried he; "this is not an arm of the sea, but a channel between two distinct islands; we are on one, and Mr. Monti is on the other; he cannot possibly reach us, unless he swims



across, or is brought over in a boat. What is to be done ? This intelligence filled Mrs. Monti and me with dismay, for both knew that the boat was totally unfit for service, and that her husband could not swim. Every one appeared in some measure to participate in our distress and disappointment, except Captain Burder, who, when asked if there were any means of rescuing Mr. Monti, said, that it behoved him to get across the channel as he best could. Mr. Monti soon appeared on the opposite rock, and explained the hopelessness of his situation more fully than Samno had done. The channel had a rapid current; the set of which, we perceived, would vary with the ebb and flow of the tide; but it was so strong that even an expert swimmer could scarcely hope to baffle its force and reach the adverse shore. No effectual plan of relief suggested itself to any of our minds; but it was evidently necessary that something should be speedily done; for though we had picked up a considerable quantity of wretched provisions, Mr. Monti had none of any kind. We therefore saw at once that he must either risk his life upon the sea, or perish with hunger. In the afternoon, under the influence of these convictions, he began to collect together all the peices of plank he could find; and having torn up his shirt and handkerchief into strips, he bound the timber together, so as to form a sort of raft. This he conveyed to the utter extremity of his own island, hoping that the sweep of the current might carry him, when embarked, to the lower end of the opposite shore. These preparations were viewed with torturing suspense and anxiety by Mrs. Monti and me; and when her husband had placed himself upon the raft, she grew half frantic with alarm, and entreated him to desist. However, after a few moments of irresolution, he pushed off, and was whirled rapidly along by the stream. None of us dared to speak, scarcely even to breathe, during this soul-absorbing crisis. Several of the crew stood upon the edge of the cliffs with ropes in their hands, waiting to afford the adventurous navigator assistance as he passed; and their hopes of being able to do so were strengthened, when they observed the influence which an eddy had in drawing the raft towards the shore. Mr. Monti was soon within seven or eight yards of us. One of the seamen then seized the end of the rope, and made a strong effort to throw it towards the raft, but he lost his balance, and fell into the water, dragging the line along with him. The golden moment elapsed, and the object of our solicitude was quickly swept away far beyond our reach. His wife relapsed into insensibility, but not before she had seen the form of her husband receding from her eyes, and at the mercy of a boundless ocean. The man who had the misfortune to cause this disastrous result, was allowed to clamber up the rocks quite disregarded—the attention of all being fixed upon Mr. Monti, who floated so fast into the open sea, that we per-

ceived we had no chance of beholding him much longer. He waved his hands to us several times, with an air of resignation, but we thought we once or twice observed him endeavouring to impel the raft towards our island, by using his arms as oars and then suddenly desist, as if conscious of the hopelessness of the attempt. Fortunately, the weather had become very calm, and we knew that there was no chance of his sinking while it continued so, and while the planks that supported him kept together. We watched him till it grew dark, and then set about providing ourselves with a place of shelter for the night; during the whole of which, Mrs. Monti, in her indescribable anguish, forgot all that had passed, and even where she was, and talked, laughed, and wept, alternately. I spent the greater part of the night in strolling along the shores of the island, which I could do with pleasure and safety, for the moon and stars successively yielded light enough to direct my steps. Neither did Captain Burder nor his crew seem inclined to take any repose. When I happened to pass the spot where they were, I always heard them disputing about the way in which they should manage to leave the rock; and it appeared from their conversation, that the wreck of the schooner had been much more complete and sudden than they had anticipated or intended. I also gathered from some accidental hints, that they did not regret that Mr. Monti was now out of the way—his avowed knowledge of their plans having excited a good deal of alarm and anxiety among them. At day-break no vestige of the raft or its unfortunate navigator was discoverable, and I forgot my own desolate prospects in thinking of the fate of Mr. Monti, and trying to believe that he might still be in life, although conclusions to the contrary were forced upon my mind by a consideration of the danger that surrounded him, and of the limited means he had of successfully contending against them. Immediately after sun-rise the crew hauled up the damaged boat, and began to repair her with some fragments of the schooner, which had that morning floated ashore. They soon rendered her in a manner sea-worthy, and I found that the mate and crew intended setting out in search of relief, while Captain Burder, and Mrs. Monti, and her maid, and I, were to remain till they returned. Accordingly, in the afternoon they put off, taking Samno with them, on the ground that they would require him to assist at the oars. It appeared to me rather strange that Captain Burder should not accompany his crew, and direct the expedition, though he said he remained behind to show the two females that neither he nor his men had any intention of abandoning them. I pretended to be satisfied with this explanation, but nevertheless determined to watch his motions. Mrs. Monti and her maid had taken up their abode in a small rocky recess, which sheltered them in some measure from the weather, and I had conveyed thither the best provisions I

could select from the quantity washed ashore, but did not intrude myself upon them, for I perceived that my presence was painful to the former, by recalling the image of her husband. Having chosen a place of repose in the vicinity of the recess, I retired to it soon after sunset and endeavoured to sleep; but notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding night, I continued awake so long that I resolved to walk abroad and solicit the tranquilizing effects of the fresh air. As I emerged beyond the projecting rock behind which I had formed my couch, I saw Captain Burder stealing along on tip-toe. Fortunately he did not observe me, and I immediately shrunk back into the shade, that I might watch his steps unseen by him. He proceeded cautiously towards the recess, and having looked round a moment, entered it. I grew alarmed, and hastened to the spot, but remained outside, and listened attentively. I heard Mrs. Monti suddenly utter an exclamation of surprise, and say, "pray, sir, why do you intrude yourself here?" "I come to inquire how you are," replied Captain Burder, "and to ask if I can be of any service to you."—"None, none," answered she, "this is an extraordinary time for such a visit, I beg you will leave me."—"Are you not afraid to remain here alone?" said Captain Burder.—"I have my attendant, sir," returned Mrs. Monti, haughtily.—"No, no," cried the former, "you know well enough you have sent her across the island for water, and I have taken advantage of her absence to have a little conversation with you—you are a beautiful creature, and ——" "Captain Burder," exclaimed she, in a tone of alarm, "do you really dare?—Begone! Touch me not!"—I heard a shriek, I rushed into the recess, and, seizing the insolent villain behind by the collar of his coat, dragged him backwards a considerable way, and then dashed him twice upon the rocks, with all the force I was master of. He could not rise, but lay groaning with pain, and vainly attempting to speak. I now hastened to Mrs. Monti, whose agitation I endeavoured to relieve and compose, by assurances of unremitting protection, and by the hope of our soon being able to leave the island. When her attendant returned I left them together, after promising to keep watch in front of the recess, and prevent the future intrusions of Captain Burder, who continued for some time on the spot where I had left him, and then got upon his feet, and retired out of sight. I armed myself with a piece of a broken oar, which I found among the cliffs, and began to go backwards and forwards in front of the recess. My situation was now such a perplexing one, that I felt more anxious and uneasy than ever. I feared lest Captain Burder should attack me unawares, or gain access to Mrs. Monti, if I relaxed my vigilance one moment; and sleep was therefore out of the question. I paced along the rocks like a sentinel, starting at every sound, and ardently wishing for dawn, although I knew that there was no chance of its

bringing me any relief. I did not dare to sit down, lest I should slumber. I counted the waves as they burst along the shore, and watched the stars successively rising and setting on opposite sides of the horizon; at one time fancying I saw my enemy lurking in some neighbouring cavity, and at another trying to discover the white sails of an approaching vessel. I observed Mrs. Monti's servant occasionally appear at the entrance of their wild abode, and look around, as if to ascertain that I still kept watch, and then quietly return within. Shortly after midnight while taking my round along the cliffs, I met Captain Burder. We both started back, and surveyed each other for a little time without speaking. "Do not suppose," said he, at length, "that the attack you made upon me this evening shall remain unresented or unpunished. You have behaved most villainously—You took advantage of me, like an assassin, when I was off my guard."—"And shall not hesitate to do so again," returned I, "if I chance to find you insulting Mrs. Monti." "You talk boldly," cried he; "are you aware that you cannot leave this island unless I choose?"—"No, I am not."—"Then learn that it is so," exclaimed he, stamping his foot. "My crew have gone to secure a small vessel, and when they return, we shall depart in it, taking the females with us, and leaving you here. In the meantime, be thankful that your life has not been the forfeit of this evening's temerity."—"Your crew," said I, "will not be so merciless as to abandon me, even although you order them to do so. I ask nothing from you—only keep at a distance from the recess.—I advise this for your own sake."—"This language will not last long," cried he, quivering with rage; "why don't I pitch you over the cliffs this moment?—But no, you shall die a slower death."—He now hurried furiously away, but once or twice stopped short, as if half determined to return and attack me. However, he restrained his passion, and soon disappeared among the rocks. A miserable fate, which we had no visible means of avoiding, seemed now to impend over Mrs. Monti and me. I leaned against a precipice near her place of refuge, and gave way to the most melancholy anticipations, which absorbed me so completely, that I did not discover that it was day, till the sun had got completely above the horizon. Then on changing my position, and looking towards the sea, I observed a sloop at anchor, about half a mile from the shore, and a boat full of men approaching. I did not for a moment doubt that they were Captain Burder's crew, and that the vessel belonged to them; and I hastened towards the landing-place, that I might solicit their interference in behalf of Mrs. Monti and myself, before their commander could have an opportunity of steeling their hearts against us. The boat, which had now touched the shore, was concealed from my view by a projecting rock. A man who stood on the top of it called me by name. I looked up, and started back, and then rushed into his arms—it was Mr. Monti himself

"My dear friend," cried I, "Heaven, I see, has afforded you that protection which I lately feared was on the point of being withdrawn from us. Eternally blessed be the hour of your return!"—"I have indeed had a wonderful preservation," returned he, "and you shall soon hear it all—but how is my Harriet?"—"Safe and well, as yet," replied I; "you have just arrived in time." As we hastened towards the recess, I related briefly all that had happened since the preceeding morning, to which he listened with intense and shuddering anxiety, and seemed indescribably relieved when I had finished the recital. On reaching Mrs. Monti's abode I retired, lest my presence should impose any restraint upon the feelings of the happy couple. In a little time my friend came forward, with his wife leaning on his arm. Their countenances were as radiant as the smooth expanse of ocean before us, which received the full influences of a dazzling sun upon its glassy bosom. "Yonder sloop," said the delighted husband, "that rides so beautifully at anchor, will convey us hence this evening. How graceful she looks! Her sails absolutely appear to be fringed with gold!"—"Yes," returned Mrs. Monti; "I believe the enchanted galley which, as fairy legends tell us, conveyed Cherry and Fair Star from the Island of Cyprus, did not appear a more divine object to their eyes than this does to mine."—"But," said Mr. Monti, "I must now give you the particulars of my preservation. I drifted about the ocean nearly three hours, and then came within sight of a sloop, which lay too whenever she observed me. The captain sent out his boat to pick me up. I immediately told my story, and entreated him to steer for this island which he readily consented to do, for he is one of the Bahama wreckers, who make it their business to cruise about in search of distressed vessels. We would have arrived here much sooner, but the wind was a-head, and we lay at anchor all night, the intricacy of the navigation around this rendering it dangerous to continue sailing after sunset. My preserver shall not go unrewarded, and I shall be the more able to do him justice in this respect, as Harriet informs me that her maid, by your directions, secured most of our money and valuables about her person before she left the schooner." Mr. Monti had informed the master of the sloop, that he believed Captain Burder had cast away the schooner for her insurance, and the former proceeded to the place where she was wrecked, and succeeded in fishing up some bales and packages, which on being opened, were found to contain nothing but sand and rubbish. This discovery afforded satisfactory proof of Captain Burder's guilt, but still we were at a loss how to act, knowing that we could not legally take him into custody. However, in the course of the day the whole crew returned in the boat, having exhausted their stock of provisions, and failed to meet with any vessel, or reach an inhabited island. Manks, the master of the sloop, now proposed to take them on

board his vessel, and carry them into port ; and they all consented to accompany him, except Captain Burder and his mate, both of whom probably suspected that Mr. Monti intended giving information against them. But seeing no other means of leaving the island, they at length accepted Mank's offer, and we all embarked on board the sloop about noon, and shortly set sail. We arrived safely at Nassau, New Providence, in a few days. Captain Burder and his mate were immediately apprehended on our evidence, and committed for trial. However, they both managed to escape from prison, and having stolen a boat, put to sea ; and it was supposed either reached the coast of Cuba, or were picked up by some Spanish pirate, as no one saw or heard any thing of them while we remained upon the island. All cause of detention being thus removed, Mr. and Mrs. Monti and I embarked for St. Thomas, our place of destination, and reached it after a most agreeable and prosperous voyage.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## \* DISCOVERY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

The discovery of the Solar System is universally ascribed to Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, who flourished about 500 years before the christian era. It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of science, that such an unfounded error should have been propagated, and continued, from age to age, for the long space of 2300 years without correction. Successive writers on the history of astronomy, depending on the fidelity and accuracy of their predecessors, have copied the error without examining the writings of the ancient philosophers. These writings contain vague conjectures respecting the constitution of the universe, and show that the ancients had no knowledge of the true system of the world.

Pythagoras was a teacher of philosophy ; but he left no writings which contain his doctrines. The most authentic accounts of his tenets are to be found in the works of Diogenes Laertius, Timæus, the Locrian, and Ocellus. Laertius is supposed to have lived about 220 years after the birth of Christ. The true solar system is not explained in the works of any of the disciples or followers of Pythagoras ; nor do the modern histories of astronomy, exhibit any satisfactory authorities or evidence for ascribing the discovery of it, either to Pythagoras or to any of his followers. They indeed assert the fact, though contrary to the express declarations of the ancient philosophers, and also of Copernicus, in his treatise *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium*. Copernicus states, that he was dissatisfied with the systems of

Ptolemy and other old writers, and that he perused all the works of the ancient astronomers upon the celestial bodies, but found no hypothesis which would explain the motions and appearances of the heavens in a simple and satisfactory manner. A full account of his researches, and consequent discovery of the true solar system, may be seen in his treatise *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium*, and in M. Bailly's *Histoire de l'Astronomie*, Tom. I. Liv. IX.

When we examine the fanciful notions and conjectures of Pythagoras and his followers upon the formation of the universe, we cannot conceive how they should frame such a rational hypothesis as that, which explains all the various motions and appearances of the celestial bodies. The system of Pythagoras, is thus described in Enfield's Abridgment of Brucker's History of Philosophy, Vol. I, Book II, Chap. XII. "Pythagoras supposed that all the planets revolved round a *central sphere of fire* in different periodical times; and that the sun also revolved round the same sphere in the space of a year. He spoke of the harmonious motions and sounds of the celestial bodies, and pretended that he could hear the music of the spheres." Brucker represents Pythagoras as an impostor; and his mystical conduct as a teacher, certainly subjects him to that imputation. Many other conjectures and opinions might be quoted from the writings of the ancient philosophers, which disprove the assertions of modern astronomers respecting the *first* discoverer of the solar system, and vindicate the claim of Copernicus to the exclusive honour of one of the most important discoveries to be found in the history of science. This memorable event was published in 1543, but was known to Copernicus and to some of his intimate friends many years before its publication.

"The Pythagoreans place the element of fire in the centre of the universe. They do not suppose the earth to be without motion, or to be situated in the centre of the world, but to revolve about the sphere of fire. Plato, in his old age, is reported to have been of the same opinion. That this was the opinion of Philolaus and other Pythagoreans is well known." *Langhorne's Plutarch. vol. 1. p. 169. 12 mo. Life of Numa.* By the *sphere of fire* the Pythagoreans did not mean the sun, as we find from Lactertius and other ancient authors.

Cicero was partly educated at Athens, and was acquainted with the language and learning of the Greeks. He says of the Pythagoreans, "Persuadent enim mathematici, terram in medio mundo sitam ad universi cæli complexum quasi puncti instar obtinere, quod *kentron* illi vocant." *Tusc. Qu. lib. 1. c. 17.*

"Nam terra, immobilis manens, ima sede semper hret, complexa medium mundi locum." *Ciceronis Somnium Scipionis, c. iv.*

"The immobility of the earth in the centre of the system was a doctrine universally received by the (ancient) astronomers."

*Edin. Encyc.* "Pythagore enseigne publiquement que la terre étoit au centre de l'univers." *Histoire de l'Astronomie Ancienne*, par M. Bailly, page 212. We may observe that these quotations are at variance with the express declarations of Laertius, Plutarch, and other ancient authors. The editors of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia have copied the error from the histories of astronomy without examination of original authorities.

Philolaus, one of the most eminent of the followers of Phthagoras, flourished about 450 years before Christ. He taught that the world is one whole, which has a fiery center, about which the ten celestial spheres revolve, heaven, the sun, the planets, the earth, and the moon; that the sun has a vitreous surface, whence the fire diffused through the world is reflected." *Enfield's Brucker, Vol. 1. Book. 11. Chap. XII.*

M. Lalande says that Philolaus supposed the earth to revolve round the sun in a year. *Astronomy, Vol. 1, p. 399.* Lalande, like some other authors, appears to have confounded the sun with the central sphere of fire mentioned above. But Philolaus distinguished them, and supposed the sun to revolve round the sphere of fire, as has been already observed.

It is evident that the Pythagoreans had no clear notions respecting the arrangement of the celestial bodies, some placing the sun in one situation, and some in another. Cicero arranges them in the order of their distances from the earth, or central point, as follows. The celestial orb or sphere (*qui reliquos omnes complectitur*), Saturnia, Jovis, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercurius, Luna, Tellus. *Somnium Scipionis, c. 1v.*

The utmost extent of the knowledge of the ancients upon this subject was the hypothesis of Nicetas, (the Syracusan) of the earth's rotation on its axis, which explains the apparent diurnal motion of all the celestial bodies. *Ciceronis Acad. Quæst. Lib. 1v. Sect. 39.*

It is a remarkable circumstance and scarcely credible that some recent writers of celebrity have either mistranslated or misrepresented the passages to which they refer the reader in favour of the discovery of the solar system by the Greeks. See *Mylne's Astronomy, 2d. ed. p. 174, 183*; *Adam's Summary of Geography and History, p. 14.* Adam partly quotes, and partly refers to books. It is surprising that Dr. Adam (who was an excellent classical scholar) should, apparently through prejudice in favour of antiquity, mislead youth by erroneous representations of the discordant doctrines and opinions of ancient authors. A man so conversant with classical literature could not mistake the meaning of Greek and Roman authors, when they write intelligibly, and understand the subjects of which they treat. Other authors, as Bonnycastle, have copied the errors of their predecessors without reference to authorities. The author of this communication once asked Dr. Wilson of Columbia College, New York, if he



could refer him to any of the works of the ancients which contained an exposition of the true solar system. The Doctor replied, that he knew no ancient books which contained any intimation of the true system of the world, as it is explained by Copernicus. Dr. Wilson's intimate knowledge of Greek literature is allowed by all who know his character and services as a public instructor of youth.

The writer of this article was led to the foregoing strictures by an accidental glance at Grimshaw's *History of the United States*, third edition. In the second page the author misleads his juvenile readers by the following erroneous observations on the history of astronomy: "He (Pythagoras) taught that the sun was the centre of the universe, that the earth was round, that people had antipodes, and that the moon reflected the rays of the sun. Philolaus, embracing the doctrine of Pythagoras, asserted the annual motion of the earth around the sun; and, only a short time had elapsed, when its diurnal revolution on its own axis was promulgated by *Hicetas*, a Syracusan." . . . Now all this display of the history of ancient discoveries is erroneous, as Mr. Grimshaw might convince himself by consulting Brucker's *History of Philosophy*, or the writings of the Greek philosophers. He would find that the Greeks had no knowledge of the solar system, nor of the diurnal rotation of the earth. Nicetas (not Hicetas, as Mr. G. has it,) merely observed that the apparent diurnal motions of all the celestial bodies would be the same if the earth were supposed to revolve on its axis. But the general doctrines of the ancient astronomers was, that the earth was immoveable, and that the whole host of the heavens revolved round it as a centre of motion! These remarks do not come from an enemy, and are not designed to convey any censure upon Mr. Grimshaw's learning. He has only copied a vulgar error, which ought to be exposed, and corrected in books of education. It is one of the evils of the present age that the compilation of such works is abandoned to men who are entirely unfit for the task which they undertake.

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### MARKS AND RE-MARKS;

*A tale by HENRY LEE, author of Caleb Quotem, &c.*

(With a fine Etching by Boyd.)

A MAN we'll sketch whom truth will ne'er reject—  
 A Village Pastor—worthy of respect:  
 One haply known, as recogniz'd by fame  
 And much esteem'd,—EMANUEL GLEBE his name.  
 Nought gave Emanuel such high offence  
 As slight, or showing him indifference.  
 Discoursing in his ordinary way,

"Observe!" or "Note!" or "Mark me well!" he'd say,  
 Oft he'd familiar be, and oft verbose,  
 As suited the condition of his flock;  
 One cup of ale would seal his lips up close,  
 But two would soon his ample jaws unlock!  
 It chanced Emanuel mellowed at a christening,  
 His every feature with good humour glistening—  
 A look that show'd more pathos than profundity,  
 A genial, generous, jocund rubicundity!  
 Glebe of the gossip group had taken leave,  
 And home was trotting on a summer's eve;  
 In a lone lane he check'd his old grey mare,  
 To drink from stream which gently murmur'd there,  
 When Ben, a shepherd lad, stood loitering nigh,  
 And at the moment caught the parson's eye.  
 'Tis fitting here, perhaps, we mention,  
 Ben oft before had drawn attention,  
 By shrewd reply, or simple witticism,  
     When Glebe had walk'd  
     Or with him talk'd  
 About his duties, or his catechism.  
 Glebe loved to question all who understood;  
 And now he aptly thought his converse would  
 Elicit truths, and do this boy some good.  
 "Well Ben," said he, "what are you at? asleep!"  
 "No, zir," said Ben, "I've been marking sheep."  
 "Marking your sheep! for what, Ben? tell one how?"  
 "Why zir, d'ye see, next week I'll drive the plough;  
 And zo, for fear my flock should ramble far,  
 Or leave their usual tracks,  
 With this here mixture, (ruddle, pitch, and tar,)   
 I make two broad long streaks across their backs."  
 "Two streaks, d'ye say? why, wouldn't one large letter  
 The purpose answer, Ben, a good deal better?  
 And, do you mind? 'twould be most beneficial  
 If of your master's name you plac'd the initial."  
 'The nitial, zir? what's nitial? like my staff?  
 Like *ruddle*, zir?'—"Pshaw! Ben, of this enough—  
     My using such a word  
     On this occasion was absurd;  
 We'll now proceed awhile in plainer style.  
 I'm happy, Ben, to find you're careful;  
 And yet, I'm fearful  
 You don't at times pay due regard—  
 Don't mark well what I say:—  
 For instance—t'other day  
     I saw you in the parsonage-yard.

And call'd you near where I was seated ;  
 Did you you well note th' advice I then repeated ?"  
 ' Can't say I did—you ask'd me, zir, to drink,  
 Was so good humour'd too, excuse my joking,  
 A somehow, zir,—I didn't think  
 Your Reverence was preaching, then, but smoking.'  
 " Well Ben, know better for the future :  
 Attend—consider me your guide, your tutor,  
 Your friend, your monitor, your coadjutor !  
 Take up your things—get on that stile,  
 And mount behind—'tis yet from home a mile ;  
 We'll talk as gently we joy on the way ;  
 Do you, observant, mark whate'er I say :  
 For know the truths which I display  
 Must not, by boys, like you, be spurn'd,  
 Nor ever slighted when my back is turn'd."  
 " Well, zir," said Ben, " I be main ignorant though,  
 And hardly understand my *cris cross row*,  
 Yet I'll not slight, zir, what I take in hand,  
 But do as you, your Reverence, may command."  
 Glebe thus began : " Ben, you have oft been told,  
 As there are now, there shepherds were of old :  
 Adam himself, we might a shepherd call,  
 For he had flocks and herds—had care of all.

The truths I quote

We in the Bible note :

And further on, if we the page unfold,  
 Mark me, good lad !"—" Yes, zir, if not too bold :  
 " Well spoken, Ben, your modesty of thought  
 Shows a due deference for what is taught.  
 But to proceed : *Cain* was a wicked man,  
 Of gloomy mind, most cruel and unkind ;  
 But *Abel* lived upon the shepherd's plan—  
 D'ye mark me well ?"—' As well, zir, as I can.'  
 " You know, Ben, *Cain* was wrathful, struck his brother,  
 That stroke was bad"—" Well, zir, I'll make another."  
 " Another blow ! you would not strike your kin ?"  
 " No, zir, I'd but another mark put in :  
 " *Mark*, Ben ! you mean the one on *Cain* first placed,  
 The stamp of blood, by which he was disgraced ;  
 But how that mark was fix'd, it is not said,  
 Its form or colour."—" Zir, the colour's red."  
 " Well, Ben, it might be so—not badly guess'd ;  
 Red is the type of blood, and so express'd.  
 But now proceed we further—  
 No longer we'll discourse of murder.  
 We'll speak of *Jacob* : thus the story runs—"

"But pray, zir, pardon me," said Ben,  
 "Pray was not Joseph one of Jacob's sons,  
 Sold as a slave to *Ismaelitish* men?"  
 "Yes, boy, he was."—"Ay, zo I thought, d'ye zee—  
 But Jacob had a younger son than he."  
 "He had—named Benjamin."—"It was not I."  
 "No, no; we'll talk of him, Ben, bye and by."  
 "Yes, zir, pray do; it always makes me cry;  
 It be so *natural* like, and then, each name—  
 My brother Joe, at home, and I, the same;  
 But *our* two names were father's choice, I know,  
 And god-mother would have it so."  
 "Well Ben," said Glebe, "so far you're right;  
 The facts we read you justly cite;  
 But do you note their proper sense,  
 And rightly mark the inference?"  
 "In French!" cried Ben, "I cannot mark in French."  
 "Boy, you, my words from their true meaning wrench:  
 Futile is all that's read or taught,  
 Unless the moral's plainly caught."  
 "Why, all that's *red*," cried Ben, "the *red stuff* here—  
 And all my marks, I'm sure are mortal clear;  
 "How! *stuff*, Ben! *stuff*! call what is sacred, *stuff*?  
 This is because you have not read enough."  
 "Oh, I've more *red*," cried Ben, "*red stuff*; but stay—  
 As I was going, zir, to say,  
 Young Benjamin, he took his brother's part,  
 And I'd have done the same with all my heart.  
 Excuse me, zir, but when this tale I hear,  
 I somehow feel *all-overish* and queer!"  
 "Good lad! It shows a soul of sensibility."  
 "Billy, zir?—I can't make out  
 What *Billy-te-sense* you talk about?"  
 "A sense, Ben, of importance and utility—  
 One that will fertilize the mind's sterility.  
 But, first, we'll speak of Jacob: mark me now:"  
 "I do," said Ben, "but let me tell you how  
 I like this story: you so finely speak,  
 I'd willingly keep marking you a week."  
 "Good boy! but, Ben, now listen while I tell  
 A circumstance that Jacob's flock befell:—  
 He with his uncle, Laban had agreed  
 That when the ewes did breed,  
 Their lambs if any *marks* they'd got,  
 Were streak'd or pied—should be as Jacob's lot.  
 So Jacob set peel'd wands before the rams,  
 And all the ewes yeand parti-coloured lambs.

- Now that which Jacob did—such end in view,  
 If such-like wages Ben, might be your due,  
 You could make *streaks*.”—“Why, sir, and zo I do,  
 Nor will I grumble at the pains I take.”  
 “Hold, Ben, I fear you now some error make.”  
 “I cannot help it, zir, the mare jolts so,  
 “Some of my marks are queerish ones, I know.”  
 “Queer marks! *re*-marks, you mean: Ben, put in *re*.”  
 “Well marks or *re*-marks, zir, the same to me.”  
 “Why, yes, I own, Ben, your remarks are strange,  
 And don’t exactly with my notions range:  
 But when folks *see* the matter plain and clear——”  
 “Lord, zir, the folks will see it never fear!”  
 “Observe me, Ben—you should reflective ponder  
 O’er all these things, for they excite our wonder.”  
 “Sit still, zir, if you please or I shall blunder.”  
 “Well, Ben, mere *blunder* can’t offend,  
 If faithfully you mark the end.”  
 “If they don’t suit you, zir, my marks I’ll mend.”  
 “Mend! what *improve* yourself?—Well, Ben, then *do it*;  
     I wont the thought rebuff——  
 That will suffice”——“I’m glad, zir, I’ve got through it!  
 I’ve had a tightish job on’t, sure enough.”  
 Thus, as the old gray mare pursued her trot,  
 Both chatted on, till nearly home they’d got.  
 Both now alighting at the Parson’s door,  
 “Before you go, Ben, mark” (said Glebe) “once more.”  
 “I will,” Ben answered, “if not marks enough;  
 But stay till I run home and fetch more stuff:  
 You see I’ve scarcely any in my pan;  
 Yet, zir, I will oblige you, if I can;  
 There’s yet sufficient—if you’ll be so kind  
     To turn your coat afore;  
 For I have made so many marks behind,  
     There’s not a jot of room for one mark more.”  
 “Eh! what?” (Emanuel cried) “good Lord! good lack!  
 And have you with you ruddle mark’d my back?  
     No, no, it cannot be;  
     Yet let me see——  
 Zounds! yes; ’tis absolutely so!  
 A pretty fellow with your *cris cross row*!  
 Begone, you dunce! you blundering booby go!”  
     “Dear, dear!” Ben coolly said,  
     And scratch’d his head,  
 “Why call me dunce, and scold me?  
 I’ve only *mark’d* your Reverence as you told me.  
 I’ze a poor lad, zir, of the parish stock,  
 And *you* the faithful shepherd of the flock:

I thought, d'ye zee, when you did scripture quote,  
In honour of those shepherds there of note,  
You'd like *the shepherd's mark* upon your coat!"  
"Pshaw! dunderhead!" exclaimed the priest, "be mute—  
You've, by your marking, spoil'd my Sunday suit!"

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Letters from the South of France, by an American gentleman.*

Lett. VI.

DEAR H\*\*\*—

In my last letter I left you at the Pont du Gard. But I fear you will have but a poor conception of that admirable structure from the description you have received, although it was rendered minute, at the hazard of being thought tedious. One little incident, trifling in its nature but quite characteristic, I cannot refrain from relating to you before I get into my cabriolet. Mr. I. as you already know, makes one of our *compagnons de voyage*; but he takes so little interest in the objects of our research that he seems sometimes unconscious whether he is upon land or water. At the very moment when we were lost in silent wonder and admiration, produced by the stately size and elegant proportions of the Roman aqueduct, our meditations were broken up by I——, who begged us to observe the little holes in the arches in which the swallows had made their nests! O, what a fall was there! Think how the susceptible nerves of the enthusiast must have been lacerated. But this is by no means the first instance of the kind. At Nismes, the same I—— seemed very uneasy lest our party should actually leave the place, without seeing some cast-off garment which his prying eye had discovered in one of the Roman Baths. By the way, such travellers are not rare. *Mais allons.*

On the road to Avignon, we passed on our left a small district, which is said to produce the finest wine in the South of France. The country is quite mountainous, and is far from exhibiting signs of great fertility. Indeed, the finest wines are generally products of a light, dry, and gravelly soil.

The north west wind blew violently, and whenever we ascended a high and bleak hill, it threatened to blow our carriages from the road. It was besides, uncomfortably cold. Strabo, you will find, speaks very particularly of this wind. In his description of the *Crau* or Fields of Hercules, situated between Marseilles and the mouths of the Rhone, he says, "all the country about this is subject to winds, but that of the North is so violent, that we are assured it shakes and rolls the stones before it, blows men from their cars, stripping them of their clothes and arms. From

my own experience, I consider this fearful account by no means incredible. The violence of the wind in this vicinity, is said to depend upon the particular disposition of the neighbouring mountains.

It was dusk when we descended the mountains of the Rhone. Passing down the western bank of this river some distance, we crossed it for the second time on a long bridge built upon piles, and soon found ourselves under the ramparts of Avignon. We drove to the Hotel d' Europe, a large establishment, built after the custom of the south, so as to include a spacious court within its four sides. The entrance is through a large arched gateway. This plan certainly possesses many advantages, among which a free vintilation in warm weather to each of the numerous apartments is not the least important. The French auberges have generally the most sonorous titles. Besides the one, designating our present abode, I may name the Hotel des Empe-reurs, Hotel des Ambassadeurs, Hotel de Luxembourg, &c. It was in this Hotel that Marshal Brun was basely butchered by an infuriated mob in 1814, and the very apartment in which the foul act was committed was among those allotted to our use. The blood, it is true, has been washed from the floor, but the infamy of the deed cannot be so easily removed. I will give you the particulars of this affair as they have been related to me. Finding himself extremely unpopular in the Southern Departments of which he held the military command, the Marshal set out for Paris. On his way he was obliged to go through Avignon. Wishing to avoid this town, he stopped without the ramparts and endeavoured to procure a relais. Perceiving however that he could get no horses, he ventured into town. It was soon known to the inhabitants that Brun, their enemy, was within the walls. A violent popular commotion ensued. The Hotel d' Europe was quickly surrounded by an infuriated mob, which the mayor, at the head of the police, endeavoured in vain to quell and disperse. Finding himself closely besieged in his lodgings, the Marshal barricaded the entrance, and seated himself at a table with a brace of pistols before him. But his enemies seemed bent on his destruction, and two of the most daring mounted the roof, removed the tiles, and soon succeeded in making a breach through the ceiling. Viewing his case now as hopeless, the Marshal seized one of his pistols and fired it in the direction of his head, with a view, it is supposed, of preventing himself from falling alive into the hands of his enemies. The ball carried off a portion of the scull, but the wound was not mortal. The respite was however but momentary, for one of the villains springing into the chamber shot the Marshal dead with the remaining pistol.

Avignon, the *Avenio Cavarum* of the ancients, is a large city, beautifully situated on the Rhone, between the rivers Logue and

Durance which have their confluence within half a mile of each other. Like most towns of ancient origin, its streets are narrow and crooked. According to Borose, the historian, it was the first city founded in Gaul by the children of Japhet. Be this as it may, we may safely consider Avignon as one of the oldest towns of Gaul. It is surrounded by high and beautiful ramparts, built with hewn stone, and surmounted with towers about fifty yards apart. These walls were erected by the popes, before the invention of gun-powder. Four gates, always closed at night, are placed at opposite points. The space between the walls and the Rhone is planted with elms and appropriated as a promenade. But the weather during our stay was too unfavourable to allow us a view of the delightful spot, enlivened by the gayety for which it is celebrated. A noble stone bridge once crossed the river opposite the town. A few of its arches are still standing, the rest having been swept away by a flood. Viewed through the dusky veil of evening, it forcibly reminded me of Addison's allegorical bridge in his *Vision of Mirza*.

Avignon, together with the Comte Venaissin has been subject to many masters, and since it was governed by Rome, has belonged successively to the Burgundians, the kingdom of Arles, the counts of Provence and the sovereigns of Naples. In the fourteenth century it became the property of Pope Clement the VI. who purchased it from Queen Jane of Naples for the sum of 80,000 florins. The see of Rome still asserts a claim to Avignon but it may be now considered as firmly and inseparably united to the Crown of France. The most remarkable epoch in the history of this ancient city is the removal of the Holy seat from Rome to its walls. This event took place in 1309, when *Clement V.* the reigning Pope, driven by intestine broils, and led on by partiality for his own country, summoned his cardinals to attend him beyond the Alps.

Having wandered sometime through Poitiers and Gascony, levying heavy contributions for his support upon the cities through which he passed, he finally repaired to Avignon, where he determined to establish his Court. Corruption followed in his train and also fixed her residence in this city. Pride, ambition, and avarice seized on all around, and dissoluteness soon spread from the courtiers to the citizens, who are still distinguished for some of their traits, nor have they yet lost a certain air and manner truly Italian. But amidst all the ostentation and luxury, letters and the arts flourished.

The first object which attracted our notice was the *Palace of the Popes*, an enormous gothic pile, remarkable for the height and number of its towers. This once magnificent palace, the strength and size of which has enabled it to sustain several sieges even when artillery was employed, was commenced in 1336 when Benedict XII. filled the papal chair. His predecessors continued



to improve and embellish, and succeeded in rendering it one of the most splendid edifices in Europe. Now, all is desolate—and whilst the walls externally retain a fresh appearance, the interior is vacant and used for the most degrading purposes. We were led into several apartments which presented some gaudy traces of former splendour. Among these was the *Judgment-hall* once decorated with the most imposing appendages of papal pomp and pageantry. It is now a hay-mow, in which several peasants were at work with pitchforks! Such is the instability of things below. Such the ignoble destiny of a stupendous palace around which all christendom once rallied, and to which monarchs and princes repaired to receive their diadems at the foot of the altar!

The authority and insolence of the then vicegerents of Christ will now be deemed almost incredible. As a specimen I will offer the following menace of Pope Benedict XIII. to the Princes of France. “Sachez que vous êtes mes sujets, et je ne suis pas seulement votre seigneur, mais que je le suis de tous les hommes, puisque dieu les a soumis à mon autorité.” “Know that you are my subjects, and that I am not only your master, but that I am also Lord of all mankind since God has subjected them to my authority.” In 1791 the Pope was burnt in effigy at Paris and not long since Bonaparte held him a prisoner at Fontainebleau.

The walls of the Hall of Judgment were enriched with paintings in stucco, executed by the best artists of the time. One of these which occupied the side on the right of the Judgment seat may still be traced, notwithstanding the age and the marks of violence imprinted by several revolutions. The subject is one of the most awful; being nothing less than the great day of Judgment. The Almighty seated upon a throne surrounded by his angels and saints separates the good from the bad. The first are placed on his right but the last are hurled into the infernal regions, represented on the left by flames and devils. Several of the workmen who were employed about the place, showed a disposition to gratify our curiosity by pointing out the most interesting objects. Upon clearing away the rubbish from our spot they brought to light what had been a superb altar-piece.

Numerous subterraneous passages formerly afforded secret communications between different parts of this building. Their entrance and exit were not easily discovered, being sometimes in a hollow pillar and always in some unsuspected place. We cannot regard such contrivances without being visited by unfavourable suspicions.

But the most interesting part of this edifice is the chapel or cathedral, which is situated on the right wing. It contains many tombs sacred to the memory of the illustrious dead, among the most important of which are those of six Pontiffs. The infuriated fiends of the revolution, blindly mistaking the dictates of the Goddess Reason to whom they raised altars and dedicated tem-

ples, levelled their wrath in particular against this place. Regardless of its solemn purpose and unrestrained by its holy sanctity, they dismantled it of its splendour and broke to pieces the altars, mausoleums, shrines, and images, the remains of which now strew the pavements or lie in heaps about the edifice. When they are shown the tombs of Pope John XXII. who died in 1334, travellers are generally informed that his body was taken up and removed to another cemetery, at which time but little change had taken place although it had been entombed for more than 400 years. The silk vestments embroidered with gold were entire, and the pearls and other precious ornaments but little tarnished.

Besides the monuments of the popes, there are several others, one in honour of the brave Count de Crillon, another bears the name of an English Duke of Cumberland, a third is sacred to the memory of Petrarch's Laura, whose remains were removed to this place from their depository in the church of the Cordeliers which was totally destroyed by the revolutionists. Before a niche in the wall inscribed with the names of many visitors, a few ruins principally of a fine red marble, strew the pavement, and these are daily disappearing as almost every visiter carries away a fragment as a relic or memento.

Could our entreaties in behalf of any of these monuments, prevail over the unsparing hand of time, they would be first exerted in favour of the tomb of Benedict the XII., a pontiff, whose integrity, humility, and piety, deserve the imitation of his successors.

The top of the cathedral which is surrounded by a parapet commands a more extensive and beautiful view. Beyond the city and its fine ramparts, the Rhone is seen with its tributary branches the Sorgue and Durance winding for a great distance through a rich, varied, and delightful country.

An object just by us roused my strongest feelings of horror and indignation. It was the tower, from the battlements of which the nobles were hurled upon pikes below during the reign of terror. When I contemplated the height by looking down from where I stood, the idea of being hurled from it was shocking in the extreme, and inspired in me new sentiments of abhorrence towards a set of human monsters, the disgrace of their species!

Our guide conducted us to the Eglise di Misericorde, which is entered from the same court with the Hospice des pauvres Indesens. This last establishment appears to be regulated with much attention and humanity. The patients are treated upon the modern principle of little restraint and the most gentle measures, a course well suited to the feelings and powers of the worthy nuns who appeared to have the principal control in the institution. One of these devoted women, dressed in the black habit and hood of her order was our guide through the church,

which like most other places dedicated to religious purposes is ornamented with numerous original paintings. Opening with some ceremony a small chapel or shrine, our conductress brought out for our inspection the celebrated ivory crucifix, which belongs to this church. It is about two feet in length and is distinguished for its superior workmanship. The artist was perhaps one of those Italians who followed the court to Avignon.

The splendid cathedral with many other churches in this city will be admired by the stranger for their external architectural beauties and the magnificent ornaments of the interior. When we consider the vast number of churches, chapels, and other religious establishments which we find in this and other catholic cities, we are struck with admiration at the religious zeal and devotion which animated the first christians.

We did not leave Avignon without going to see the still revered spot in a garden once the foundation of the church of the Cordeliers where Laura was buried in the sepulchre of the house of Sade into which she married. Here under a simple stone reposed the remains of Petrarch's mistress, till they were disturbed by Francis I. who had the tomb opened in his presence. A few bones supposed to be Laura's and a leaden box containing some bad Italian verses, were the only things found to gratify the monarch's curiosity. He afterwards had a monument erected on the spot, the inscription upon which was composed and traced by his own hand. But the name of Laura is not to be perpetuated by a royal inscription upon a monument of marble. Both of these may wear away and perish, whilst in the poetry of her lover she shall still survive in immortal beauty.

Yours, &c.

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### BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

In Acts, vi. 9. the sacred historian speaks of a synagogue at Jerusalem, belonging to a class of persons whom he calls *Λιβερτινοι*, (in our version rendered Libertines) a term which is evidently the same with the Latin *Libertini*. Now, whatever meaning we affix to this word, (for it is variously explained)—whether we understand emancipated slaves, or the sons of emancipated slaves,—they must have been the slaves, or the sons of slaves, to Roman masters: otherwise the Latin word *Libertini*, would not apply to them. That among persons of this description there were many at Rome, who professed the Jewish religion, whether slaves of Jewish origin, or proselytes after manumission, is nothing very extraordinary. But that they should have been so numerous at Jerusalem as to have a synagogue in that city, built for their particular use, appears at least to be more

than might be expected. Some commentators, therefore supposed that the term in question, instead of denoting emancipated Roman slaves, or the sons of such persons, was an adjective belonging to the name of some city or district; while others, on mere conjecture, have proposed to alter the term itself. But the whole difficulty is removed by a passage in the second book of the Annals of Tacitus; from which it appears that the persons, whom that historian describes as being *libertini generis*, and infected (as he calls it) with foreign,—that is, with Jewish—superstition, were so numerous in the time of the Emperor Tiberius, that four thousand of them who were of age to carry arms, were sent to the island of Sardinia; and that all the rest of them were ordered, either to renounce their religion, or to depart from Italy before a day appointed. This statement of Tacitus is confirmed by Suetonius, who relates that Tiberius disposed of the young men among the Jews then at Rome, (under pretence of their serving in the wars,) in provinces of an unhealthy climate; and that he banished from the city all the rest of that nation, or proselytes to that religion, under penalty of being condemned to slavery for life, if they did not comply with his demands. We can now, therefore, account for the number of Libertini in Judæa, at the period of which Luke was speaking, which was about fifteen years after their banishment from Italy.

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### THE LIBERALS.

If there be one description of persons more intolerant than another in these times, with respect to all who differ from them in opinion, they will be found, we confidently affirm, among those who, by a happy misapplication of language, have chosen to designate themselves by the epithet of “liberal.” These ingenious persons appear to have settled among themselves, that all learning, good sense, and right principle, and true piety, and agreeable manners, and pleasant society, and brilliant wit, and so on, *ad infinitum*; are no longer to be found any where in the world, except among those who have been initiated into the mysteries of their philosophy. We do not mean to be understood, as if none could be admitted to qualify unless endowed with all wisdom and virtue. These splendid gifts are not the preparatory qualifications, but the *rewards* annexed to admission; for, we have observed, that a man may be ever so great a fool or knave or coxcomb before initiation; and any body may call him so, with impunity; but after, he becomes, by a sort of irrespective decree of Providence quite a different sort of man; and without any other process, will talk as wisely and as virtuously, as those perhaps, who, with infinite labour, have been studying the one, and practising the other, all their lives.

## ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

It has lately been stated in some popular works, that animals and vegetables are equally sensitive; that plants, no less than animals, eat, drink, and contribute to fill up the graduated scale of living existences. To know how far a learned and philosophical dignitary of the English church entertained the same sentiments, may not be ungratifying to our readers. Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, thought that even by the best writers on this subject, some of the strongest analogies had been overlooked. He aptly enough remarks, that though every one thinks he knows what an animal is, and how it is contradistinguished from a vegetable, few are capable of tracing the nice gradations between animal and vegetable life, and of discovering in what particular nature vary and in what they are common. Preconceived opinions, says the Bishop, concerning the usual shapes of animals, and our natural repugnancy to the admitting a being of the outward form of a plant or shrub, into the animal class of existences, strongly oppose the free and fair exercise of our judgment on this topic, and add new difficulties to those inseparable from its consideration. But if we allow that the greater the quantity of perception existing in the universal system of creation, the greater will be the quantity of happiness, and that the greater the quantity of happiness, the greater the evidence of the goodness of the Deity, we shall derive from that admission one pretty strong argument in favour of the assumed analogy between animal and vegetable perceptivity.

That the principles—he adds—of animal and vegetable copariety admit of this display of the Divine benignity will be evident, if we consider that both animal and vegetable substances consist of vascular parts, that wherever there is a vascular system, containing a moving, nutritive succus, there is actual life; and that wherever there is life there not only may be, but probably is, a more or less degree of perception, and consequently a greater or lesser degree of happiness will, of course, be commensurate with the degree of their sensibility, and consequently in the vegetable portion of the creation, very small. But to admit any degree of it, is to admit its existence; and therefore the diminutiveness of its quantity, is no diminution of the argument its actuality suggests. But however small may be the portion of happiness in each individual being, of any species of living existences, the sum of happiness enjoyed by the whole of that species may be very great; and this view of the subject is perfectly agreeable to a system of nature confessedly contrived for the production of the greatest possible good.

In the vegetable kingdom—the Bishop goes on to say—the muscular motions of many plants are as definite, and as distinguishable, as those of many animals, especially those of the tor-

pid kind. The Heliotrope plants turn daily round with the sun : and by constantly presenting their surfaces to that luminary, seem as desirous of absorbing nutriment from his rays, as muscles do from the water, by opening their shells upon the afflux of the tide. The Flores Solares are not less uniform in their opening and shutting, than animals in their times of feeding and digesting : and young trees in a thick forest, are found to incline themselves towards that part through which the light penetrates. With respect to the plants called *sensitive*, whatever produces any effect on an animal organ, as the impact of external bodies, heat, cold, the vapour of burning sulphur, or of volatile alkali, acts equally upon their susceptible frames. Now why we should refer the muscular motions of animals—especially of those of them which manifest less of sensitive life than some plants—to an internal principle of volition, and impute the more obvious actions of vegetable to mere mechanical causes, as the insensible dilations and contractions of their parts is to desert one of the most established rules of philosophy—that which assigns the same causes for effect of the same kind.

Life, visible life, belonging alike to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, offers in itself a strong ground for the supposition that sensibility resides in both. We find animals and vegetables equally liable to health and sickness. Both are affected by the same causes of injury ; both suffer by cold, and both languish in excessive heat. Different vegetables require different soils, as various animals subsist on various kinds of food : aquatics pine away in dry sandy grounds, and plants which love rocks and barren situations, become diseased and putrified in bogs and swamps. There are inhabitants of the water which become motionless and apparently inanimate when the rivulets in which they subsist happen to be dried up, but which, upon the descent of rains, recover their liveliness and locomotive powers : in this we see their analogy to the class of mosses among vegetables, which, though during the heat of summer, they appear to be perfectly dry, and ready to crumble into dust, yet in winter, resume their verdure and vegetable life. Scarcely any animals can continue to exist without a reciprocal succession of sleep and vigilance : the same alternatives seem necessary for the health of several vegetables. If the former, at the approach of night, close their eyes and sink in slumber, the latter, at the same time, fold up their leaves, and seemingly compose themselves to rest. To these circumstances of assimilation, is to be added the important fact, that there are many particulars in which the anatomy of plants agree with those of animals.

This is the sum and substance of Doctor Watson's argument in favour of the analogy between the animal and vegetable part of the creation. With all our respect for the Bishop's learning, and our due consideration for the patience and industry with which he has evidently studied the subject on which he has so

fully and elaborately delivered his opinion, we cannot adopt his sentiments. We never were proselytes to the *Darwinian* doctrine on this subject; and hope we shall be pardoned by the *Watsonians*, if we confess that we have more than once read through, and laughed over, the satirical "*Loves of the Triangles*." Upon the same principle of reasoning that we reject the asserted powers of *reflection* in *animals*, we oppose the hypothesis that gives *sensation* to *plants*. That as far as regards corporeal construction, a partial similiarity exists between some animals and plants, is a truth we are far from disputing: but it must be upon a much stronger ground than that of a partial likeness in material formation, that we shall ever believe with the Bishop of Llandaff, or Dr. Darwin, that plants can *feel*, and are susceptible of *passion*. Even animals owe to *nerves* their corporeal sensibility, and to faculties distinct from those of the body, their capability of volition, and liability to grief and joy. Now, where, we will ask, are the *nerves*, where the *mind*, or *soul* of *plants*? Among all the similitudes between animals and vegetables, all the conformation of parts common to the substances of both, in what plants do we find any provisions of nature corresponding with the animal heart and brain? If shrubs have sensations, to which of their internal fibres do they owe them? If they have instinct, where is its ethereal basis lodged? One uniform consequence of feeling and passion is a transient change in the material temperature. Does even the mimosa, or sensitive plant, ever exhibit this inevitable evidence of conscious affection? In our opinion, this one defect is sufficient to prove, that all the appearances, all the motions, all the visible variations of plants, are but the mechanical effects of mechanical causes; and that the vegetable kingdom has no more pretension to feeling and perceptivity, than the brute creation to reflection and rationality.

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*Italian Authors.*—LEON BAPTISTA ALBERTI, a noble Venitian by birth, and who flourished at Florence, in the fifteenth century, was endowed with that extraordinary diversity of talent, by which very few even of the greatest geniuses are distinguished; nor were his advantages confined to the compass and brilliancy of his abilities. In his youth, he was remarkable for his agility, strength, and skill in bodily exercises. An unquenchable thirst of knowledge possessed him in his earliest years. In the learned languages he made a speedy and uncommon proficiency, and had, perhaps, a more general acquaintance with the sciences, than any man of that age; and was the discoverer and inventor of the *Camera Obscura*, and of an optical machine for resembling drawings to nature. Of all the fine arts he had a thorough and practical knowledge; and as a painter, a sculptor, but particularly as an architect, obtained no small share of celebrity. These particulars which we have collected from *Vasari*, *vita di Alberti*, strongly remind us of the admirable *Crichton*.

## ANECDOTES OF LORD CHATHAM.

AMONG the most interesting portions of Mr. Butler's "*Reminiscences*," are notices on the subject of forensic and parliamentary eloquence, and orators; from the latter of which we shall select a few specimens. The prodigious effect produced by Lord Chatham on his auditors is well known. Mr. Butler says, "his celebrated reply to Horace Walpole has been immortalized by the report given of it by Dr. Johnson. On one occasion, Mr. Moreton, the Chief Justice of Chester, a gentleman of some eminence at the bar, happened to say, 'King, Lords, and Commons, or,' (directing his eye towards Lord Chatham,) 'as that right honourable member would call them, Commons, Lords, and King.'" The only fault of this sentence is its nonsense. Mr. Pitt arose, as he ever did, with great deliberation, and called to order: "I have," he said, "frequently heard in this house doctrines which have surprised me; but now, my blood runs cold: I desire the words of the honourable member may be taken down." The clerks of the house wrote the words. "Bring them to me," said Mr. Pitt, in a voice of thunder. By this time, Mr. Moreton was frightened from his senses. "Sir," he said, addressing himself to the speaker, "I am sorry to have given any offence to the right honourable member, or to the house: I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons,—Lords, King, and Commons,—Commons, Lords, and King;—*tria juncta in uno*: I meant nothing, indeed I meant nothing." "I don't wish to push the matter further," said Lord Chatham, in a voice a little above a whisper; then, in a higher tone, "the moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honourable member, and, as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice:" a pause of some moments ensued, then, assuming a look of unspeakable derision, he said in a kind of colloquial tone, "Whenever that member means nothing, I recommend to him to say nothing."

On one occasion, while he was speaking, Sir William Young called out, "Question, question;" Lord Chatham paused, then fixing on Sir William a look of inexpressible disgust, exclaimed, "Pardon me, Mr. Speaker, my agitation: when that member calls for the question, I fear I hear the knell of my country's ruin."

When the Prussian subsidy, an unpopular measure, was in agitation in the House of Commons, Lord Chatham justified it with infinite address; insensibly, he subdued all his audience, and a murmur of approbation was heard from every part of the house. Availing himself of the moment, his Lordship placed himself in an attitude of stern defiance, but perfect dignity, and exclaimed in his loudest tone, "Is there an Austrian among you? let him stand forward and reveal himself."

On another occasion, immediately after he had finished a speech in the House of Commons, he walked out of it; and, as usual,



with a very slow step. A silence ensued, till the door was opened to let him into the lobby. A member then started up, saying, "I rise to reply to the right honourable member." Lord Chatham turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down dumb: then his Lordship returned to his seat, repeating as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil:

"At Danaum procures, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,  
Ut vidère virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,  
Ingenti trepidare metu,—pars vertere terga,  
Ceum quondam petière rates,—pars tollere vocem  
Exiguam,—inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes."

Then placing himself in his seat, he exclaimed, "Now let me hear what the honourable member has to say to me."

On the writer's asking the gentleman, from whom he heard this anecdote, if the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member? "No, Sir," he replied, "we were all too much awed to laugh."

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### INSTANCES OF CANINE SAGACITY.

[The following anecdotes are extracted from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for September, 1822. We presume that our venerable cousin, Mr. Sylvanus Urban, is ready to vouch for their authenticity.]

I was told by an officer who was stationed some years since with a part of his regiment at Guernsey, that he then had a favourite dog, which for many years had exhibited no marks of "sporting intelligence," or any thing "vermin," as the slang phrase is, in his nature or disposition. Being, however, on a particular occasion, encouraged to worry and hunt a cat, at the particular instigation of his master, he had become so fond of the amusement, that he was constantly engaged in the chase. His nightly resting-place was at the door of his master's barracks, which had egress by a staircase to the open street, and Trim would sally forth from thence when all was quiet, follow the game for his own solitary entertainment, and be found in the morning, sleeping amidst a heap of the slain, which he had brought

\* Some of the readers of the *Port Folio* may be pleased to see this passage, in the version of Dryden:

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,  
When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady plain,  
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,  
As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear  
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed rear.  
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes, &c.

Note by the Ed. P. F.

as trophies, to lay them at his master's feet. This became a fact so notorious, and the evil of so much magnitude, that a deputation of the principal inhabitants waited upon Captain S., assured him that the existence of this useful race of animals would be thus destroyed, and solicited him to restrain the licentious disposition, which had been so recently and so alarmingly exhibited by the industrious corporal. Trim was told of his fault, shown the victim of his sports, and threatened with severe castigation if he ever again trespassed on the rights of his neighbours; he took the first hint, and although allowed to be at large as usual, and to occupy his accustomed mat at his master's door, he never offended more, and I am told, that ever after if he chanced in company with any one, to come unexpectedly in sight of what he had been taught to consider fair game, he would put up a petitioning look, as if to ask permission to indulge once more in his favourite recreation, but never did so without consent and approbation, and encouragement.

The following is a more curious fact, and was related to me under circumstances which leave it on my mind without the possibility of doubt; and yet "'tis strange, 'tis passing strange." A gentleman from Scotland arrived at an inn in St. Alban's, on his way to the Metropolis; he had with him a favourite dog, which, being apprehensive of losing it in London, he left to the care of the landlord, promising to pay for the animal's board on his return, in about a month or less time. During several days the dog was kept on a chain, to reconcile him to an intimacy with his new master; he was then left at liberty to range the public yard at large with others. There was one amongst his companions who chose to play the tyrant, and he frequently assaulted and beat poor Tray unmercifully. Tray submitted with admirable forbearance for some time, but his patience being exhausted, and oppression becoming daily more irksome, he quietly took his departure. After an absence of several days, he returned in company with a large Newfoundland dog, made up directly to his tyrannical assailant, and so assisted, very nearly beat him to death. The stranger then retired, and was seen no more, and Tray remained unmolested until the return of his master. The landlord naturally mentioned a circumstance which was the subject of general conversation, and the gentleman heard it with much astonishment, because convinced that the dog had absolutely journeyed into Scotland to relate his ill treatment, and to bespeak the good offices of the friend who had been the companion of his journey back, and his assistant in punishing the aggressor. It proved to have been so; for on arriving at his home in the highlands, and inquiring into particulars, he found as he expected, that much surprise, and some uneasiness had been excited by the return of Tray alone; and by the two dogs, after meeting, going off together; and by the Newfoundlander, after an absence of several days.

coming back again foot-sore, and nearly starved. Now here may be supposed to have taken place, all that Mr. Locke so admirably insists upon, of a distinct association of ideas, because Tray must have reasoned with himself that, although his own strength was insufficient to combat with the stronger assailant, when aided by a friend he was more than a match for him; he must have had confidence in that friend; and he must also have had the means of communicating his wrongs, his desire of revenge, and the means of accomplishing it. **F.**

The following anecdote, which has just met our eye, in a paper printed at Ulster, in the state of New York, may form no improper addition to the above article:

“We are credibly informed that a few days since, some person on the opposite side of the river, [in Dutchess county,] for some supposed or perhaps sufficient cause, shot a dog, and as he judged mortally wounded him. The dog was at the time, in a field distant, and probably out of sight from any dwelling. He was felled to the ground. A person living adjacent to the spot, several days immediately succeeding, (without having any knowledge of the fact that the dog had been shot,) observed his dog daily, after being fed, run with alacrity with part of his rations in his mouth, in the direction where the wounded dog was found, was, from this unusual conduct of his dog, induced to follow him, when to his astonishment he found, that his dog had been some days carrying comfort and sustenance to his unfortunate fellow quadruped, who had by this means been saved, become convalescent, and restored to his master.”

[Ed. P. F.]

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For the Port Folio.

## HINTS TO CANAL COMMISSIONERS.

THE principal objects to which the attention of Canal Commissioners ought to be directed, are briefly detailed in the following propositions:

1st. All routes in any direction whatever, on which canals may be calculated to subserve the interests or convenience of a state or community, are to be considered as practicable, provided there are disposable funds sufficient to defray the expense of their construction.

2d. Those routes only are eligible, where the advantage to the community is something more than sufficient to compensate for the construction of canals, or in other words, where the tax on the public for the use of the canal, is sufficient to liquidate the whole cost of its construction, including principal, interest, and expense of repairs.

3d. The immediate selection of a route, should be predicated on the amount of trade likely to pass in its direction, regard being had to the natural character and extent of the country, whose products are to find a market through the medium of the contemplated canal: (for, hence alone, is to be derived the revenue necessary to defray the cost of it,)—to the practicability of rendering the canal subservient to all the purposes for which it is intended—and, to the amount of funds that can be appropriated, either immediately or prospectively, towards its completion.

4th. As the utility of a canal may be resolved into the *facility and dispatch*, with which articles of trade may be conveyed from place to place, it is obvious that the shortest and most direct route should be preferred, although the expense of construction should be considerably enhanced thereby. This position, however, is to be regarded with certain restrictions; for example, the actual expense of canal transportation being in direct proportion to the *time and distance* combined, the expense of construction on the more direct route may be increased, with advantage, in a corresponding proportion. It should be observed nevertheless, that if the more direct route require additional locks or railways, the expense may be so greatly enhanced, and the movement so much retarded, as that the advantage, which might otherwise accrue, will be totally defeated.

5th. The route having been selected by the co-operation of the commissioners and engineer, great care is to be exercised in the acquisition of titles to the land through which the canal may pass, also, to mill privileges, water-rights, &c. that may be affected by the construction of the canal, and in securing the proprietors of the work against any costs, that might by any means result, as a charge for damages done to the property of individuals.

6th. The next thing for the consideration of the commissioners is the draft, dimensions, and tonnage of the watercraft to be used in navigating the canal. In deciding upon these points, regard should be had exclusively to the *quantity and description* of merchandise for the transportation of which, the canal is to be constructed, unless the canal is intended for sloop navigation, between two navigable rivers or bays. And, here it may be remarked, that the smaller the boats, (making up for their deficiency in size, by the number that may be towed together,) provided a sufficient number can be admitted into the canal to transport the whole of its merchandise, the less will be the expense of the canal, while its utility will remain the same.\*

7th. The choice of an engineer qualified to survey, locate, and

\* It is not unlikely that railways, after the plan of Leach and Fulton. may be found a cheap and valuable substitute for locks, in many parts of the United States, in connexion with which, small boats (say four to six tons burthen) are particularly applicable.

superintend the construction of a canal and its several appendages, may be regarded as the most difficult and even hazardous part of the commissioners' duty: for, the success of the work must depend entirely on the skill of the former, while the opinions and decisions of the latter, must be regulated in a great measure by his judgment. On this subject, it may be safe to remark, that deep and varied ingenuity, especially mechanical invention, rather than profound science, should be made the test of ability; although a degree of mathematical and mechanical science, added to a general knowledge of the physical properties of the various substances employed in works of the kind, especially of water, must be considered as essential.

The engineer should be well acquainted with the principles and use of the several instruments appropriate in geodesic operations. He should be able to form a pretty correct idea of the feasibility of contemplated routes, from a transient view of the country, preparatory to a survey. He should be qualified to survey with the utmost accuracy, embracing not only horizontal, but vertical sections and lines, and to level with minute precision, making accurate allowances for the earth's curvature. He should be able to estimate the quantity of water necessary for the supply of a canal, allowing for evaporation, absorption, leakage, &c., and to ascertain whether the quantity that can be had at the summit or highest level, will answer the exigences of that part of the canal. He should be able to calculate the cost of excavation, embankment, &c. whether of soil, gravel or rock, at the proper rate per cubic yard, or foot, also the cost of puddling, &c. in places where such operation may be required. He should also be able to superintend the construction of locks, rail-ways, tunnels, aqueducts, culverts, bridges, &c. and to calculate their cost. His acquaintance with these operations should embrace a knowledge of the disposition and strength of masons' and carpenters' work, proper for the purposes intended. In prosecuting the duties of his profession, he should be so familiar with the several mechanical powers, as to be able to apply them to the best advantage, as he will have a constant variety of occasions for resorting to their aid.

These are among the leading objects to which the attention of Canal Commissioners ought to be directed, in forming and executing plans of internal improvement by means of canals, in most parts of the United States. On some future occasion we may venture to dwell more at large on the subject.

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A Dandy standing at the window of a picture-shop, who saw a subject of still life, with plates, dishes, a coffee-mill, &c. asked his friend to tell him what it was. He replied, "*a study.*" "Why," said the other, "I took it for *a kitchen!*"

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.\*

THIS poem possesses all the characteristics of the author; all his graces, all his faults. The exquisite touches of nature have occasionally their foils in fictitious sentiment; the dazzling force of happy imagery is sometimes attenuated into the ingenious trifling of fanciful conceit. Mr. Moore's Muse is a playful creature, and *will* sport in spite of circumstances. Her humour is perhaps inconsistent with the highest elevation; but she is withal so fascinating, that we would pause long before we exchanged her for a more dignified associate. The bright minded, blue-eyed, laughing girl, radiant with talent, and beaming with every variety of expression, may, without an impeachment of taste or judgment, be thought as delightful as the stately maid of more measured deportment, and full of energy and genius.

We are informed in a Preface, which strikes us as a little ironical, that this volume has been hastened in order to appear in the literary horizon, a sort of "*heliacal rising*"† before a drama on the same subject appeared in the effulgence of Lord Byron's rays. Now when it is considered that this apprehended splendour is to constitute a part of that luminary *The Liberal*, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Moore's dread of eclipse or extinction must be feigned, as a satire upon the noble lord. Sure we are that if really felt, he is much more timid than the occasion requires, and far more modest in the estimate of his own abilities than Poets usually are. The Preface also briefly explains the author's conception, and we cannot do better than quote his own words:

"In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories,) the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same *moral* interest to the following pages."

Having thus shown the author's purpose, we proceed to his execution of it, in the descriptions of the Loves of Three Angels for

\* *The Loves of the Angels, a Poem.* By Thomas Moore. 8vo. pp. 148. London, 1823.

† This simile, by the by, is incorrect. Astronomers do not apply the phrase to a star about *to be lost* in the light of a greater luminary, but to a star which *belongs to the sun* (of *ἡλιακος*), or by a heliacal rising *emerges from his beams*, which have previously rendered it invisible.—*Ed.*

three of the fair forms of earth among the first daughters of the Children of Men. The introduction is worthy of the subject:

'Twas when the world was in its prime,  
 When the fresh stars had just begun  
 Their race of glory, and young Time  
 Told his first birth-days by the sun;  
 When, in the light of Nature's dawn  
 Rejoicing, men and angels met  
 On the high hill and sunny lawn, —  
 Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn  
 'Twixt man and heaven her curtain ye t  
 When earth lay nearer to the skies  
 Than in these days of crime and woe,  
 And mortals saw, without surprise,  
 In the mid-air, angelic eyes  
 Gazing upon this world below.

One evening, in that time of bloom,  
 On a hill's side, where hung the ray  
 Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,  
 Three noble youths conversing lay;  
 And, as they look'd; from time to time,  
 To the fair sky, where daylight furl'd  
 His radiant wing, their brows sublime  
 Bespoke them of that distant world—

These in succession, tell the stories of their mortal loves. The first is the "*unheavenliest*" of the angelic natures, who becomes enamoured of an Oriental beauty whom he sees bathing when on a celestial mission to the world. The eastern locality is most poetically laid down, for

'Twas in a land, that far away  
 Into the golden orient lies,  
 Where Nature knows not night's delay.  
 But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,  
 Upon the threshold of the skies.

Here the fated Angel sees

One of earth's fairest womankind,  
 Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd  
 In the clear crystal of a brook;  
 Which, while it hid no single gleam  
 Of her young beauties, made them look  
 More spirit-like, as they might seem  
 Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

What ensues slides from poetry almost into the ludicrous:

Pausing in wonder I look'd on,  
 While, playfully around her breaking  
 The waters, that like diamonds shone,  
 She mov'd in light of her own making.  
 At length, as slowly I descended  
 To view more near a sight so splendid,

The tremble of my wings all o'er  
 (For through each plume I felt the thrill)  
 Startled her, as she reached the shore  
 Of that small lake—

The further description returns to a fine strain, and in its passionateness is in keeping with the character of the Angel, whose proneness to earthly joys removed him from the higher class of intelligences:

Nor was it long, ere by her side  
 I found myself, whole happy days,  
 Listening to words, whose music vied  
 With our own Eden's seraph lays,  
 When seraph lays are warm'd by love,  
 But wanting *that*, far, far above!—  
 And looking into eyes where, blue  
 And beautiful, like skies seen through  
 The sleeping wave, for me there shone  
 A heaven, more worshipp'd than my own.  
 Oh what, while I could hear and see  
 Such words and looks, was heaven to me?  
 Though gross the air on earth I drew,  
 'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too;  
 Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,  
 Love lent them light, while she was nigh.  
 Throughout creation I but knew  
 Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,  
 Beloved and consecrated spot  
 Where *LEA* *was*—the other, all  
 The dull, wide waste, where she was *not*!

But as *he* fell below his, *she* aspired to mount above her sphere in creation. His prayers are coldly repulsed, till in the end he imparts to his adored the mystical words, which spoken, "plume the wing for heaven," and she rises in glory to a bright star, leaving her abandoned lover to the sorrows of eternal banishment from bliss. Previous to this catastrophe, his delineation of Despair assuming the semblance of pleasure is very powerful:

— — — I gave way  
 To all that frantic mirth—that rush  
 Of desperate gaiety, which they  
 Who never felt how pain's excess  
 Can break out thus, think happiness—  
 Sad mimicry of mirth and life,  
 Whose flashes come but from the strife  
 Of inward passions—like the light  
 Struck out by clashing swords in fight.  
 Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane  
 And blessing of man's heart and brain—  
 That draught of sorcery, which brings  
 Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—



Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile  
 Upon the mists that circle man,  
 Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,  
 But grasping Heaven, too, in their span!—  
 Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd  
 Its dews of darkness through my lips,  
 Casting whate'er of light remain'd  
 To my lost soul into eclipse,  
 And filling it with such wild dreams,  
 Such fantasies and wrong'd desires,  
 As, in the absence of heaven's beams,  
 Haunt us for ever—like wild fires  
 That walk this earth, when day retires.

At their next meeting, she

— did her brow, as usual, turn  
 To her lov'd star, which seem'd to burn  
 Purer than ever on that night;  
 While she, in looking, grew more bright,  
 As though that planet were an urn  
 From which her eyes drank liquid light.

And he

— — — with soul all flame  
 And lips that burned in their own sighs,

Communicated the fatal secret,

— stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd  
 The mystic word, till then ne'er told  
 To living creature of earth's mould!

Repeating these, she becomes angelic, and rises in light to her favourite star, while in him the spell loses its power, and his latest consolation is thus sweetly told:

Once—or did I but fancy so?—  
 Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,  
 Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,  
 A pitying look she turn'd below  
 On him who stood in darkness here;  
 Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret  
 Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet:  
 And oft, when looking to this dim  
 And distant world, remembers him.

The second Angel, named *Rubi*, is a more glorified essence; one of those whom the Cabalistic dreamers class among the higher host as a *Cherub*, or *Spirit of Knowledge*. His researches through "immensity" are grandly but vaguely\* painted, till his narrative describes the creation of Woman.

\* Vagueness often adds to sublimity, but the want of a definite idea is a blemish in such a passage as this—

'Twixt whom and them was distance far  
 And wide, as would the journey be  
 To reach from any island star  
 The vague shores of Infinity!

The thought is incomprehensible, and consequently the impression of immeasurable distance on the mind fails.

Can you forget how gradual stole  
 The fresh awaken'd breath of soul  
 Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd  
 To grow transparent, as there beam'd  
 That dawn of Mind within, and caught  
 New loveliness from each new thought?  
 Slow as o'er summer seas we trace  
 The progress of the noontide air,  
 Dimpling its bright and silent face  
 Each minute into some new grace,  
 And varying heaven's reflections there—  
 Or, like the light of evening, stealing  
 O'er some fair temple, which all day  
 Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing  
 Its several beauties, ray by ray,  
 Till it shines out, a thing to bless,  
 All full of light and loveliness.

It would be a tacit libel on Woman not to observe on this extract, that she is far more beautiful and excellent than the objects to which the Poet has compared her, and therefore that he has here, by his want of gallantry, exposed himself to the charge of bathos. We hope the sex will forgive him.

From an enthusiastic admiration of Eve, into which he is betrayed by the insatiable thirst of knowledge, as well as by the fascinating charms of the new being, the transition is natural to one of her loveliest descendants. He tells most delightfully,

I had beheld their First, their EVE,  
 Born in that splendid Paradise,  
 Which God made solely to receive  
 The first light of her waking eyes.  
 I had seen purest angels lean  
 In worship o'er her from above;  
 And man—oh yes, had envying seen  
 Proud man possess'd of all her love.  
 I saw their happiness, so brief,  
 So exquisite—her error, too,  
 That easy trust, that prompt belief  
 In what the warm heart wishes true;  
 That faith in words, when kindly said,  
 By which the whole fond sex is led—  
 Mingled with (what I durst not blame,  
 For 'tis my own) that wish to *know*,  
 Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;  
 Which, though from heaven all pure it came,  
 Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and shame  
 On her, on me, on all below!  
 I had seen this; had seen Man—arm'd  
 As his soul is with strength and sense—  
 By her first words to ruin charm'd;  
 His vaunted reason's cold defence,  
 Like an ice-barrier in the ray  
 Of melting summer, smil'd away!

Nay—stranger yet—spite of all this—  
 Though by her counsels taught to err,  
 Though driv'n from Paradise for her,  
 (And with her—that, at least was bliss)  
 Had I not heard him, ere he crost  
 The threshold of that earthly heaven,  
 Which by her wildering smile he lost—  
 So quickly was the wrong forgiven—  
 Had I not heard him, as he prest  
 The frail, fond trembler to a breast  
 Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,  
 Call her—think what—his Life! his Life!  
 Yes—such the love-taught name—the first,  
 That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,  
 Ev'n in his out-cast hour, when curst,  
 By her fond witchery, with that worst  
 And earliest boon of love—the grave!

This delicious passage is very closely followed by what would make a good song\* for the National Melodies, if a tune could be found for it, and is consequently inferior in quality to its surrounding graces, for the immediate description of the object is also sweetly fanciful:

From the first hour she caught my sight,  
 I never left her—day and night  
 Hovering unseen around her way,  
 And mid her loneliest musings near,  
 I soon could track each thought that lay,  
 Gleaming within her heart, as clear  
 As pebbles within brooks appear;  
 And there, among the countless things  
 That keep young hearts for ever glowing,  
 Vague wishes, fond imaginings,  
 Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—

\* *Ex. gr.*

Could I help wondering at a creature,  
 Enchanted round with spells so strong—  
 One, to whose every thought, word, feature,  
 In joy and woe, through right and wrong,  
 Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,  
 To bless or ruin, curse or save?  
 Nor did the marvel cease with her—  
 New Eves in all her daughters came,  
 As strong to charm, as weak to err,  
 As sure of man through praise and blame,  
 Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,  
 Their still unreasoning worshipper—  
 And, wheresoc'er they smil'd, the same  
 Enchantresses of soul and frame,  
 Into whose hands, from first to last,  
 This world with all its destinies,  
 Devotedly by heaven seems cast,  
 To save or damn it, as they please!

Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,  
And rainbow joys that end in weeping,  
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,  
Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping.

Into the soul of this enchanting creature the Angel steals in dreams, and at last reveals himself to her ardent aspirations for the original of these glorious shadows. Their after-state is drawn with an energetic pencil:

Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most  
On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all,—  
Yet—was I happy. God, thou know'st,  
Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,  
What happiness is theirs, who fall!  
'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen  
Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between  
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell  
In agonizing cross-light given  
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell  
In purgatory catch of heaven!  
The only feeling that to me  
Seem'd joy, or rather my sole rest  
From aching misery, was to see  
My young, proud, blooming LILIS blest—  
She, the fair fountain of all ill  
To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst  
Fervidly panted after still,  
And found the charm fresh as at first!—  
To see her happy—to reflect  
Whatever beams still round me play'd  
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,  
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,  
And whose soul worshipp'd ev'n my shade—  
This was, I own, enjoyment—this  
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.

The besetting sin of the happy Lilis, and that which accelerates the impending destruction, is pride, and a longing for attainments above the reach of mortality. Her wishes are fondly gratified by her Cherub's love; and his fervent desire to accomplish all she can ask is prettily told in four lines: And

— when I've seen her look above  
At some bright star admiringly,  
I've said "Nay, look not there, my love,  
Alas, I cannot give it thee!"

Thus prevented in all her ambitious imaginings, the story proceeds:

Happy enthusiast! still, oh, still  
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,  
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,  
Which looks at once before and back,  
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,  
And sees both comfortless, both black—

Spite of all this, I could have still  
 In her delight forgot all ill;  
 Or, if pain would not be forgot,  
 At least have borne and murmur'd not.

Ev'n then her glorious smile to me  
 Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,  
 Like moonlight on a troubled sea,  
 Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

But at last came the wish which brought fate with it:

At length, as if some thought, awaking  
 Suddenly, sprung within her breast—  
 Like a young bird, when day-light breaking  
 Startles him from his dreamy nest—  
 She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,  
 Dilated into that full shape  
 They took in joy, reproach, surprise,  
 As if to let more soul escape,  
 And, playfully as on my head  
 Her white hand rested, smil'd and said:—

“ I had, last night, a dream of thee,  
 Resembling those divine ones, given,  
 Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,  
 Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.

“ The same rich wreath was on thy brow,  
 Dazzling as if of star-light made;  
 And these wings, lying darkly now,  
 Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

“ All bright as in those happy dreams  
 Thou stood'st, a creature to adore  
 No less than love, breathing out beams,  
 As flowers do fragrance, at each pore!

“ Sudden I felt thee draw me near  
 To thy pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,  
 I seem'd within the atmosphere  
 Of that exhaling light embrac'd;

“ And, as thou heldst me there, the flame  
 Pass'd from thy heavenly soul to mine,  
 Till—oh, too blissful—I became,  
 Like thee, all spirit, all divine.

“ Say, why did dream so bright come o'er me,  
 If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?  
 When will my Cherub shine before me  
 Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?

“ When shall I, waking, be allow'd  
 To gaze upon those perfect charms,  
 And hold thee thus, without a cloud,  
 A chill of earth, within my arms?

“ Oh what a pride to say—this, this  
 Is my own Angel—all divine,

And pure, and dazzling as he is,  
And fresh from heaven, he's mine, he's mine!

Like Semele, the divine embrace was more than her mortal nature could bear:

Slow from her side I rose, while she  
Stood up, too, mutely, tremblingly,  
But not with fear—all hope, desire,  
She waited for the awful boon,  
Like priestesses, with eyes of fire  
Watching the rise of the full moon,  
Whose beams—they know, yet cannot shun—  
Will madden them when look'd upon!  
Of all my glories, the bright crown,  
Which, when I last from heaven came down,  
I left—see, where those clouds afar  
Sail through the west—there hangs it yet,  
Shining remote, more like a star  
Than a fallen angel's coronet—  
Of all my glories, this alone  
Was wanting—but th' illumin'd brow,  
The curls, like tendrils that had grown  
Out of the sun—the eyes, that now  
Had love's light added to their own,  
And shed a blaze, before unknown  
Ev'n to themselves—th' unfolded wings  
From which, as from two radiant springs,  
Sparkles fell fast around, like spray—  
All I could bring of heaven's array,  
Of that rich panoply of charms  
A Cherub moves in, on the day  
Of his best pomp, I now put on;  
And, proud that in her eyes I shone  
Thus glorious, glided to her arms,  
Which still (though at a sight so splendid  
Her dazzled brow had instantly  
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended  
To clasp the form she durst not see!

— — — — —  
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,  
When—oh most horrible!—I felt  
That every spark of that pure flame—  
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—  
Was now by my transgression turn'd  
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,  
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye  
Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes,  
Till there—oh God, I still ask why  
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie  
Black'ning within my arms to ashes!  
Those cheeks, a glory but to see—  
Those lips, whose touch was what the first  
Fresh cup of immortality  
Is to a new-made angel's thirst!

Those arms, within whose gentle round,  
 My heart's horizon, the whole bound  
 Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!  
 Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond  
 As when they first were round me cast,  
 Loos'd not in death th' fatal bond,  
 But, burning, held me to the last—  
 That hair, from under whose dark veil,  
 The snowy neck, like a white sail  
 At moonlight seen 'twixt wave and wave,  
 Shone out by gleams—that hair, to save  
 But one of whose long, glossy wreaths,  
 I could have died ten thousand deaths!—  
 All, all, that seem'd, one minute since,  
 So full of love's own redolence,  
 Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,  
 Withering in agony away;  
 And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,  
 From which this desolation came—  
 And I the fiend, whose foul caress  
 Had blasted all that loveliness!

We will say nothing of the ludicrous idea associated with this tragical conclusion—the East India anecdote of “Sweep away your mistress and bring clean glasses;” but merely notice that we disapprove, in the first passage, of the comparison of a singular to plural “priestesses,” and the doggerel rhymes “splendid,” “extended;” and in the second, of the simile of the “white sail” as inapplicable.

The Loves of the third Angel are more auspicious; but we must ask permission to reserve them, though short, for another Paper, in which we shall also offer a few critical remarks on the whole Poem.

### JOURNAL OF LAS CASES.\*

THIS is Las Cases' Journal of an important period of Buonaparte's life, and a work of uncommon interest, as every thing relating to a man who filled so large a space on the world's theatre must be, especially when flowing from what may be considered a near and authentic source. We apply the latter epithet guardedly; not as meaning that Las Cases' facts are to be taken as gospels, but, on the contrary, that more than usual suspicion is attached to his partisan statements, which must, therefore, on his own showing, be viewed as strongly discoloured by his resentments and prejudices. We know that renegades are generally the bitterest

\**My Residence with the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.* London and Paris. Colburn, and Bosange. 8vo. 2 vols.

sticklers for the party to which they happen at any time to adhere; and Las Cases having first emigrated as a royalist, then made his peace with the Emperor, then offered himself to Louis XVIII, and, finally, gone back again to Napoleon, it may readily be anticipated that his tergiversations have imbued his work with the spirit pertaining to all his weathercock and unprincipled tribe. But, with the due allowances to be made on these grounds, his book is still one which will deservedly excite a powerful sensation; and we accordingly lose no time in performing our task of bringing it fairly and speedily before the public.

As a key to the foregoing remarks, and a guide for the proper reading of these volumes, we shall begin by quoting a page near the close of the first. On the first restoration of the Bourbons, the Count says he wrote to the Chancellor of France

—“To acquaint him that I had been Master of requests to the last Council of State; and that if that circumstance were not sufficient to exclude me from becoming a member of the new assembly, I begged him to recommend me to the King as a Counsellor of State. I observed that I would not advance as claims to favour, my eleven years’ emigration, or the loss of my patrimony in the King’s cause. In these respects I conceived I had only done my duty; which I had at all times, to the best of my knowledge, fulfilled faithfully and to the utmost. *This language, as may well be supposed, deprived me even of the honour of a reply.*”

“Meanwhile the new situation of Paris, the sight of the foreign troops, the acclamations of every kind, were more than I could endure; and I adopted the determination of going for a short time to London, where I should meet with old friends, who might afford me all the consolation of which I was susceptible. Then, again, I recollected that I might find in London the same tumult and the same exultation that had driven me from Paris: this proved to be the fact. London was the scene of festivity and rejoicing, to celebrate the triumphs of the English and our humiliation.”

From this paragraph it is pretty evident that if our patriot could have got himself into the king’s council, instead of being treated with silent contempt, his sensitive nerves might have endured the shocking rejoicings of the Allies; and that instead of an adherent of Buonaparte at St. Helena, he would in all probability have been a Minister of Louis XVIII, at Paris: but, as he truly says elsewhere, it is very curious to remark how our destinies are shaped by circumstances!!\*

\* Buonaparte himself seems to have entertained just opinions on this subject. Speaking of the Revolution, he thus expresses himself:

“Even for myself, (said he,) how could I undertake to say that there might not have existed circumstances sufficiently powerful, notwithstanding my natural sentiments, to induce me to emigrate? The vicinity of the



In the Work before us, however, the Count rises in his own opinion so much, as the companion of the banished Napoleon, that it is difficult to discern, among his W<sup>e</sup>'s, which of the two he reckons the greater hero; but this will better appear as we go on with our extracts; and the diurnal form adopted by the writer, renders it more convenient to follow him in the same way, interspersing the observations that occur to us, than to digest them into a prefatory essay. This plan we will pursue.

Count Las Cases commences with an auto-biography. He was of a noble family, and emigrated at the Revolution. In England he continued till the Peace of Amiens; and eked out a living, by teaching the French language. On returning to France he furnished his late pupils, by way of corollary, with an example of French principles, for he tells us—

—“I freely and spontaneously transferred the zeal, loyalty, and attachment which I had constantly cherished for my old masters, to the new sovereign: the result of this step was my immediate admission at court.

“In this state of things, I felt extremely anxious that my recent protestations should be ratified by deeds. The English had invaded Flushing and threatened Antwerp; I therefore hastened to assist in the defence of the latter place, as a volunteer; and, on the subsequent evacuation of Flushing, my nomination to the office of chamberlain called me near the person of the Emperor.”

Thus, to prove his desertion of the Bourbons, and his devotedness to Buonaparte, this honest man could do no better than enrol himself as a volunteer to fight against the nation which had afforded him shelter and protection during the years of his adversity. He was justly rewarded and made a Chamberlain, which led to his appointment of State Counsellor and other lucrative offices under the new dynasty. In 1814, we have seen, he was equally ready to serve the king; but being rejected, he became what he is, and the recorder of the events which personally befel his master after he reached the Elysee Palace, on the 20th June, 1815, from the defeat of Waterloo. From this narrative we now select some of the most striking particulars, which are indeed of an extraordinary character and very entertaining, as well as deeply interesting.

frontier, for instance, a friendly attachment, or the influence of a chief. In revolutions, we can only speak with certainty to what we have done: it is silly to affirm that we could not have acted otherwise.’ The Emperor then related a singular example of the influence of chance over the destinies of men. Serrurier and the younger Hedouville, while travelling together on foot to emigrate into Spain, were met by a military patrol. Hedouville, being the younger and more active of the two, cleared the frontier, thought himself very lucky, and went to spend a life of mere vegetation in Spain. Serrurier, on the contrary, being obliged to return into the interior, bewailed his unhappy fate, and became a marshal:—such is the uncertainty of human foresight and calculations!”

June 29-30, Buonaparte was at Malmaison.—“Towards noon, General Becker came from Paris, sent by the Provisional Government; he told us with feelings of indignation, that he had received a commission to guard and watch Napoleon.\* A sentiment the most base had dictated this choice: Fouché knew that General Becker had a private pique against the Emperor, and therefore did not doubt of finding, in the former, one disposed to vengeance; it would be impossible for any man more grossly to deceive himself, as this officer constantly showed a degree of respect and attachment to the Emperor highly honourable to his own character.”

At Saintes, Buonaparte and his suite were nearly torn to pieces; but at length we have them safe on board the *Bellerophon*; where the worthy Count confesses to have concealed his acquaintance with the English language, in order that he might act the spy more effectually.

“On reaching the *Bellerophon* (says he modestly) the captain had addressed us in French: I was not eager to inform him that I knew something of his own language. Some expressions which passed between him and his officers might have injured the negotiation, had I seemed to understand them. When, a short time after, it was asked, whether we understood English, *I allowed the Duke of Rovigo to reply in the negative*. Our situation was quite sufficient to remove any scruples I might have otherwise entertained, rendering *this little deception* very pardonable. I only mention this circumstance, because, as I remained a fortnight amongst these people, I was compelled to impose a tiresome restraint upon myself, to avoid disclosing what I had concealed in the first instance.”

With the double knowledge attained by these honourable arts, the testimony of the Count is extremely valuable on a point that has been much contested. On settling the terms on which Buonaparte was to be received on board the English frigate, he states:

—“Previous to our separating, the conference was summed up, by my repeating, that it was possible, from the state of affairs and

\* The Prince of Eckmühl's orders from the Commission of Government were “to cause him to be watched at Malmaison, to prevent his escape. For this purpose, you will place a requisite portion of gendarmerie and troops of the line, at the disposal of General Becker, so as to guard all the avenues leading to Malmaison in every direction. You will give orders to the chief inspector of gendarmerie to this effect. These measures must be kept as secret as possible.

“This letter is intended for yourself; but General Becker, who will be charged with delivering the resolutions to Napoleon, will receive particular instructions from your excellency, and inform Napoleon that they have been drawn up with a view to the interest of the state, and for the safety of his person; that their prompt execution is indispensable; and finally, that his future interests make them absolutely necessary.”

his own intentions, the Emperor would avail himself of captain Maitland's offer, so as to get safe-conducts for America. The latter begged it to be understood, that he would not guarantee the permission we demanded, being granted; upon which we departed. *To say the truth, I did not myself think it would be given.*"—

August 5, (Bellerophon at sea.) "While conversing with the Emperor in the evening, he gave me two proofs of confidence, but I cannot now confide them to paper."\*

"The name of Bonaparte may be spelt either *Bonaparte*, or *Buonaparte*; as all Italians know. Napoleon's father always introduced the *u*; and his uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien (who survived Napoleon's father, and was a parent to Napoleon and his brothers,) at the same time, and under the same roof, wrote it *Bonaparte*. During his youth Napoleon followed the example of his father. On attaining the command of the army of Italy, he took good care not to alter the orthography, which agreed with the spirit of the language; but at a later period, and when amongst the French, he wished to adopt their orthography, and thenceforth wrote his name Bonaparte."

The author expatiates on the rank and antiquity of the family. Among other things, he says,

"The Duke de Feltre, French Ambassador in Tuscany, brought the portrait of a Bonaparte who had married a princess of the Grand Duke's family. The mother of Pope Nicholas V. or Paul V. of Sarzana, was also a Bonaparte.

"It was a Bonaparte who negotiated the treaty by which Leghorn was exchanged for Sarzana. It is to a Bonaparte that we are indebted for one of the oldest comedies written at the period of the revival of letters, intitled *The Widow*. It may still be seen in the Royal Library at Paris.†

"When Napoleon marched against Rome at the head of the French army, and received the propositions of the Pope at Tolentino, one of the negociators of the enemy observed, that he was the only Frenchman who had marched against Rome, since the Constable de Bourbon; but what rendered this circumstance still more singular, was, that the history of the first expedition was written by an ancestor of him who executed the second, that is to say, Monsignor Nicolas Bonaparte, who has in reality left us

\* "There is, however, one of these proofs which I am now at liberty to disclose. While walking in the stern-gallery with the Emperor, at the usual hour, he drew from under his waistcoat, still conversing on a totally different subject, a species of girdle, which he handed to me, saying, "Take care of that for me;" without interrupting him, I placed it under my own waistcoat. The Emperor told me soon after, that it contained a diamond necklace, worth two hundred thousand francs, which Queen Hortensia forced him to accept on his leaving Malmaison."

† "Verified at the Royal Library: the MS. being really there, and the play itself printed."

a work, called *The Sacking of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon*.\*

"In his boyhood Napoleon was turbulent, adroit, lively and agile in the extreme. He had gained, he used to say, the most complete ascendancy over his elder brother Joseph. The latter was beaten and ill-treated; complaints were carried to the mother, and she would begin to scold before poor Joseph had even time to open his mouth.

"At the age of ten, Napoleon was sent to the military school at Brienne. His name, which in his Corsican accent he pronounced as if written *Napoillone*, from the similarity of the sound, procured for him, among his youthful companions, the nick-name of *la paille au nez* (straw in his nose.)"

When a young officer at Valence, it is stated, "Napoleon got an early introduction to Madame du Colombier, a lady about fifty years of age, who was endowed with many rare and estimable qualities, and who was the most distinguished person in the town.

"Napoleon conceived an attachment for Mademoiselle du Colombier, who, on her part, was not insensible to his merits. It was the first love of both; and it was that kind of love which might be expected to arise at their age and with their education. 'We were the most innocent creatures imaginable,' the Emperor used to say; 'we contrived little meetings together: I well remember one which took place on a Midsummer morning, just as daylight began to dawn. It will scarcely be believed that all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together.'—

"Napoleon at this period performed what he termed his Sentimental Journey from Valence to Mont-Cenis in Burgundy, and he intended to write an account of it after the manner of Sterne. The faithful Desmazzis was of the party: he was constantly with him, and his narrative of Napoleon's private life, if combined with the details of his public career, would form a perfect history of the Emperor.

"In September 1793, Napoleon Bonaparte, then in his twenty-fourth year, was yet unknown to the world which was destined to

\* "Also verified at the Royal Library, where the account of the Sacking of Rome is deposited, but by *James Buonaparte*, and not *Nicholas*. James was a contemporary and an ocular witness of the event: his manuscript was printed for the first time at Cologne, in 1756; and the volume actually contains a genealogy of the Bonapartes, which is carried back to a very remote period, and describes them as one of the most illustrious houses of Tuscany.

"The above genealogy presents a fact which is certainly of a very singular nature: it is that of the first Bonaparte having been exiled from his country as a *Ghibeline*. Was it, then, the destiny of this family, in all times, and at every epoch, that it must yield to the malignant influence of the *Guelfs*!"—[The malignant influence of a family which afforded the grateful Count an asylum and a livelihood.—*Ed.*]

resound with his name. He was a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, and had been only a few weeks in Paris; having left Corsica, where political events had forced him to yield to the faction of Paoli. The English had taken possession of Toulon; an experienced artillery officer was wanting to direct the operations of the siege, and Napoleon was fixed on. There will history take him up, never more to leave him;—there commences his immortality.”

During his voyage, Las Cases relates—

“I had undertaken to teach my son English; and the Emperor, to whom I mentioned the progress he was making, expressed a wish to learn also. I endeavoured to form a very simple plan for his instruction, in order to save him trouble. This did very well for two or three days; but the *ennui* occasioned by the study was at least equal to that which it was intended to counteract, and the English was laid aside. The Emperor occasionally reproached me with having discontinued my lessons; I replied that I had the medicine ready, if he had the courage to take it.

“Meanwhile the Emperor observed that I was very much occupied, and he even suspected the subject on which I was engaged. He determined to ascertain the fact, and obtained sight of a few pages of my journal: he was not displeased with it. Having alluded several times to the subject, he observed that such a work would be interesting rather than useful. The military events, for example, thus detailed, in the ordinary course of conversation, would be meagre, incomplete, and devoid of end or object: they would be mere anecdotes, frequently of the most puerile kind, instead of grand operations and results. I eagerly seized the favourable opportunity: I entirely concurred in his opinion, and ventured to suggest the idea of his dictating to me the campaigns of Italy. ‘It would,’ I observed, ‘be a benefit to the country—a true monument of national glory. Our time is unemployed, our hours are tedious; occupation will help to divert us, and some moments may not be devoid of pleasure.’ This idea became the subject of various conversations.

“At length the Emperor came to a determination, and on Saturday the 9th of September he called me into his cabin, and dictated to me, for the first time, some details respecting the siege of Toulon.\*

“On the Emperor’s second abdication, somebody who loved him for his own sake, and who knew his improvident disposition, eagerly inquired whether any measures had been taken for his future support. Finding that no provision had been made, and that Napoleon remained absolutely destitute, a contribution was made,

\* These dictations are now also in the course of publication; but we have taken up first the more personal and interesting work.

and four or five millions were raised for him, of which M. Lafitte became the depositary.

"At the moment of his departure from Malmaison, the solicitude of Napoleon's real friends was no less serviceable to him.—An individual, aware of the disorder and confusion of our situation, wished to ascertain whether the little treasure had been forwarded to its destination. What was his astonishment on learning that the carriage in which it had been placed, was left in a coach-house at Malmaison. A new difficulty arose: the key of the coach-house was not to be found; and the embarrassment occasioned by this unexpected circumstance delayed our departure for some moments. M. Lafitte wished immediately to give the Emperor a receipt for the sum; but Napoleon would not accept it—saying, 'I know you, M. Lafitte—I know that you did not approve of my government; but I consider you as an honest man.'

"M. Lafitte seems to have been doomed to be the depositary of the funds of unfortunate monarchs. Louis XVIII, on his departure for Ghent, also placed a considerable sum of money in his hands. On Napoleon's arrival, on 20th March, M. Lafitte was sent for by the Emperor, and questioned respecting the deposit, which he did not deny. On his expressing his apprehension lest a reproach should be intended to be conveyed in the questions which had been put to him;—'None,' said the Emperor: 'that money belonged personally to the king, and private affairs are totally distinct from political matters.'

"One afternoon, the sailors caught an enormous shark. The Emperor inquired the cause of the great noise and confusion which he suddenly heard over head; being informed of what had occurred, he expressed a wish to have a sight of the sea-monster. He accordingly went up to the poop, and incautiously approached too near the animal, which by a sudden movement knocked down four or five of the sailors, and had well nigh broke the Emperor's legs. He descended the larboard gangway, covered with blood; we thought he was severely hurt, but it proved to be only the blood of the shark." [We have heard it mentioned, that the tars laughed heartily, and declared "there were a pair of them."]

At page 242, the diary of the voyage ends; and the remainder of the volume is occupied with a journal from the 19th October, 1815, when the prisoner was landed at St. Helena, to the 9th December, the day preceding his removal to Longwood. From our extracts it will be seen that the Work is very miscellaneous, embracing not only the events of the period, but all the retrospections, &c. of Buonaparte which he uttered in conversation. It will also be discovered that a considerable number of the anecdotes have previously crept into notoriety through various channels (as far as our memory serves we have endeavoured to avoid these,) and especially in the Memoirs published by Mr. Brockhaws (in 1818) from documents derived from Las Cases himself.

## POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

## PARAPHRASE OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

OF human things, how little fix'd remains,  
 How mean the profit, for a world of pains!  
*Homer* hath said:—As yearly leaves decay,  
 As the green season comes and fades away,  
 Mark thus, (and that's the moral of his text,)  
 One age is but a *margin* to the next:  
 Our darker autumn will at last succeed,  
 Though late:—and *Homer* tells the truth indeed.  
 To these and to the like all lend an ear;  
 But who is always on himself severe?  
 Each fosters hope; and every youthful breast  
 Still labours to detain the pleasing guest.  
 While yet the tender flower of life is warm,  
 Heats sap its vigour, and the winds alarm;  
 Pliant it yields to every rising gale:—  
 Not so when storms its full-grown arms assail.\*  
 Thus veering youth, to no fix'd purpose true  
 Keeps all impracticable schemes in view;  
 No cares of age and death its thoughts employ,  
 To turn the current of unmeaning joy;  
 Sure of the present day and all beside,  
 No homely labours for the next provide,  
 Oh fools! whose reason thus securely lies,  
 Nor know the secret rule of living wise!  
 How swift the close of youth, and what delays  
 The last and darkest that shall bound our days!  
 But, stranger, ponder o'er these truths, and seize  
 Some share of pleasures and one hour of ease.

1823.

A.

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 ON SEEING A PICTURE REPRESENTING TIME ARRESTING  
 THE CAREER OF PLEASURE.

His iron hand grasped a Bacchante's arm,  
 And at his touch the rose and vine leaves died:  
 He pointed to the circle where the Hours  
 Held on their visible course.

Stay thee on thy mad career,  
 Other sounds than Mirth's are near;

\* These four lines are not justified by the original. I wrote them from an idea suggested by a line in the elegy, of which this is thought to be a fragment, thus—*Θινηται δ' ὄρα τις αἰθερὸς ἔχει πολυκατατοῦ κέρας*,—*But when any mortal possesses the very desirable flower of youth.* The poet has not pursued the idea of youth being represented by a flower, but subjoins—*having a capricious disposition, he contemplates many things unlikely to be accomplished*;—which last I have paraphrased as below.







Stothard RA.del.

CG.Childe sc.

## THE HEART OF MID LoTHIAN

TRIAL OF EFFIE DEANS.

Pub. by H.Hall 1825.

ty, to repair to this continent. It ought to be recorded, to  
MAY, 1823.—NO. 253. 45

Pub by H.Hall 1825.

# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

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## MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN WEST,

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BENJAMIN WEST, the youngest son of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born near Springfield, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1738. His family, on both sides, sprung from England. His paternal ancestors had settled at Long Crandon, in the county of Bucks, on an estate now appertaining to the head of the Grenville family, so early as the reign of Richard the Second. Their origin does not appear to have been exactly known, until the subject of these memoirs learned that this branch of the West family was descended from Lord Delaware, a warrior who distinguished himself at the battle of Cressy, under the immediate command of the Black Prince. About the year 1667, they embraced the tenets of the Quakers, during the civil wars, and appear to have been zealous for the commonwealth; Colonel James West having fought by the side of Hampden. As they did not emigrate to this country until 1699, during the reign of William and Mary, when religious bigotry had ceased to alarm, they do not appear to have been driven from their native land by the scourge of persecution. On the other hand, Thomas Pearson, the maternal grandfather of our artist, was the friend and companion of William Penn; and it is not at all unlikely that he was urged, by a wish to enjoy his religious opinions in freedom and security, to repair to this continent. It ought to be recorded, to

the honour of the elder Mr. West, that, having obtained a slave, as part of the marriage portion of his wife, he was so convinced, at that early period, that it was contrary to the laws of God and nature that any man should retain his fellow creatures in bondage, that he gave the negro his freedom, and afterwards hired him as a servant. This event, which occurred about the year 1752, made a great noise; and, after much debate the annual general assembly at Philadelphia established it as one of the tenets of the Friends, that no person could remain a member of their community who held a human creature in bondage.

In the month of June, 1745, when young West had not yet attained his seventh year he was entrusted with the care of his niece, then a child in the cradle. The baby happened to smile in its sleep, and its beauty and innocence attracted his attention. This little incident, however trivial and unimportant it may appear, developed the precious talents of our infant artist, and gave a decided turn to his future destiny. Observing some paper on an adjoining table, together with pens, and red and black ink, he seized on them with an instinctive genius, and attempted to delineate a portrait. In some ages this would have been deemed inspiration; for he had never seen a picture or an engraving; far less had he beheld any one attempting to copy the lineaments of nature. The enraptured mother instantly discovered the likeness of little Sally, and kissed her beloved son with much fondness and satisfaction. This curious incident deserves consideration in two points of view: the sketch must have had some merit, since the likeness was so obvious, indicating how easily the hand of the young artist possessed the power of representing the observations of his eye. But it is still more remarkable as the birth of the fine arts in the new world, and as one of the few instances in the history of art, in which the first inspiration of genius can be distinctly traced to a particular circumstance.

Soon after this occurrence Benjamin was sent to school. Pen and ink still constituted the objects of his amusement, until better materials were obtained from a party of Indians, who taught him to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they painted their ornaments and war-belts. A piece of indigo at length put him in possession of the three primary colours. Still, how-

ever, he was destitute of brushes to lay on his paint; and as camels hair was not then to be obtained, he found a substitute in the fur from the tail of a cat.

The joy and surprise of Mr. Penington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was related to the West family, on beholding the apartment of a Quaker hung round with drawings of birds and flowers, induced him to present the young artist with a box of paints and pencils. To these were added, several pieces of canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings by Grevling. Such a rich treasure as this, while it prevented sleep for some nights, formed the means of attaining future excellence. At Philadelphia, whither young Benjamin had repaired, on a visit to a relative, the sight of the shipping, an object entirely novel to him, attracted his admiration, and he composed a landscape which exhibited a picturesque view of a river, with vessels floating on the surface, and cattle pasturing on its banks. A picture, by one Williams, of Philadelphia, was beheld by him with great wonder; and the perusal of the works of Fresnoy and Richardson decided his future destiny. He tried a new style of painting, by means of drawings with ink, chalk, and charcoal, on some popular boards. He afterwards attempted the portraits of a lady and her children, and that too, with such effect as to obtain much employment for him in this line. The "Death of Socrates," was his first historical painting; and the fame arising from the execution of this work procured for him the patronage and instructions of Dr. Smith, then provost of the college of Philadelphia.

At the age of sixteen, it was determined among the Friends, after long deliberation, that Benjamin should be allowed to cultivate the art of painting. At Philadelphia, where he now settled, the future president acquired new facilities in the progress of his favourite art; and here, too, he met with full employment as a portrait painter. His prices were two guineas and a half per head, and five guineas for half-lengths. But he did not confine himself to these, for he copied a St. Ignatius. "The Trial of Susannah," an original work, was also undertaken by him; and in this, as in the "Death of Socrates," the principal figures were carefully copied from living models. After passing eleven months at New York, during which he painted the picture of

"A Student reading by Candle-light," young West determined to visit the classical shores of Italy, in order to extend his views, promote his taste and obtain a knowledge of all that had been effected by the great masters. Accordingly, in 1760, he embarked on board a vessel destined for Leghorn; after which he immediately proceeded to Rome. There he was introduced to Cardinal Albini, who although blind, was still a great connoisseur; and also to Mengs, a celebrated painter of that day. To please this artist, our young American gave him a specimen of his proficiency in a portrait of Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham. At his recommendation also he visited Florence, Bologna, and Venice. On his return to the Roman capital, he who had formerly exclaimed on beholding the Apollo of Belvidere, that it was "the exact resemblance of a young Mohawk warrior," now discovered, on the Egyptian obelisk, exactly the same hieroglyphics which appear on the wampum-belts of the Indians.

After passing through Savoy and residing some time at Paris, Mr. West went to England, where he arrived in August, 1763. His first excursion was to Hampton Court; and he afterwards inspected the paintings at Stour Head, Fonthill, and Wilton House. On his return he visited Sir Joshua Reynolds: and he also formed an acquaintance with Mr. Richard Wilson, the celebrated landscape painter. He was introduced by Dr. Markham, afterwards archbishop of York, to Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Burke; in the latter of whom he recognized the features of the chief of the Benedictine monks at Parma, and afterwards discovered that they were brothers. In 1765, Dr. Newton, bishop of Bristol, engaged him to paint "the parting of Hector and Andromache;" while, for Dr. Johnson, then bishop of Worcester, he undertook "the Return of the Prodigal Son." Before he left his native country he had formed an attachment to a young lady, and it was now his intention to return in order to be united to her. This, however, was prevented by his father, who conducted the bride to England, and the marriage took place in September, 1765.

Dr. Drummond, then archbishop of York, became one of his most zealous patrons, in consequence of his success in painting for him the story of "Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus." After hearing that passage of Tacitus read, in which he describes all the circumstances of that mournful affair, and

listened to the remarks of the prelate, he returned home, and composed a sketch for the picture, which was finished before going to bed. Next morning he carried it to his grace, who was equally surprized and delighted to find his own conceptions so happily embodied in a form. By this gentleman, he was afterwards introduced to the king, who proposed as a magnificent subject, "the final departure of Regulus from Rome." His majesty having ordered an attendant to bring a volume of Livy, said, "I will now read the subject of my picture." His royal patron was greatly pleased with the sketch which, at a subsequent interview, was submitted; and then commenced a partiality for Mr. West, which continued without interruption during the long term of forty years. He was frequently invited to spend the evening at Buckingham-House, where he conversed on the best means of promoting the study of the fine arts in Great Britain. Here the plan of the Royal Academy was first canvassed and digested in 1768.

The approbation which "Regulus" received at the first exhibition, gratified the royal patron in no small degree, and he now determined to give Mr. West still further marks of encouragement. Accordingly, he desired him to paint another picture, the subject of which was "Hamilcar making his son Hannibal swear implacable enmity against the Romans." Mr. West had now finished his "Death of Wolfe," and was the first painter of his time, who exhibited modern heroes in coats, breeches, and cocked hats. Sir Joshua, Dr. Drummond, and even the king seemed to disapprove of this violation of the ancient *costume*; but they all appeared to be convinced that Mr. West had treated the subject not only with great truth, but even with great dignity. As a companion to this composition, "the Death of Epaminondas" was suggested by the artist and approved by the king; to which was afterwards added, "the Death of the Chevalier Bayard," as serving to illustrate the heroism of the middle ages.

After consulting with several dignified ecclesiastics, the king at length formed the design of erecting a magnificent oratory, or private chapel at Windsor castle, for the express purpose of illustrating the history of revealed religion. A grand flight of stairs was ordered to be executed by Wyatt, the royal architect,



while the building itself was proposed to be ninety feet in length by fifty in breadth, and this was to be adorned with thirty fine paintings, by the pencil of the subject of this memoir.

On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791, Mr. West was unanimously elected President of the Royal Academy, a choice immediately confirmed by the king. His first discourse was merely complimentary; but he afterwards delivered several orations on the principles of painting and sculpture, of embellishments and architecture; on the taste of the ancients; on the errors of the moderns; and on composition in general.

For pictures on various subjects, he received from the king, about thirty-five thousand pounds.

The death of Mrs. West, in 1817, proved a melancholy event in the life of our artist. After an union of more than half a century she was snatched away, at a period when his own health began to decline, and death itself was but too truly anticipated by his friends at no very distant period. Accordingly, on the 10th of March, 1820, this great painter expired, without a struggle and his body was deposited with great pomp, in St. Paul's cathedral.

A few years before his demise Mr. West declined the honour of knighthood; it appears, however, that he was not averse from distinctions of this kind; and, had circumstances allowed, he would have no objection to transmit hereditary honours to his posterity.

## REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

THE *Old Year* being dead, and the *New Year* coming of age, which he does by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his Stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Asb*

*Wednesday* (as you shall hear,) and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-Ninth of February*.

I should have told you that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours*; twelve little, merry, whirligig foot-pages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, and all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing, but Hail! fellow *Day*, well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*,—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a Queen on a frost cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old *Lent* and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy *Days* came in, dripping; and sunshiny *Days* helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in marriage finery, a little the worse for wear; *Pay Day* came late as she always does; and *Dooms-day* sent word he might be expected.

*April Fool* (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made with it. It would have posed old Era Pater to have found any given *Day* in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the *Twenty First of June* next to the *Twenty Second of December*, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Days*. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccuped, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hypo-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipped his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left-hand neighbour*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day in December*, it so hung in isicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the

*Second of September* to some cock broth,—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was spunging upon *Shrovetide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good fry-day*.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calves' head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish, *March Manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, suddenly screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, confected of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty Ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning day-light. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *washing* herself.

*May Day*, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if any thing was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the farther end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*,) muttered out distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; and the male-content was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty Ninth*

of *February*, that had sat all this while mum-chance at the side-board, begged to comple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

*Ash Wednesday*, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast struck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a Carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave "Miserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping tones and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions: but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

*Shrove-tide*, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

The next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases out-numbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while, *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sate next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution,) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed, —clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old *Madam Septuagesima* (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; and of one *Master Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the question to her, but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanack. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great

coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a Mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedge-hog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*, seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion and *Old Mortification* went floating home, singing—

*On the bat's back do I fly,*

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another;—but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day would wish to set in.

## THE ENCHANTER FAUSTUS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH\*.

“I do not say it is possible—I only say it is true.”

ELIZABETH was a wonderful princess for wisdom, learning, magnificence, and grandeur of soul. All this was fine,—but she was as envious as a decayed beauty—jealous and cruel—and that spoiled all. However, be her defects what they may, her fame had pierced even to the depths of Germany, whence the Enchanter Faustus set off for her court, that great magician wishing to ascertain by his own wits, whether Elizabeth was as gifted with good qualities as she was with bad. No one could judge this for him so well as himself—who read the stars like his A, B, C, and whom Satan obeyed like his dog—yet, withal, who was not above a thousand pleasant tricks, that make people laugh, and hurt no one. Such, for instance, as turning an old lord into an old lady, to elope with his cook-maid—exchanging a handsome wife for an ugly one, &c. &c. The Queen charmed with the pretty things which she heard of him, wished much to see him—and from the moment that she did, became quite fascinated. On his side, he found her better than he had expected, not but that he perceived she thought a great deal too much of her wit—though she had a tolerable share of it, and still more of her beauty—of which she had rather less. One day that she was dressed with extraordinary splendour, to give audience to some ambassadors, she retired into her cabinet at the close of the ceremony, and sent for the Doctor. After having gazed at herself in all the mirrors in the room, and seeming very well pleased with their reflection,—for her roses and lillies were as good as gold could buy—her petticoat high enough to show her ankle, and her frill

\* From Blackwood's Magazine.

low to expose her bosom,—she sat down *en attitude*, in her great chair. It was thus the Enchanter Faustus found her. He was the most adroit courtier that you could find, though you searched the world over. For though there are good reasons why a courtier may not be a conjuror, there are none why a conjuror may not be a courtier; and Faustus, both in one—knowing the queen's foible as to her imaginary beauty—took care not to let slip so fine an opportunity of paying his court. He was wonderstruck, thunderstruck, at such a blaze of perfection. Elizabeth knew how to appreciate the moment of surprise. She drew a magnificent ruby from her finger, which the doctor, without making difficulties about it, drew on his. "You find me then passable for a queen," said she, smiling. On this he wished himself at the devil, (his old resting place,) if, not alone that he had ever seen, but if any body else had ever seen, either queen or subject to equal her. "Oh, Faustus, my friend," replied she, "could the beauties of antiquity return, we should soon see what a flatterer you are!" "dare the proof," returned the doctor. "If your majesty will it—I but speak, and they are here." Faustus, of course, never expected to be taken at his word; but whether Elizabeth wished to see if magic could perform the miracle, or to satisfy a curiosity that had often tormented her, she expressed herself amazingly pleased at the idea, and begged it might be immediately realized. Faustus then requested her majesty to pass into a little gallery near the apartment, while he went for his book, his ring, and his large black mantle. All this was done nearly as soon as said. There was a door at each end of the gallery, and it was decided that the beauties should come in at one, and go out at the other, so that the Queen might have a fair view of them. Only two of the courtiers were admitted to this exhibition; these were the Earl of Essex and Sir Philip Sydney. Her majesty was seated in the middle of the gallery with the earl and the knight standing to the right and left of her chair. The enchanter did not forget to trace round them and their mistress certain mysterious circles, with all the grimaces and contortions of the time. He then drew another opposite to it, within which he took his own station, leaving a space between for the actors. When this was finished he begged the Queen not to speak a word while they should be on the stage; and, above all, not to appear frightened, let her see what she might. The latter precaution was needless; for the good Queen feared neither angel nor devil. And now the doctor inquired what *belle* of antiquity she would first see. "To follow the order of time," she answered, "they should commence with Helen." The magician, with a changing countenance, now exclaimed, "Sit still!" Sidney's heart beat quick. The brave Essex turned pale. As to the queen, not the slightest emotion was perceptible. Faustus soon commenced some muttered incantations and strange evolutions such as were the fashion of the day, for conjurors. Anon

the gallery shook, so did the two courtiers, and the doctor, in a voice of anger, called out,

“Daughter of fair Leda, hear!  
From thy far Elysian sphere;  
Lovely as when, for his fee,  
To Paris Venus promised thee.  
Appear—Appear—Appear!”

Accustomed to command rather than to be commanded, the fair Helen lingered to the last possible moment; but when the last moment came, so did she, and so suddenly, that no one knew how she got there. She was habited *a la grecque*,—her hair ornamented with pearls and a superb aig-rette. The figure passed slowly onwards—stopped for an instant directly opposite the Queen, as if to gratify her curiosity, took leave of her with a malicious smile, and vanished. She had scarcely disappeared when her majesty exclaimed—“What! that the fair Helen! I don’t pique myself on beauty, but may I die if I would change faces with her!” “I told your majesty how it would be,” remarked the enchanter; “and yet there she is, as she was in her best days.” “She has, however, very fine eyes,” observed Essex! “Yes,” said Sidney, “they are large, dark, and brilliant—but after all, what do they say?” added he, correcting himself. “Nothing,” replied the favourite. The Queen, who was this day extravagantly rouged, asked if they did not think Helen’s tint too china-white. “China!” cried the earl; “Delf rather.” “Perhaps,” continued the queen, “it was the fashion of her time, but you must confess that such turned-in toes would have been endured in no other woman. I don’t dislike her style of dress, however, and probably I may bring it round again, in place of these troublesome hoops, which have their inconveniences.” “O, as to the dress,” chimed in the favourite—“let it pass, it is well enough, which is more than can be said for the wearer.” A conclusion, in which Sidney heartily joined, rhapsodying—

“O Paris, fatal was the hour,  
When, victim to the blind God’s power,  
Within your native walks you bore  
That fire-brand from a foreign shore;  
Who—ah so little worth the strife!—  
Was fit for nothing, but a wife.”

“Odd’s my life now,” said her majesty,—“but I think she looks fitter for any thing else, Sidney!—my lord of Essex, how think you?” “As your majesty does,” returned he;—“there is a meaning in that eye.”—“And a minute past they said their was none,” thought Faustus.

This liberal critique on the fair Helen being concluded, the Queen desired to see the beautiful and hopeless Mariamne. The enchanter did not wait to be twice asked; but he did not chose to invoke a princes who had worshipped at holy altars in the

same manner as he had summoned the fair pagan. It was then by way of ceremony, that turning four times to the east, three the south, two to the west, and only once to the north, he uttered, with great suavity, in Hebrew—

“Lovely Mariamne, come!  
Though thou sleepest far away,  
Regal spirit! leave thy tomb!  
Let the splendours round thee play,  
Silken robe and diamond stone,  
Such as, on thy bridal-day,  
Flash’d from proud Judea’s throne.”

Scarcely had he concluded, when the spouse of Herod made her appearance, and gravely advanced into the centre of the gallery, where she halted, as her predecessor had done. She was robed nearly like the high priest of the Jews, except that instead of the tiara, a veil, descending from the crown of the head, and slightly attached to the cincture, fell far behind her. Those graceful and flowing draperies, threw over the whole figure of the lovely Hebrew an air of indescribable dignity. After having stopped for several minutes before the company, she pursued her way,—but without paying the slightest parting compliment to the haughty Elizabeth. “Is it possible,” said the queen, before she had well disappeared—“is it possible that Mariamne was such a figure as that?—such a tall, pale, meagre, melancholly-looking affair, to have passed for a beauty through so many centuries!” “By my honour,” quoth Essex, “had I been in Herod’s place, I should never have been angry at her keeping her distance.” “Yet I perceived,” said Sidney, “a certain touching languor in the countenance—an air of dignified simplicity.” Her majesty looked grave. “Fye, fye,” returned Essex, “It was haughtiness—her manner is full of presumption,—aye, and even her height.” The Queen having approved of Essex’s decision—on her own part, condemned the princess for her aversion to her spouse, which, though the world alleged to have been caused by his being the cut-throat of her family, she saw nothing to justify, whatever a husband might be. A wife was a wife; and Herod had done quite right in cutting off the heads of the offenders. Faustus, who affected universal knowledge, assured her majesty that all the historians were in error on that point; for he had had it himself from a living witness, that the true cause of Herod’s vengeance was his spiteful old maid of a sister—Salome’s overhearing Mariamne—one day at prayers—beg of heaven to rid her of her worthless husband. After a moment of thought, the Queen, with the same indifference with which she would have called for her waiting-maid—desired to see Cleopatra; for the Egyptian queen not having been quite as *comme il faut* as the British, the latter treated her accordingly. The beautiful Cleopatra quickly made her appearance at the extremity of the gallery,—and Elizabeth



expected that this apparition would fully make up for the disappointment which the others had occasioned. Scarcely had she entered when the air was loaded with the rich perfumes of Arabia. Her bosom (that had been melting as charity) was open as day, —a loop of diamonds and rubies gathered the drapery as much above the left knee, as it might as well have been below it,—and a woven wind of transparent gauze, softened the figure which it did not conceal. In this gay and gallant costume, the mistress of Antony glided through the gallery, making a similar pause as the others. No sooner was her back turned, than the courtiers began to tear her person and frippery to pieces,—the Queen calling out, like one possessed, for paper to burn under her nose, to drive away the vapours occasioned by the gums with which the mummy was filled,—declared her insupportable in every sense, and far beneath even the wife of Herod, or the daughter of Leda, —shocked at her Diana drapery, to exhibit the most villainous leg in the world,—and protested that a thicker robe would have much better become her. Whatever the two courtiers might have thought, they were forced to join in these sarcasms, which the frail Egyptian excited in peculiar severity. “Such a cocked nose!” said the Queen. “Such impertinent eyes!” said Essex. Sydney, in addition to her other defects, found out that she had too much stomach and too little back. “Say of her as you please,” returned Faustus—“one she is, however, who led the Master of the World in her chains. But madam,” added he, turning to the Queen, “as these far-famed foreign beauties are not to your taste, why go beyond your own kingdom, England, which has always produced the models of female perfection—as we may even at this moment perceive—will furnish an object perhaps worthy of your attention in the fair Rosamond.”

Now Faustus had heard that the queen fancied herself to resemble the fair Rosamond; and no sooner was the name mentioned, than she was all impatience to see her. “There is a secret instinct in this impatience,” observed the Doctor, craftily; “for, according to tradition, the fair Rosamond had much resemblance to your majesty, though, of course, in an inferior style.” “Let us judge—let us judge”—replied the queen hastily, “but from the moment she appears, Sir Sidney, I request of you to observe her minutely, that we may have her description, if she is worth it.”

This order being given, and some little conjuration made, as Rosamond was only a short distance from London, she made her appearance in a second. Even at the door, her beauty charmed every one, but as she advanced, she enchanted them; and when she stopped to be gazed at, the admiration of the company, with difficulty restrained to signs and looks, exhibited their high approbation of the taste of Henry II. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of her dress—and yet in that simplicity she effaced

the splendours of day—at least to the spectators. She waited before them a long time, much longer than the others had done; and, as if aware of the command the Queen had given, she turned especially towards Sidney, looking at him with an expressive smile,—but she must go at last; and she was gone,—“My, Lord,” said the Queen, “what a pretty creature! I never saw any thing so charming in my life,—What a figure! what dignity without affectation! what brilliancy without artifice! and it is said that I resemble her. My lord of Essex, what say you?” My lord thought what, would to heaven you did; I would give the best steed in my stable that you had even an ugly likeness to her. But he said, “Your majesty has but to make the tour of the gallery in her green robe and primrose petticoat, and if our magician himself would not mistake you for her, count me the greatest — of your three kingdoms.”

During all this flattery with which the favourite charmed the ears of the good Queen, the poet Sidney, pencil in hand, was sketching the vision of the fair Rosamond. Her majesty then commanded it should be read, and when she heard it, pronounced it very clever; but, as it was a real impromptu, not one of those born long before, and was written for a particular audience, as a picture is painted for a particular light—we think it but justice to the celebrated author, not to draw his lines from the venerable antiquity in which they rest, even if we had the MS. copy; but we have not—which at once finishes the business.

After the reading, they deliberated on the next that should succeed Rosamond,—the enchanter, still of opinion, that they need not leave England when beauty was the object in question, proposed the famous Countess of Salisbury—who gave rise to the institution of the Garter—the idea was approved of by the Queen, and particularly agreeable to the courtiers as they wished to see if the cause were worthy of the effect, i. e. the leg of the garter; but her majesty declared that she should particularly like a second sight of her lovely resemblance, the fair Rosamond. The doctor vowed that the affair was next to impracticable in the order of conjuration,—the recal of a phantom not depending on the powers submitted to the first enchantments. But the more he declared against it, the more the Queen insisted, until he was obliged, at last to submit, but with the information, that if Rosamond should return, it would not be by the way in which she had entered or retired already, and that they had best take care of themselves, as he could answer for no one.

The Queen, as we have elsewhere observed, knew not what fear was—and the two courtiers were now a little re-assured on the subject of apparitions. The doctor then set about accomplishing the Queen's wishes. Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble, and after a thousand grimaces and contortions—neither pretty nor polite, he flung his book into the middle of the

gallery, went three times round it on his hands and feet, then made the tree against the wall, head down and heels up; but nothing appearing, he had recourse to the last and most powerful of his spells—what that was must remain for ever a mystery, for certain reasons; but he wound it up by three times summoning with a sonorous voice,—“Rosamond! Rosamond! Rosamond!” At the last of these magic cries, the grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room. The doctor was in a cold sweat, and while he dried himself, the Queen, who thought her fair visitant a thousand times the fairer for the additional difficulty in procuring this second sight, for once led her prudence sleep, and in a transport of enthusiasm, stepping out of her circle with open arms, cried out, “My dear likeness!” No sooner was the word out, than a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace; a black vapour filled the gallery, and a train of little fantastic lightnings serpented to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company. When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician, with his four limbs in the air, foaming like a wild boar,—his cap here, his wig there, in short, by no means an object of either the sublime or beautiful. But though he came off the worst, yet no one in the adventure escaped quite clear, except Rosamond. The lightning burnt away my lord of Essex’s right brow; Sir Sidney lost the left mustachio; her majesty’s head-dress smelt villainously of the sulphur, and her hoop-petticoat was so puckered up with the scorching, that it was ordered to be preserved among the royal draperies, as a warning, to all maids of honour to come, against curiosity.

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## ESSAYS ON EDUCATION.

### *I. On the Importance and Necessity of a right Education.*

By Education I would be understood to mean not only the instruction given to youth for the regulation of his manners, and for his improvement in literature and morals; but every opinion, which he has imbibed, and every habit, which he has contracted; whether from reading, observation, and reflection; or from the influence of his propensities and passions, and of the example of his companions and friends; the whole system of thought and action, which he has acquired at that period of life, when he is released from the authority of his parents and teachers, and permitted to be master of his own conduct. The importance, and therefore the necessity, of a well directed education, in this comprehensive sense of the term, is so readily and so generally confessed, that to enlarge upon it may perhaps be thought an unnecessary waste of the time both of the author and the reader.

But there are men, who do not willingly admit the value of studies, which as Malherbe observes, *have no tendency to lower the price of bread* : and, indeed, the general truth seems to be acknowledged without definite ideas of what is comprehended under it ; without the due impression of its utility upon the mind. A statement more in detail, therefore, of its use and advantages may possibly awaken a more rational and vigorous attention ; and may form no unsuitable introduction to a professed treatise on the subject.

Every man is what his education has made him in a much greater degree, than superficial observers will easily believe. How far his principles and his conduct, his successes or his misfortunes, the happiness or misery of his life depend upon it, seems to be not fully known, or not duly considered. So helpless is the condition in which man is left by nature ; so incapable is he, not only of attaining science and enjoyment, but of providing for his own subsistence and safety ; so much is he the creature of the care of others, and of his own exertions ; so wonderful is the difference between what he is at his birth, and what he becomes at his maturity ; that amongst the other instances of his superiority over the rest of the animal creation, he has been said, with hardly more boldness of language, than force of truth, to enjoy the proud pre-eminence of being his own maker ; of enlarging and forming his various powers by his own diligence and skill. The human mind in its infancy has often been compared to a portion of paper without any impression ; to an empty reservoir, or a vacuum in nature ; and the comparisons are sufficiently accurate to illustrate the truths, which they are intended to support ; that the most simple of our ideas are not innate and unborrowed ; that we have no acquaintance with external objects, but what is received through the medium of the senses ; and consequently no principles of reasoning upon them, but such as are acquired by instruction and reflexion ; in one word, no knowledge, but what we owe to education.

Human knowledge has frequently been considered under the three principal divisions of history, of science, and of the arts ; and these have been respectively assigned to the three great powers of the mind, the memory, the reason, and the imagination. It is the peculiar province of memory to retain such facts as have been collected respecting the operations of nature and the transactions of mankind ; of reason, to form comparisons, distinctions and conclusions throughout the whole circle of ethical and mathematical science ; and of imagination, to combine or diversify the ideas already acquired, and to exhibit them in the various and elegant productions of the statuary, and the musician, the painter, and the poet. Of these powers, however, the strength and extent in no small degree depend upon the cultivation they have received.

*The art of memory*, says Johnson, *is the art of attention*. We best remember that, to which we most diligently apply; and this diligent application not only enables us to preserve in our recollection the particular facts on which it has been exerted, but gives new powers to the faculty itself; till the terms of a language, the narratives of history, and the demonstrations of science are retained with such ease and fidelity, as he only, who has made the experiment, will easily conceive. With respect to our reasoning faculties, it is obvious how greatly they are enlarged and improved on all subjects, on which they have been studiously and habitually employed; and that without such employment and habit we should not be able, on one hand, to detect the fallacies of sophistry and the artifices of imposture; nor on the other, to pursue the process of legitimate argument, and to discover and enforce the conclusion. That skill and taste in the works of art; the powers required to produce them ourselves, and to relish them, when produced by others, are wholly obtained by instruction and application, will not be disputed by him, who recollects, that these powers are possessed with respect to those objects alone, on which we have repeatedly exerted, or been taught to exert them.

That our faculties in general are in a great degree acquired by time and study will be the more readily allowed, when it is considered, that without such application many of them will never be enjoyed; but that by negligence and inaction they will all be certainly impaired or lost. The quickness of the school-boy in the composition of an epigram, or the committing an ode of Horace to memory; and even the labourer's strength in raising a weight, or his dexterity in manual operations, are often augmented beyond what either had presumed to hope; and success and reputation are obtained, where nothing was expected but unavailing toil and unavoidable disgrace. That all men are endowed by nature with equal capacities, and that all by the same diligence might attain to the same excellence, it would be contrary to common sense and to common experience to maintain; but it may be safely asserted that our faculties both of body and mind are always improved and often created, by habit and exertion; and habit and exertion are only other names for education.

That all science is actually obtained by instruction and study will hardly require to be proved. Nature, it is true, must give the capacity; but it does not appear that nature gives any part of the science itself; or even the wish to obtain it. We are indeed so early taught to covet information, that the desire is sometimes supposed to be instinctive and innate. But no man is ambitious to understand that, of which he never heard, and of which he never felt the want. The savage may wish to improve his dexterity in the chase, because he is aware it would improve

the comforts of his existence. But he feels no anxiety to understand the demonstrations of Euclid, or the beauties of the *Iliad*. Curiosity may be considered as the offspring, as well as the parent, of knowledge. Information is desired only when the pleasure of it has been felt; when its good effects have been experienced, and one acquisition brings another within our reach. "Knowledge," says Johnson, "always desires increase; it is like fire, which must first be kindled by some external agent, but will afterwards propagate itself." To direct the time to furnish the means, and to determine the objects of these acquisitions is the business of education: and this business will not be thought without value and importance, when it is considered, that the want or the possession of science constitutes the principal distinction between man and man; between the most uncultivated savage on the barren sands of Africa, and the most polished inhabitant of the happier climates of Europe. The difference between the learned and the illiterate says Aristotle, is hardly less than the difference between the living and the dead.

To some fallacious arguments against the utility of the arts and sciences, founded upon the mischiefs which they have sometimes occasioned to individuals or to society; and to some modern declamation upon the miseries of civilization, and the comparative advantages of the savage state, it cannot be necessary to offer any elaborate reply. That reasoning which is drawn from the abuse of any object, has never been considered as conclusive against it, when more wisely employed. It is no objection to some productions of nature, that they may by different management be converted either into food or poison. It is no diminution of the value of learning to assert, that it may become, in the hands of one man a sceptre, to govern the world, and in the hands of another a scourge to be dreaded, or a bauble to be despised.

Nor are the benefits of education confined solely to the improvement of our intellectual faculties; they may and ought to be extended to the regulation of our appetites and passions. With respect to our appetites, properly so called, it is certainly not in the power of instruction and discipline to augment or diminish the number which nature has implanted. All that can be effected, and all that is required, is to confine them within the limits, which the understanding shall prescribe. But with respect to the passions, they may by skillful management be moulded to almost any form, and directed to almost any point. Fully to explain in what manner, and to what degree education influences, and ought to influence the affections of the heart, it would be necessary to detail a complete system of ethics. All that is here intended is merely to point out what instruction and habit may perform on the subject, and the consequent obligation to perform it. The source of our passions is undoubtedly in nature; but the stream may be so much augmented; its direction or its colour may be

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so greatly changed ; and its rapidity so much accelerated or retarded by those adventitious and counter currents, which art will always be able to supply, that little of the original spring will be discovered, and still less of its influence and effects. Of some of those passions no undue violence would appear : of others the existence would hardly be observed, were they not called into action by accidental and artificial excitements ; by the erroneous association of our own ideas ; by the prevalence of the imagination over the judgment ; and by the extravagant value which opinion and fashion often capriciously affix to certain objects of our pursuit. The seeds of ambition or avarice, for example, may be implanted by nature ; but the passions themselves can be matured only by the proximity of their objects. No man can be covetous till he has learned the use and value of money. No man can be ambitious till he has been made sensible of the advantages of distinction and authority. In what estimation a garland of the leaves of the oak or the laurel was formerly held, and what personal dignity is supposed to be derived in our own times from the ornament of a ribband or a star, is it not necessary to state ; but the circumstances may be mentioned with propriety to show to what extent instruction and habit may influence human affections ; and consequently how much in this respect is within the province and the power of education. Care must be taken, and if judiciously exerted it is never wholly unsuccessful, to guard the mind of the youthful student against all such associations of ideas, as are either absurd in themselves, or may be ruinous in their effects ; and to preserve his imagination in due subjection to his judgment ; at an equal distance from indifference on one side, and from enthusiasm on the other. No opportunity must be neglected of pointing out to him where fashionable opinions are at variance with sound reason, and where popular applause is bestowed without justice ; that he may never become the dupe of the one, or the slave of the other. He must be incessantly instructed to affix his notions of honour, and to rest his expectations of happiness, upon their proper objects ; not upon the elevation of his rank, the possession of money, or the ornaments of dress ; but upon dutiful submission to his lawful superiors, and diligence in the pursuit of his own improvement ; not upon licentious wit, or more licentious intrigue ; but upon learning, piety and virtue. This part of the business of education cannot be too strongly recommended to our teachers, and success in it cannot be too much applauded.

Literary information is by no means without its use and value as a source of amusement for those hours of life, which are not occupied either by the pleasures of society or the duties of a profession. Aristotle reckons it amongst the advantages of a good education, that it enables a man to employ his leisure well. When the barbarian is not engaged in the pursuit of subsistence

or the stratagems of war, he wastes his time in the excesses of intoxication, or the inactivity of repose. But the man of science has employment for his unoccupied hours, which relieves his mind from the pain of vacancy, and of which even solitude cannot deprive him : for it cannot separate him from the possession of knowledge, nor from his habits of meditation and reflexion. The whole of life is allowed by all to be little ; yet are many portions of it supported by almost every man with some degree of impatience ; and in weariness or leisure, literature supplies a relaxation, not only more rational but more pleasing, than the gaming table or the tavern. Epicurus, indeed, placed idleness amongst the delights of Elysium : but Montesquieu, with greater justice, would include it amongst the torments of Tartarus.

Idleness, however, is not more to be dreaded as the source of misery, than as the parent of vice. Its noxious influence upon the affections of the heart is universally known and lamented ; and nothing will be thought without importance, by which that influence may be resisted or diminished. A taste for literary pursuits, as it enlarges and diversifies our ideas, as it affords either repose without inaction, or employment without lassitude, has a natural tendency to restrain the impetuosity and to calm the tumult of the passions ; and may therefore be considered as one of the guardians of innocence ; as one of the auxiliaries of virtue. Reading indeed is not only a very pleasing amusement while it lasts ; but must likewise be reckoned amongst the most eligible modes of acquiring practical wisdom. The observation of Alphonso of Arragon has been often repeated, and will not be contradicted ; that books tell us what we ought to know, without any sinister purpose in view ; without self-interest, without flattery, and without offence. They will instruct us in our duty without mortifying us by a sense of inferiority to our teachers ; they will reprove our foibles without subjecting us to ridicule ; and censure our vices without exposing us to shame.

One of the important advantages of discipline and instruction in early youth is the melioration of the temper. Without habitual subjection to precept and authority, every irritation would break forth into violence and outrage, and every desire would become ungovernable ; resentment of injuries, real or supposed, would exert itself in revenge ; and impatience of restraint would soon ripen into disobedience and rebellion. That total disguise of sentiment, which constitutes hypocrisy ; that dishonourable suppression of feeling, which is subservient only to private interest ; the passive submission of a slave, and the artful sycophancy of a courtier, these ought to excite in the ingenuous minds of youth, only contempt and abhorrence. But that decent and settled command of temper, which a good education is known to give, and habit to confirm, this is useful and creditable alike to the individual and to society. To the former it preserves



tranquillity of mind, and to the latter good humour and good manners. It guards the pleasure of the lighter amusements, facilitates the transactions of business, and adds grace to the performance of moral duties.

The man of liberal education and polished manners seldom aggravates contention by any unjustifiable act of violence, or any unpardonable asperity of language: but in every quarrel, however trifling the object in dispute, the savage has immediate recourse to his firebrand or his knife.

There is another advantage resulting from the circumstances of a *scholastic* education, of more value to the future man, than will at first sight be easily supposed; the power, by which, whatever can be done, can be done at once; by which intellectual wealth can be immediately produced in current coin; that self-possession, by which he can at all times determine and perform what the occasion requires; that promptitude of thought and action, so essentially necessary to eminence in any public profession; that ready and spontaneous eloquence, which is no less useful in business, than pleasing in conversation; that command over his inclinations and passions, which enables him to convert to his own purposes the passions and inclinations of others; that confidence in himself and his own strength, which guards him against surprise, and leads him to meet difficulty or danger without dismay—these advantages, with all their various branches and dependencies, are, not indeed universally and exclusively, but the most early, the most frequently, and the most effectually obtained from the discipline, the studies and the amusements of a large and well regulated school.

It is a familiar but principal purpose of education to prepare the youth for his future destination in the world. To the general improvement of his mind must be given a peculiar direction towards the object, on which it will be the most useful and most immediately required. This indeed is equally the dictate of nature and of experience. Human capacity is not sufficiently large for the comprehension of all sciences; nor is human life of sufficient duration for the acquisition. We therefore turn the attention of the pupil in early youth, to what appears most necessary to the future man; that he may not only become fully acquainted with the subject, but attached to it by time and custom. A trade or a profession, merchandise or science, a public or a private station, require each their respective modes of preparation. In some measure, indeed, they require different objects of study, different habits of thought and conduct, and even different company and connexions; and upon these depend in no small degree the success of the youth in his pursuits; his utility in his station; the comfort and happiness of his life. Education undoubtedly performs but half its task, unless it prepare us for the duties of our station in the world, as well as for the speculations or the

pleasures of science. It was the praise of the preceptor of Achilles, that he taught his pupil to act as well as to speak.

What are usually called ornamental accomplishments constitute another of the numerous advantages of education. The features and the limbs are little less subject to discipline and management, than the faculties of the mind. The accomplishments under consideration, however, like every other instance of dexterity, can be acquired only by early instruction and continued practice. But when once they reach their maturity in an easy and polite address; they complet what good temper had begun; they give grace to the manners of the individual, and facility to social intercourse; they add new lustre to science, and new ornaments to virtue.

Literature, however, with all its excellence and advantages, is only the inferior and instrumental part of education. Studies of yet greater importance demand the attention of the teacher and his pupil. Science is indeed one of the best means we employ; but virtue and happiness are the benefits which we ultimately hope to obtain. Nor is it less necessary that instruction and study be early and constantly directed to these essential objects, than to those, which seem to fall more immediately within the province and discipline of a school. If it be admitted that there are no innate ideas in the mind, it seems impossible there should be any innate principles of virtue. Before we can think and act with a reference to moral rectitude, we must be taught to comprehend its nature, and its rules; and in what manner and degree those around us are to be affected by our conduct. But if simple ideas are not implanted by nature in the intellect, it is absurd to expect that those ideas should be given in complicated and extensive combinations. Though the maxims of our duty are so admirably adapted to our reason, and our situation, that whenever they are understood, they must be approved; yet there is no decisive evidence that they are natural and instinctive; originally impressed upon the mind by Him who made the mind itself. Till a considerable portion of time and labour has been employed upon the instruction of our children, they do not show much attachment to truth and justice, or much tendency to humanity and benevolence. On the contrary, indeed, they seem in general more disposed to seize for their own use, whatever has captivated their fancy, or promises to gratify their appetites; and to terrify and torture for their amusement whatever unfortunate animals chance has put into their power. History and experience uniformly and unhappily testify that care and discipline are indispensably necessary to form the human mind to virtue, as well as to science. The fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labour and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence, than our faculties demand instruction and regulation, in order to qualify us to become upright and valuable members of

society, useful to others, or happy in ourselves. Learning and information of themselves tend to rectify the affections and improve the morals; and whenever superior abilities are united with corrupt principles, the union is as contrary to nature, as it is mischievous to the community. If indeed there be any truth in the fashionable doctrine, that vice is only error, and that evil is never chosen but when it is mistaken for good, then certainly must knowledge be the handmaid of duty, and the improvement of the understanding contribute to the amendment of the heart. But when the maxims of moral duty are engraven on the youthful mind, together with the truths of science, by continued and repeated instruction; when conviction has learned to approve, what authority first enjoined; and habit has confirmed what conviction has approved; then do they generally become the guide of conduct, and the ornament of life. Principles thus established may be occasionally neglected or transgressed; but they will seldom be wholly corrupted or destroyed. The impression will hardly ever be totally effaced. But laxity in the system of instruction is usually followed by such a laxity of principle, as no subsequent care can rectify. Such, indeed, there is too often reason to observe and to lament, as not even in its own ill consequences and the miseries of the transgressor can induce him effectually to correct and reform.

For the support of virtue, education has yet a more solemn task to perform, to instruct the student in the doctrines and precepts of the Christian religion. Some fanciful or malignant theorists of modern times have, indeed, maintained, that every man should be left to form his own notions of the great Creator from the contemplation of his works, and to regulate his faith and worship by his own discoveries and his own conclusions. But it is found by experience that sentiments of piety seldom take firm possession of the mind, unless they are impressed upon it by the instruction and habits of early youth: and religion is to be considered, not only as forming the relation between man and his God, as creator and creature, as governor and subject; but as the support of the relation between man and man; as the foundation and principle of moral and social duties. It is the only rule that is universal in its application; the only obligation that is intelligible and unanswerable: the only law that is sanctioned by adequate authority. In support of these sentiments we have the concurrent testimony of all ages and nations. Ancient as well as modern legislators have united a religious establishment with their political institutions; and whether acquainted only with the doctrines of heathen superstition, or enlightened by the pure theology of the gospel, they have equally prescribed the instruction of youth in the faith and worship, as well as in the arts and sciences, of their country. He it then is the most momentous duty of education; for here is of all that is

truly amiable and useful, the foundation and the completion ; the beginning and the end. Religion is equally the basis of private virtue, and public faith ; of the happiness of the individual and the prosperity of the nation.

If then there be any truth in the statement that has been given, if advantages thus great and numerous depend upon education, the forming the minds and manners of the rising generation will be a work as important in itself as extensive in its effects. That application and industry will be necessary during the whole progress from infancy to manhood is too obvious to need argument or evidence. Exertions, such as few are willing to make are required by Cicero and Quintilian from the future orator of the bar or the senate. What then must be insisted on from him, who aims at that variety of excellence, which forms in these days an accomplished character ! But as the necessity of industry in early youth is founded upon arguments, to which children are little disposed to attend, because little able to understand them ; to enforce it becomes almost exclusively the business of authority ; of that authority, which the parent supports over his own child, or which he delegates to the teacher. The proper exercise of this authority, indeed ; the due medium between unnatural severity and ruinous indulgence ; the qualifications of the schoolmaster, and the confidence that ought to be reposed in him ; the necessity of mutual respect and support between the preceptor and the father ; and the disappointments which both must often prepare themselves to expect ; these topics, and others connected with these, there will be in the course of these Essays frequent opportunities to discuss. They will recur in almost every page. At present, therefore, let it only be observed, that the due management of youth by parents and teachers, is a duty of which the magnitude is equalled only by the difficulty ; and in the discharge of which the mischiefs of negligence cannot be excused, because they cannot be repaired. It is an obligation from which no authority can absolve them.

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## ON THE AMUSEMENTS OF CLERGYMEN AND CHRISTIANS IN GENERAL.\*

WE are not told whether or not this little work, which is ascribed to the celebrated writer of the *Origines Sacrae*, was ever before printed,—a fact on which our own recollections do not bear, although there is an impression on our minds something like as if we had either heard or read of it ; and we conceive there is reason to be rather dissatisfied with the account of the manner in

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\* Three Dialogues between a Dean and a Curate. By Edward Stillingfleet, Lord Bishop of Worcester. London; Sherwood & Co. 1820. P. 183. 12mo. MAY, 1823.—NO. 253. 48

which it was rescued from oblivion and brought to light. All that is said on this point is briefly and anonymously given in two sentences, namely,

“When Dr. Josiah Frampton’s library was sold in London (in the year 1729 or 1730) his divinity books were classed in seven lots; one of which was purchased by Dr. Edwards. The catalogue of this lot mentioned a parcel of MSS: Among these the Doctor found one in Dr. Frampton’s own hand-writing, of which the following is a copy:”—

But, waiving our ignorance as to their former appearance, and the ground of complaint now mentioned, we have no hesitation in saying that the dialogues are every way worthy of their assigned author, and that the publishers have conferred no inconsiderable favour by bringing them under our notice. We have read them with a degree of pleasure, and possibly edification, which we rarely derive from productions of greater magnitude and higher pretensions; whilst the good feeling, sense, and principle which they indicate, the ingenuity of reasoning and the vivacity of spirit displayed in them, impress us with an exalted and a very grateful idea of the individual, whose well-merited fame they are so likely to renew and extend. Nor will the character of Dr. Frampton, who appears in them in the subordinate station of a pupil or disciple, suffer, at least with the liberal minded, by the disclosure made therein of his early frivolity. On the contrary, it is to his credit, we think it will be allowed, that he so frankly acknowledges his follies, and that he demonstrated, by his own reformation, the efficacy of the counsel to which he was providentially subjected. Such, then, is our opinion of this work, and we proceed, without farther preamble, to justify it, by a brief analysis and several specimens of its contents. A formal essay on the general topic, important as it undoubtedly is, would be quite out of place, and probably of less practical utility.

Dr Frampton, to whom, ostensibly, we are indebted for the origin and the preservation of the dialogues, had frequent opportunities, when curate of Wroxal, in Warwickshire, of meeting with Dr. Stillingfleet, then Dean of St. Paul’s; and he was induced, by circumstances, to cultivate an acquaintance, which appears to have operated a beneficial change on his behaviour. By his own account, he had entered the ministry with little solicitude about the duties which he undertook to discharge. He was consequently, in various respects incorrect as to his conduct; and, though not a stranger to study, indulged rather freely in country diversions, trifling, if not dangerous amusements. But such as he was, the Dean entertained a regard for him, which he did not fail to express by means, and in a manner which genuine friendship only will ever hazard, and genuine worth alone ever tolerate. The occasion of the present admonitory and preceptive dialogues, which were carried on when Stillingfleet was confined by a fit of the gout, during one of his annual visits at the house of Sir Roger Burgoin, is thus narrated.

"We were sitting together, one day, after dinner; and the Dean laying up his feet on a cushion, and being tolerably free from pain, began to rally me a little on my attachment to country diversions—a subject he had often before casually introduced; and on which he knew I had a weak side. I had brought him two young partridges that day for his dinner; and he began by expressing his obligations to me for my attention to him; and then asked me some questions, which led me to give him an account of my day's exploits. I did not see his drift: and in the spirit of a sportsman, told him, that the late rainy season had made game very scarce—that the two covies, from which I had shot the brace I had brought to him, were the only birds I had seen the whole day, though I had been out from five in the morning till twelve at noon; and had walked upwards of fifteen miles.

"Well, said the Dean, with an affected gravity of countenance, I only wished to know the extent of my obligation to you; and I find your philanthropy has done for me in giving me seven hours of your time to procure me a dinner, than I could have done (even were I as able to walk as you are) for any man in Christendom.

"From being a little jocular, he became, by degrees, serious. I have often thought, said he, Mr. Frampton, (and I know your candour will excuse me) that the clergy have rather injured the respectability of their characters by mixing too much with the amusements of laymen. They not only get into a trifling way of spending their time; but by making themselves cheap, they diminish the weight of their instructions; and often give a sort of sanction by their presence to gaieties, which were better checked. It is a common speech in the mouths of licentious people, that they must be right, because they have the parson along with them.—Indeed a clergyman cannot be too cautious with regard to his character. It is a matter of the greatest delicacy, and easily sullied. If he act contrary to it, he always has a consciousness about him, which makes him jealous of every eye: and when he becomes hardened, he is among the most contemptible of mankind.—You will easily, however, understand that when I restrict the clergyman from joining too freely with the amusements of the laity, I am equally hurt with every appearance of haughtiness and moroseness. If the character of the clergyman is not marked with modesty and humility, it is bereft of its most distinguished graces."

"It is very probable, my dear Sir, said the Dean, that my rules may be stricter than you would wish to comply with. I have thought often on the subject lately, for the sake of a young clergyman, in whose well-doing I was much interested: but I had not all the success I hoped for.

"I assured the Dean, I should endeavour to be a more observant disciple. I did indeed spend a considerable part of my time in amusements of various kinds; but I was hopeful that my errors proceeded more from inattention (the apology he was pleased to furnish) than from any bad disposition.

"The good Dean was pleased to say, he believed me; and added some other friendly expressions, which not being to our present, purpose, I omit. He then asked me, what was my idea of an amusement; or how I should define it?"

After a little discussion, *clerical amusement* is defined so as to intend the "exercise of the body," and the "recreation of the mind," while it is also "suited to the genius of the profession;" and then amusements are divided into three kinds, namely, the "riotous and cruel," the "trifling and seducing," and the "innocent and instructive."

Among the first of these, Dr. Stillingsfleet gives precedence to *hunting*, which, in defiance of fashion and his pupil's predilections, he affirms to be improper in a clergyman. The spirit of his remonstrance goes to the utter reprobation of this diversion, as a

relic of barbarism, and the source of much cruelty and vice. We give part of his arguments.

"Surely, said I, Sir, there is a difference between the pleasure of a pursuit, and a pleasure which consists merely in the act of inflicting death?"

"Why, yes, answered the Dean, there is a difference, but I know not on which side of it the advantage lies. If hunting be a more *genteel* species of butchery, it is certainly a more *cruel* one. The ox receives its death by an instant stroke; whereas the hare is first thrown into convulsions of terror for four or five hours together, and then seized in the midst of its agony, and torn piecemeal by a pack of ravenous blood-hounds—As to your last argument, that hunting rids the country of noxious animals, I apprehend you are mistaken in the fact. I rather think it tends to replenish the country with them. As one instance at least I can testify, that I offended a whole club of sporting neighbours in a manner that was hardly ever to be gotten over, by giving a man half-a-crown for killing a fox which had thinned my poultry-yard. And I dare say, there is not a hunting squire in the country, who would not at any time give up a dozen of his tenant's lambs, to save half the number of foxes' cubs. Nay, I have often known covers of considerable extent left purposely in fields, or perhaps planted merely to decoy foxes into a neighbourhood, by providing a proper shelter for them.—But you have provoked me to say all this, by aiming to establish an alliance between hunting and rationality. I intended not to disturb the squire either in his riotous day, or his roaring night. I consider *his* malady as a surgeon does a mortification which has seized the vitals—beyond all hope of recovery. What I mean is, only to admonish the clergyman not to follow his example.

"It is but just, however, to say, that examples to warn him might also be found in our own profession. I remember a clergyman in a neighbourhood where I once lived, who had two benefices; but he spent little time at either of them, because neither happened to be in a sporting country. The hunting season he always spent near a squire in the parish next to mine, whose disciplined pack was famous. With this gentleman, and his hounds, he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy. Indeed both the squire and his dogs looked up to him as their ablest leader. Though he was a miserable preacher, he was uncommonly musical in the field: and could cheer and animate his sonorous friends with an eloquence beyond the huntsman himself, whose associate he always was, and whose place, on any emergency, he could amply supply. He was much readier at finding a hare than a text of Scripture; and though he was scarce acquainted with the face of one of his parishioners, he knew exactly the character of every hound in the squire's pack; and could run over their names with much more readiness than those of the twelve apostles. He had at length the misfortune to break his neck at the end of a fox-chase; but not till he had first broken the heart of a very amiable woman, who had unhappily connected herself with him.

"Such a clergyman, said I, is hardly to be paralleled in a century. But in an inferior degree, I fear, there are many of our brethren, who allow themselves great indulgence. I remember a hunting clergyman, who received a very proper rebuke from one of his brethren; and which I have reason to believe was of service to him as long as he lived. He had been lamenting his unfortunate lot, in being stationed in a country where there was no hunting. The other looking him full in the face, said with great gravity of countenance, and in a deliberate tone of voice "At the great day of accounts the question will not be, *where* have you lived; but *how* have you lived?"—All this however, is carrying amusement to excess. But suppose, Sir, when you are riding out, you happen to hear the hounds, is there any harm merely in taking a little exercise with them, if you do not join in the riot of the chase?"

"I hate, said the Dean, to see a man do a thing by halves. Is it right, or is it wrong? If it be right, do it boldly. If it be wrong, turn your horse another way, and take your exercise in a contrary direction. Never go to the edge of

a precipice. You can hardly help going a little farther than you intended. I remember hearing a story of a clergyman, who was not remarkable for neglecting, at least the outward part of his duty, but once unhappily forgot it, through his love for hunting. He was eagerly engaged in a fox-chase, when the fox *took to earth*, as they call it; on which he cried out, "Gentlemen, I must leave you: this puts me in mind that I have a corpse to bury at four o'clock this evening; and I fear I shall be an hour too late."—Besides, continued the Dean, you cannot well avoid, in this field of riot, at least if you are often seen in it, making an acquaintance with several, to whom, for your character's sake, you would not wish to be known. But indeed, as I observed, to mix, in any degree, in these scenes of cruelty and riotous exultation, is unbecoming the clerical profession. Farther still, (to close my argument with Scripture,) I should wish you to consider, that as many good people, as well as I, disapprove a clergyman's mixing in these riotous amusements, so of course it will give offence to all these good people. No man, therefore, who has the honour of his profession at heart, would give offence, where the matter in question is of so little consequence as a mere amusement. Let him consider how strict St. Paul was in matters of this kind. St. Paul's example is certainly not very fashionable; but with a clergyman, I should hope it might have some weight. He gives us many hints which come home to the point we are now discussing. Hunting was out of the question. He would not certainly have permitted Timothy or Titus to hunt, if they had been so disposed. But he forbids us to give offence in matters that are of much more concern than mere amusement. *If meat, says he, make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.*

"I told the good Dean he had silenced me. I was afraid my love for the diversion had been founded rather on inclination than argument. But nobody again, I hoped, should ever *take offence* at my following a pack of hounds."

*Shooting* is then discussed, and, as might be expected, fares in the same way, the Dean not allowing to a clergyman any amusement, of which "shedding blood" is a necessary constituent. At the same time he contends that this is in a peculiar degree a cruel sport: and besides his moral objections, he specifies some incidental reasons why a clergyman ought to avoid it. For example,

"He can scarce be settled in any place in which he will not find the squire of his parish attached violently to his game, and jealous of every man who interferes with him in this great point. He is especially jealous of the clergyman, whom he considers as an interloper. I have known many clergymen get into silly squabbles on this score; and by making themselves obnoxious to the squire, render themselves much less able to be of service in their parishes. On many occasions the squire's countenance may be of great use to the clergyman in managing his parochial affairs; and it is highly imprudent to lose his assistance for a trifle."

"I should wish still farther to suggest to you, continued the Dean, that if any mischance, in these violent exercises, should happen to a clergyman, it tells much worse than when it happens to another person. How oddly would it sound, if the parish were told on a Sunday there could be no service, because the parson had put out his shoulder the day before, by a fall at a fox-chase? If a clergyman lose a hand or an eye in shooting, as is sometimes the case, I have generally found the commiseration of people mixed with a certain degree of contempt. If he had been about his business, they would say, it would not have happened."

Dr. Frampton, convinced, it would seem, of the impropriety of both the diversions now mentioned, claims indulgence for *fishing*, as "silent, quiet, and one that may be contemplative." The Dean,



not wishing to be over-rigid, allows, though, of course, he does not recommend it; but he conditions that the sportsman do not "impale worms on his hook," and that he shall therefore fish with "an artificial fly or a dead bait." The discussion on this particular amusement leads to some remarks on the right and the propriety of "taking life" under certain circumstances. Here the Dean shews excellent discrimination. Witness what he says touching excessive scrupulosity on this head.

"I have often seen this tenderness in taking life carried to a ridiculous length, if we can call any thing ridiculous that is founded on an amiable principle. I knew a humane man, who would not suffer a mouse to be taken in a snap trap. He allowed it to be taken alive; but he took care to have it carried to a distance into the fields, and there set at liberty. He would not destroy a spider, though he made no scruple to sweep away its web. My dear sir, I once said to him, *your tender mercies are cruel*. It would certainly be more merciful to dispatch these poor animals at once, than to make them miserable by turning them adrift, or leaving them to a languishing death by taking from them their means of subsistence. All this, therefore, seems to me absurd. It is making the lives of animals of more consequence than they should be. It is making a man miserable for the sake of a mite. For if we carry this tenderness as far as it will fairly go, we ought neither to eat a plumb, nor taste a drop of vinegar. It is not size which gives value to life. The insect that forms the blue of a plumb, or that frisks in a drop of vinegar, has certainly the same claim to exist as a spider or a mouse. And how far life extends, we know not; so that our tenderness in this respect, if indulged to excess might be endless. Like Indian Bramins, we should not dare to lie down, or set a foot to the ground, without examining every footstep with microscopical exactness. But as these little swarms of nature interfere thus with all the concerns of men, it is plain that Providence does not lay much stress on their lives. All, therefore, that seems required, in these cases, is to abstain from wanton injury.—I would not, however, have you always take the measure of a man's virtue by the extraordinary tenderness of his feelings. I knew a gentleman so extremely tender towards the lives of animals, that when an earwig crept out of a log of wood which had been laid on his fire, he forbade any more logs to be taken from that pile, and left it to rot. Yet this very man, with all these nice feelings about him, lived avowedly in a state of adultery. Such tenderness, therefore, may or may not, be allied. It is founded merely in nature. But when *any one* affection of the mind is regulated by a *religious principle*, there is in that mind a *controlling power*, which regulates *other* affections. Thus if we abstain from cruelty on a *religious principle*, we may depend on that *principle* on other occasions. As to these *delicate feelings*, they seldom reach beyond their *immediate object*.

The list of riotous and cruel amusements is closed with *cock-fighting* and *horse-racing*, of which we have a summary judgment.

"I conceive no clergyman would even be present at the former, nor enter into the spirit of the latter. The race-ground is a wide field, and if he ever enter it for curiosity, he will not only avoid the deep concerns and commerce of the place, if I may so phrase it, but will also keep entirely aloof from the noise, and bustle, and clamour of the scene."

The dialogue on those amusements which are denominated "trifling and seducing," will afford a few livelier, but perhaps less conciliatory extracts. The Dean has serious objections to *cards*. To his question, What do you think of them? Dr.

Frampton answered by saying, he supposed one of the Dean's first batteries would be pointed against them.

"It was plain then, he told me, that I thought they deserved to be assaulted.

"I know not, said I, Sir, whether I thought quite so ill of them. I have always been accustomed to think that, moderately used, they were an innocent amusement, even for a clergyman.

"But pray, said the Dean, in examining the propriety or impropriety, the innocence or guilt of an action, are you to consider how it affects yourself alone, or how it affects the public in general?

"No doubt, I replied, a public-spirited man will consider his actions in reference to the public.

"He certainly ought, said the Dean; and this being allowed, do not you consider the present rage for card-playing, through all ranks of people, as a public evil?

"I replied it was no doubt an amusement much abused; but the abuse, I thought, lay only at the door of the abuser. Meat and drink were abused—dress was abused—the Bible itself was abused; but we must have those things notwithstanding.

"Aye, there, returned the Dean, you point out the true distinction. You answer yourself. We *must* have the one, but *need not* have the other. Does it follow, that because we *must* have meat and drink, though they are abused, that we must necessarily have cards also?—If, then, cards be allowed to be a public evil, and we are, at the same time, under *no necessity* to have them, every conscientious man would give up a thing so trifling (as an amusement at best is) to avert that evil; and by refraining, he certainly does avert it, as far as his own influence and example reach.

"You do not mean, said I, Sir, that cards are in themselves essentially bad.

"Why, no, said he. Cards *in themselves* may afford as innocent amusement as any thing else. And yet I know not whether this concession is not too much. I have been used myself to consider amusements under the head of such as are strictly social, and of such as contain in them a principle adverse to society. Many amusements are of the former kind; but cards, and some other games in which one party must be victorious, and the other subdued, encourage a kind of principle somewhat opposite to the social temper; and the many little squabbles, even among friends, at such games, prove the truth of my remark. However, if they could be played at with such moderation as occasioned no heart-burning, I should be inclined to wave *this objection*, and consider chiefly the *excess*. It is this, indeed, which creates the great mischief; and the *example* spreads it. If cards are played in the parlour, they descend to the kitchen; and from your parlour and kitchen, to those of your neighbour, and so on. The lust of card-playing is now become so flagitious that every serious man, I affirm, ought to withdraw his own example from so general and pernicious a practice. The clergyman, in particular, should dread to sanction what has certainly so bad an effect on the manners of the people."

To which remark Dr. Frampton replies, rather weakly to be sure, that his example was insignificant, that, is, could not "make things either better or worse."

"There is not, replied the Dean, with some warmth, in the whole magazine of false reasoning, a more destructive mode of it than this. I will not set a good example, because I know another will not follow it. So nobody will set a good example. We have better rules surely to direct us than the practice of other people. When a man thus puts his own practice and example into the hands of others, and depends upon his neighbour's conduct to regulate his own, what reformation can we expect? If we are right under such circumstances, it is by chance. Every man's example has its influence, more

or less, which he should endeavour, for the sake of good order, to make as instructive as he can, without troubling himself with the example of others. In families where cards are never played at in the parlour, I dare take upon me to say they are rarely played at in the kitchen; except, perhaps, where servants who have already learned their lesson in card-playing families are introduced.—And if the obligation to avoid setting a bad example in this instance, be general, it binds the ecclesiastic with double force. He should certainly be the *salt of the earth*, and endeavour to keep every thing, as far as he can, from corruption. Consider what a change even that might effect. There are perhaps twenty or thirty thousand ecclesiastics of different denominations, scattered about the various parts of England. If each of these influence a dozen, which (including their own families) is no extraordinary calculation, consider what a party would be gained over. Each of these again, we may suppose, might have some influence; and if we may adopt our Saviour's allusion, we might hope to see it work like leaven through the whole mass. At least, we might hope to see cards confined within the gloomy walls of gaming-houses and night cellars."

Nor is it merely to the *excesses* of card-playing that the Dean's remonstrances apply.

"In the best light, I think cards afford only a frivolous and seducing amusement, especially to a clergyman. They often lead him into more expense, still short of what may be called *gaming*, than may be prudent for him to incur. Once engaged in the habit of playing, or listed if I may so phrase it, into the corps of card-players, he cannot sometimes avoid venturing higher stakes than he could wish.—But suppose he keep the scales of loss and gain pretty even, (as I have sometimes heard the moderate card-player boast,) what shall we say for the expense of time? Here comes in a very seducing part. Evening after evening is lost. The afternoon is often added. Habits are formed. Play and comfort are connected; and the day ends in joyless vacancy that does not conclude with cards.—Besides, you give yourself into the hands of others. It is unsocial to break up a party. You are not therefore master of yourself.—Then again, consider you cannot choose your company. You are a known card-player; you cannot stand out when a hand is wanted, and must often consort with those you disesteem. —

"But since, said I, Sir, we are often obliged to consort with those whom we disesteem, or with those whose minds are too unfurnished to bear a part in conversation, is it not useful, and often necessary, to introduce something that removes, for the time at least, all disgusts—something that may level those who have not sense with those who have, and enable them to pass their time together in mutual civility, without labouring to support a conversation which most probably more than half of them are unable to support?

"This is the first time, said the Dean smiling, I ever heard cards mentioned as a bond of benevolence: as the cause of ill-humour and dissension, I have often heard them taxed. But I suppose you do not hold the argument seriously. You cannot imagine cards to be more effectual to this end, than even those modes of general civility which commonly reign among polite people, and check, during the intercourse, all appearance of such little hostilities as may rankle within. At least, you must allow, that card-playing is not quite a clerical mode of inculcating benevolence.—And as to your solicitude to lower the man of wit and sense to a level with his neighbours, and bring conversation to an equilibrium, I think it ill-judged. If the man of sense have any good-nature in his composition, he will not be much hurt at bestowing on his weaker neighbour a pittance of his own information and wisdom. At least, it is not well done in you to furnish him with an apology to withhold it. How is the poor man to improve, if, on his coming into company, an immediate stop is put to all conversation by calling for cards?—However, I consider this argument only as a shuffle. Any conversation is surley better than the dull monotony of a card-table. He who can bear the conversation of a card-player,

may bear any thing. For myself, I protest I should make better company of a parrot.

"But perhaps, said I, Sir, it may be worth consideration, that if people do not employ their vacant time on cards, they may do worse.

"I know not what they can do worse, answered the Dean, if you respect their amusements only. And if you think cards will keep a young fellow from the stews or a debauch, when he is inclined to either, I fear you attribute much more to them than they deserve. If a man be fond of two games, both are amusements; and so far as there is a similitude between them, the love of one may perhaps overpower an attachment to the other. But when a man is fond of a *game*, and addicted to a *vice*, as there is no similitude between the objects, you have no more ground for expecting the former will drive out the latter, than for supposing a man's dancing a minuet should prevent his admiring a picture.

"You drive me, said I, Sir, out of all my strong holds; but you must give me leave to make one observation more. I have heard sickly people speak of cards as a great relief in pain, when the mind is incapable of any other attention. And if exciting this frivolous attention will draw it from attending to its malady, cards, I think, are an opium, and may often be called a blessing.

"I have certainly no objection, replied the Dean, to their being used medicinally. But then I should wish to have them sold only at the apothecary's shop, and the doctor to prescribe the use of them. I should fear, if the patient prescribed for himself, he may be apt to take too large a doze, as he often does of laudanum and other anodyne drugs. I once knew an old lady who had lost the use of her speech and of both her hands, by two or three paralytic strokes, and every evening took the remedy you have been prescribing. She was a lady of large fortune—gave good suppers—and had generally a number of humble friends about her, one of whom always, after supper, dealt, sorted, and held her cards, and pointing to this, or that, the old lady nodded at the card she wished to have her friend play. But it sometimes happened that the paralytic shake of the head was mistaken for the nod of approbation, and unfortunately a wrong card was played; which threw the old lady (whose heart was in the remedy she was taking) into such violent fits of passion, that people thought she received more injury from these irritations than benefit from the prescription.

"I fear, said I, Sir, from all this ridicule, that you thought what I advanced rather impertinent.

"My ridicule replied the Dean, was not surely directed at you; but at those poor, pitiable objects, who cannot even at the close of life, be happy without their cards. I have heard of many such; and have known some. At a time when serious thoughts and meditation are the most becoming, it is pitiable, in the last degree, to see the dregs of life running off in so wretched a manner. If there is any thing in human nature which unites contempt and commiseration, said a friend of mine (coming from a sight of this kind) it is the spectacle of a man going down to the grave with a pack of cards in his hand."

From the card-table, the Dean proceeds to the *play-house*. Of the potential benefits to be derived from dramatic works, of a peculiar character, and represented in a suitable manner, he speaks highly, freely admitting that the theatre *might be* a source, both of innocent amusement, and useful instruction. He is far from thinking, however, that any such commendation was merited by the drama of his day, which he describes as having nothing less in view than good morals. His sentiments on this subject, and his proposal to have two sorts of theatres, one for the higher and the other for the lower classes, are somewhat peculiar, and though, in a certain sense, consistent enough

with his general strictness of principle, are a little liable to be misunderstood.

Attendance on *Dancing-assemblies*, and some other kinds of *cheerful-meetings*, as "at present managed," he will not allow a clergyman; but his prohibition is by no means the result of austerity or a morose temper.

"As I was always fond of dancing, I did not care to let the argument wholly drop; and told the Dean I hoped he had no dislike to dancing in *itself*, but only when it was improperly circumstanced. It appeared to me a very innocent winter-evening amusement.

"It appears so to me, said the Dean. I have already told you, that if you will suffer me to regulate your dancings, and other evening-meetings, I will freely indulge you in them. Summon an assembly when you please, at some *private house*. *Public houses* always lead to promiscuous company and intemperance. Let the meeting consist of well-educated and well-disposed young people of both sexes; and when the music strikes up, and the dance begins, send for me, and I will hobble away as fast as my gouty feet will allow; and if I may be permitted quietly to occupy a corner of the room in an elbow-chair, I shall enjoy the scene as much as any of you. To see youth and innocence made happy amidst such amusements as are suitable to them, always gives a new joy to my philanthropy; which is as suddenly injured, when I see them entangled in pleasures which I cannot but look upon as secret snares for their innocence.—And yet I cannot say I should wish to see a clergyman, except perhaps a very young one, more than a spectator of these amusements. To see him to day sailing about in a minuet-step, and to-morrow preaching in a pulpit, might make a contrast perhaps too strong for some of his hearers. I do not, however, wish to determine precisely. The amusement is certainly innocent.—With regard to the other meetings you mention, if you put them under the same rational restraint, I have no objection to any of them. I should be pleased to meet a set of virtuous, well-bred young men, or a mixed company, either at dinner or supper; and if their chief end were either conversation or innocent amusement, I should do the best in my power to amuse and enliven them. Nor should I expect them all to be men of agreeable manners, ingenuity, and information. I should only indulge the hope of their having the same dislike that I had, to transgress the rules of decency and propriety.—But as for clubs met together on set purpose to be joyous—to drink and to rattle—to sing songs and catches—to roar and stagger, as the evening gets late, I hold them in abhorrence. No clergyman should ever join in such orgies; and I should think very meanly of him if he should frequent a company that had the least tendency to that riotous mirth which produces these improprieties of behaviour.

"You seemed to mention, said I, Sir, with a mark of disapprobation, songs and catches. Do you see any thing particularly mischievous in them?

"By no means, replied the Dean, when they are not found in bad company, and when the words are such as neither countenance vice nor violate decorum. If the select assembly we just left dancing, chose to amuse themselves after their dance, or after supper, with singing, I should not only approve it, but beg leave to listen to them. Even the clergyman I will allow to sing in such an assembly; though I should warmly reprove him if he should sing for the entertainment of a mixed company, or at a public meeting."

There remains to be noticed the class of amusements denominated "innocent and instructive," and these, which alone, of course, are deemed proper for a clergyman, are really ample and varied enough, one should think, for every needful purpose. For example, we have, first, *riding on horseback*, the utility and agreeableness of which will not be questioned; but should it be

thought too solitary, the Dean has the philosopher's adage ready in its defence, *nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, and he repels the objection as unworthy of a scholar. Moreover he tells us, pleasantly enough,

"The very trot of a horse is friendly to thought. It beats time, as it were, to a mind engaged in deep speculation. An old acquaintance of mine used to find its effects so strong, that he valued his horse for being a little given to stumbling. I know not how far, he would say, I might carry my contemplation, and totally forget myself, if my honest beast did not, now and then, by a false step, jog me out of my reverie, and let me know that I had not yet gotten above a mile or two out of my road.

"But every scholar, said I, Sir, has not the art of keeping his thoughts so collected. The trotting of a horse, even without stumbling, may be enough to dissipate his best meditations.

"If he cannot think, answered the Dean, in one way, let him think in another. If he cannot lay premises and conclusions together, and make a sermon, let him consider some letter he has to write, or some conference with a neighbour to manage. He must be a very thoughtless fellow if he have not some useful topic to engage his thoughts. Or perhaps he may have some friend to call upon. At worst, he may amuse himself with looking at the country around him. It is a pleasure to see how differently the corn or the grass grows in different parishes, and to mark its progress. Every season furnishes some new and agreeable scene. He sees the woods assume one appearance in the spring—another in the summer—a third in autumn—and a fourth in winter. And as nature is never at a stand, he sees a continual variation in her scenes. So that, if he have no resources in himself, he may still find them in the beauties of nature."

Then, if our clergymen be not fond of riding, or cannot afford a horse, says the Dean,

"I should recommend walking to him, as every way a preferable exercise. Over the horseman he will enjoy many advantages. He is instantly equipped. He has only to take his hat and stick, and call his dog. Besides, he need not keep the highway, like the horseman. He goes over the stile—he gets into the devious path—he wanders by the side of the river, or through the mead—and if these sequestered scenes do not make him think, I know not what can do it. Besides, he may use as much exercise in half the time, which is of consequence to a scholar—and I should suppose as wholesome exercise. But above all things, I should wish him to get a habit of thinking methodically as he walks. It will soon become as easy to think in the fields as at his desk; and he will enjoy at once the double advantage of study and exercise. Here again he has an advantage over the horseman. He has his hands at liberty to manage his memorandum-book, and his black-lead pencil, which, with the incumbrances of a whip and a bridle, is more difficult. To think methodically *on horseback* is the work rather of a strong head, which can continue and carry on an argument, digest it in the mind, and remember the several parts and dependencies of it. *On foot*, the memorandum-book eases the head of all this trouble, by fixing the argument as it proceeds: for myself, the exercise of walking with a memorandum-book in my hand hath ever been among the first pleasures of my life. When I was a young man, and could go among my poor neighbours, I had three employments at the same time—visiting my parish—studying—and using exercise. I have made in these excursions, many a sermon. The greatest part of this book\* was first rudely composed in the fields, and when I came home I always digested what had occurred in my walk, consulted my authorities, and wrote all fair over. And

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\* The *Orgines Sacrae*, which the Dean had just been correcting.

even since I grew old, when it pleases God to allow me the use of my feet, I still continue the same exercise; only instead of being able, as I was then, to take a fatiguing excursion, without paying much attention to roads or weather, I am obliged now to shorten my walk—to rest a little, and divide it into portions—to creep along easy paths—in garden walks, or under sheltering hedges.

Walking may be otherwise profitable to the clergy.

“If they are visiting a poor neighbour in sickness or distress, they may think what to say on the occasion. The duties of his parish will always be a call to exercise, and engage a worthy clergyman to be frequently abroad, in one shape or other, especially if his parish be extensive. He may also take a book, and read at intervals, which will always furnish some employment for his thoughts. I have heard Sir Roger speak of the mode of exercise used by his late friend Dr. Bret. He would generally, during two hours every day, sally out into the fields, with his spud in his hand, and cut up all the weeds he could meet with. A field of thistles was to him a sporting country: and he used to say, good man! when he was inclined to boast a little of his benevolent exercise, that he believed he did not save his parishioners less than a dozen pounds every year in weeding.”

To this may be added the *care of a garden*, in all its variety of character and interest; the *cultivation of his glebe*,—only “the selling of his corn and hay must not lead him to bargain among low people at markets;” and the pursuit of *botany*,—a study which, by the way, the Dean himself did not prosecute, and of which, considered merely as a system of “hard names,” he justly thought very little. We have next such games as bowls, tennis, and cricket, thus shortly alluded to by the Dean.

“With regard to bowls, said he, I am a party concerned, and therefore improperly called upon, either as an advocate or an evidence. I always liked a game at bowls, and thought it good exercise in a summer evening. It is just exercise enough to give the body a gentle breathing, without being too violent. With regard to tennis and cricket, I must be silent for another reason. I know nothing of either of them. To none of these exercises, however, have I any objection, if the party which joins you in them be well chosen. It is this which makes them innocent or seducing.”\*

The amusements now mentioned are carried on out of doors, and in a great degree are either recommended or allowed only as exercises. We come to those which are strictly speaking *domestic*. The Dean passes a deserved encomium on *conversation*, of a certain kind and quality, and considered, not in the light of amusement united *with* duty, but as a relaxation *from* it. To *music* and *drawing* he is equally complimentary, though he does not hold great and noted proficiency in the former to be desirable, as it might lead too much to company; and he recommends only one of them to be exercised by the same individual, on the ground that more time would be required for any thing like proficiency in both than the clergyman ought to bestow on them.

On the subject of *chess* we have some judicious remarks and two good anecdotes. We shall quote one of the latter, in order

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\* The Dean did not perhaps know, that there are few tennis courts which are not places of public resort. Every amusement, so circumstanced, he would certainly have interdicted.

to show how fascinating this game is, and therefore, taken in connection with the labour necessary to the being well acquainted with it, to serve as a suggestion, whether chess be in reality an amusement, so much as a study, and whether, granting that it is an amusement, it be a very expedient one for a person, whose time is in a great measure, and an important respect, at the command of others. The anecdote is related of himself and a friend, by Dr. Frampton.

"I played a game with a gentleman at my own lodgings, and was victorious. You have taken me, said he, rather inopportunistically to-day; but if you will be vacant on Thursday, I shall be this way, and will demand satisfaction. Accordingly on Thursday he came about eleven o'clock; and by the time we had played three games, two of which I had won, his horses came to the door. I cannot leave the matter thus, said he; if you can set any little matter before me, we will go on. Two games more were played, when in the midst of the third a bit of roasted mutton appeared; and by the time it was cold, I had defeated him again. I was now four or five games before him. Our intercourse therefore with the mutton was short, and we went to work again. I was still victorious, when the horses returned at six. This is provoking, said he; I cannot leave the matter thus. Can I have a bed at the inn? His orders to his servant now were, not to bring the horses till they were sent for. This was a melancholy note to me, fatigued as I was already beyond measure. However, as I was under some obligations to the gentleman, and in my own lodgings, I had no choice. The night ended late, and the morning began early. Breakfast came—the barber came—dinner came—all was negligently treated, except the main point. I sighed inwardly, and hoped this visitation would now soon have an end. It lasted, however all that day; and I was still two games before my antagonist; though I had played as carelessly as I could, without discovering my indifference. As the evening drew on, I expected every moment to hear a message sent for the horses: I was shocked with his telling me, we could not part on these unequal terms. As the next day was Saturday, and he must of necessity, he said, then finish, he would try his fortune once more. So we continued nailed to our board till a late hour on Friday night, and began again before breakfast on Saturday morning. Towards the close of the day, our accounts differed in one game. But I was too complaisant to dispute the matter; so the horses were sent for, and I was delivered from such a trial of my patience as I never before experienced."

To *back-gammon*, the Dean objects its stupidity, its being "noisy and rattling" and still more, its being so generally played for money,—a practice which he utterly condemns in any and every case. His reasoning on this point seems equally ingenious and forcible.

"Gaming, said I, Sir, no doubt, is a very strange perversion of amusement; but is there any objection to a trifling stake, which is never felt, whether we win or lose, and is in fact no *object*?"

"What end then, said the Dean, does it answer?"

"Merely, I replied to keep the attention a little awake."

"But you must allow then, answered the Dean, that as far as it does keep the *attention awake*, so far it is an *object*. The amusement itself, it seems, cannot keep the *attention awake*; but wants a stimulative, the love of money, which makes you play with that care, and caution, which the amusement itself could not do. And is this any thing else, my good friend, twist and analyse it as you please) but the spirit of avarice? One man's *attention* cannot be *kept awake*, as you phrase it, without playing for a shilling. Another man must keep his *attention awake* with a pound. A third must be enlivened by a stake of ten times as much; and so on, till the attention of some people must be *kept awake* by staking a patrimony. You see then plainly, that if the stake



be so trifling, as to be no *object*, it can be no *incentive*; and if it be an *object*, it can only be so by your attachment to a sum of money; and what will you call that attachment, unless you resolve it, with me, into the spirit of *avarice*?

"But though in theory, said I, Sir, you may be able to lead it up to this source, it seems, in fact, to be so trifling, as not to come within any moral calculation.

"I know the mathematician, replied the Dean, divides matter with such nicety, as to bring it to an invisible point. But I do not like to see morals so treated. Is the *excess* wrong? If it be, the *approach* cannot be right. If the mind be at all infected with the spirit of *avarice*, and the desire of profiting by your neighbour's loss, it is so far an *approach*. There are different degrees of *vice*, no doubt; but we are cautioned against breaking one of the *least commandments*, as well as the greatest. The good Christian endeavours to pre-serve his mind from the smallest taint; and the the Christian minister thinks himself particularly bound to abstain from every *appearance of evil*. In fine, I will not cavil with you, whether playing for money arises from *avarice*; but certainly the *amusement* ceases, when it cannot itself produce its end; and *what does produce the end* becomes the leading principle. So that the point issues here: if you choose such feeble amusements, as are really no amusements without the aid of vicious stimulatives, it becomes you to lay them aside, and seek for such amusements as are simply such."

The agreeable game and salutary exercise of *billiards* is allowed "in a private family, and under the usual restriction of playing with only good company, for no stake," and on the condition, rather difficult to be kept, it is believed, that too much time be not devoted to it. But there is another amusement, which we confess, merits our gratitude too much to be omitted, and with the Dean's encomium on which we shall close our numerous and we hope acceptable extracts.

"I then asked the Dean, if he had ever heard of the game of shuttlecock? or if he would laugh at me for mentioning it to him as good *domestic exercise*?

"Laugh at you! said the Dean; I know no game that I value more. It has all the characters of the amusement we want. It gives us good exercise—it makes us cheerful—and has no connection with our pockets: and if I may whisper another truth in your ear, it does not require *much skill* to learn. When my legs were in better order, I have spent many a rainy half-hour with Sir Roger, at shuttlecock, in his hall. The worst of it is, few parsonage houses have a room large enough for it; though perhaps the tithe-barn, if it be not better employed, may furnish one. I could say more in favour of shuttlecock. You may play at it alone. It is also an exercise too violent to last long. We need not fear, as at billiards, to mispend a morning at it. Laugh at you! so far from it, that I respect the man who invented shuttlecock."

For the Dean's observations on other amusements we must refer to the book itself. The elements from which he decides as to the eligibility of any are before the reader, who is now able to judge of the correctness with which we spoke of these dialogues in our introductory remarks. Relying on his concurrence, then, we shall repeat our eulogium. They are at once ingenious and sound, playful and yet cogent; they indicate a mind deeply impressed with a regard to the best interests of mankind, whilst it is entirely exempt from that fanaticism, which, ministering to a depraved selfishness, looks with malignant contempt on what is as innocent as it is social, pleasant, and salutary; and, without the slightest assumption of consequence, or any other authority than what is bestowed by right reason, warmed by benevolent affection.

and matured by experience, they are as likely to win their way to the attention, not only of the teachers of religion, but of all who love its welfare, as they are calculated to prove useful wherever they are courteously received.

We conclude in the words of Mr. Wilberforce, from a passage in his admirable *Practical View of Religion*:—"Rich and multiplied are the springs of innocent relaxation. The Christian relaxes in the temperate use of all the gifts of Providence. Imagination, and taste, and genius, and the beauties of creation, and the works of art, lie open to him; he relaxes in the feast of reason, in the intercourses of society, in the sweets of friendship, in the endearments of love, in the exercise of hope, of confidence, of joy, of gratitude, of universal goodwill, of all the benevolent and generous affections; which, by the gracious appointment of our Creator, while they disinterestedly intend only happiness to others, are most surely productive of peace and joy to ourselves. O! little do they know of the true measure of man's enjoyment, who can compare these delightful complacencies with the frivolous pleasures of dissipation, or the coarse gratifications of sensuality."

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## THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH GLUTTON.

Puisque les choses sont ainsi, je pretends saussi avoir mon franc-parler.\*

D'Alembert.

[Many of our readers will probably recollect a very singular performance entitled the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, which was published about a year ago. In the following article, which first made its appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine*, they will find a very happy vein of ridicule directed against that work.]

THIS is confessedly the age of confession,—the era of individuality,—the triumphant reign of the first person singular. Writers no longer talk in generals. All their observations are bounded in the narrow compass of self. They think only of number one. *Ego sum*, is on the tip of every tongue and the nib of every pen, but the remainder of the sentence is unuttered and unwritten. The rest of his species is now nothing to any one individual. There are now no longer any idiosyncracies in the understandings of any of our essayists, for one common characteristic runs throughout the whole range. Egotism has become as endemical to English literature as the plague to Egypt, or the scurvy to the northern climes. Every thing is involved in the simple possessives *me* and *mine*—and we all cry out in common chorus,

What shall I do to be forever known,  
And make the age to come mine own?

Since, then, the whole tribe of which I am an unworthy member, have one by one poured out their souls into the confiding

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\* Since matters are thus, I insist upon having my *say* too.—Oldschool.

and capacious bosom of the public ; since the goodly list of scribblers, great and small, from the author of *Eloise* to the inventor of *Vortigern*—since the wine-drinker, the opium-eater, the hypochondriac, and the hypercritic, have in due succession “told their fatal stories out,” I cannot in justice to my own importance, or honesty to the world, leave the blank unfilled, which stands gaping to receive the Confessions of a Glutton, and thus put the last leaf on this branch of periodical personality.

I have one appalling disadvantage beside my cotemporaries, in that want of sympathy which I am sure to experience from readers in general. Many a man will be too happy to acknowledge himself hypochondriacal,—it is the fashion. Others are to be found in great abundance who will bravely boast of their spungy intemperance, and be proud of their brotherhood with the drunkard. Even opium-eating, like snuff-taking, may come into vogue, and find unblushing proselytes—but who will profess himself a slave to gluttony—the commonest failing of all! Nevertheless, with all the chances of public odium and private reprobation impending over me, I hasten to the performance of my duty, and I am proud to consider myself a kind of literary Curtius, leaping willingly into the gulf, to save my fellow-citizens by my own sacrifice.

The earliest date which I am able to affix to the development of *my* propensity is the month of August 1764, at which period, being then precisely two years and two months old, I remember well my aunt Griselda having surprised me in an infantine but desperate excess, for which she punished me with a very laudable severity. This circumstance made a great impression on me ; and without at all lessening my *propensity*, added considerably to my prudence. My voracity was infinite, and my cunning ran quite in a parallel line. I was

“Fox in stealth, wolf in greediness.”

I certainly eat more than any six children, yet I was the very picture of starvation. Lank, sallow, and sorrow-stricken, I seemed the butt against which stinginess had been shooting its shafts. I attacked every one I met with the most clamorous cries for cakes or bread. I watched for visiters, and thrust my hands into their pockets with most piteous solicitings, while aunt Griselda bit her lips for anger, and my poor mother, who was a different sort of a person, used to blush to the eyes for shame, or sit silently weeping, as she contemplated the symptoms of my disgraceful and incurable disease. In the mean time every thing was essayed, every effort had recourse to, to soften down the savageness of my rage for food, or at best to turn what I eat to good account. I was pampered and crammed with my increasing years, like a Norfolk turkey—I had an unlimited credit at the pastry-cook’s shop, and the run of the kitchen at

home, but in vain. The machinery of my stomach refused to perform its functions. I think I must have swallowed every thing the wrong way, or have been unconsciously the prey of an interminable intestine war; for every article of sustenance took, as it were, a peculiar and perpendicular growth, but never turned into those lateral folds of flesh, which produce the comfortable clothing of men's ribs in general. At fourteen years of age I was five feet ten inches high, covered almost entirely with the long hair that boys come home with at the Christmas holidays from a Yorkshire cheap academy—my bones forcing their way through my skin—and my whole appearance the fac-simile of famine and disease—Yet I never had a complaint except not getting enough to eat.

I am thus particular as to my appearance at this period, in the hope, that by this exposure of an unvarnished portrait, I may excite some commiseration for sufferings, which did not proceed from my own wicked will. I was constitutionally a glutton: nature had stamped the impress of greediness upon me at my birth, or before it. In the sucking tenderness of infancy, and the upshooting of boyhood, it was the preponderating characteristic of my nature—no self-begot habit, growing on by little and little, fostered by indulgence, and swelled out, until it became too large for the constitution that enshrined it, like those geese-livers which are expanded by a particular preparation, until they become, as a body may say, bigger than the unhappy animals to which they belong. Will you not then, gentle reader, grant me your compassion for my inadvertent enormities? Must I look in vain for the sympathizing tear of sensibility falling to wash out the scorching errors of invincible appetite—as forcible at least as the invincible ignorance of heresy, for which even there is hope in the semi-benignant bosom of the church? To you I appeal, ye cooks by profession—ye gormandizers by privilege—to the whole board of Aldermen—to the shade of Mrs. Glass,—to Mrs. Rundell, Doctor Kitchener, and the rest of the list of gastronomical literati, who, in teaching the world the science of good living, must have some yearnings, one would think, for those victims whom ye lead into the way of temptation.

But lest this unsupported appeal to the melting charities of mankind might be ineffectual in its naked exhibition, I shall proceed to cover it with a short detail of some of the particular horrors to which I have been a prey for upwards of half a century, and I think it must be a hard heart that will then refuse me its pity, and a ravenous man that will not involuntarily close, to shut out the possibility of sufferings like mine.

Up to the age of fifteen, when I presented the appearance faintly sketched above, I may be considered to have gone on mechanically gormandizing, with nothing to distinguish my way of doing so from that common animal appetite which is given, in differ-

ent proportions, to all that creep, or walk, or swim, or fly. Those vulgar gluttonies, thus eating for eating-sake, unconnected with mental sensations, have no interest and no dignity. A man who supplies instinctively his want of food, without choice or taste, is truly *Epicuri de grege porcus*, or may be compared rather to the *Porcus Trojanus* of the ancients, a wild boar stuffed with the flesh of other animals—a savoury, punning parody upon the Trojan horse. Such a man is no better than a digesting automaton—a living mass of forced meat—an animated sausage.

I was sent home from six successive schools, on various pretences; but the true reason was, that inordinate craving which no indulgence could gratify. I eat out of all proportion; and my father was obliged to take me entirely to himself. My mother was miserable, but of inexhaustible generosity; my aunt Griselda was dead and I had no check upon me. Doctors from all parts were consulted on my case. Innumerable councils and consultations were held, ineffectually, to ascertain whether that refrigeration of stomach, which they all agreed was the primal cause of my malady, was joined with dryness, contraction, vellication, or abstersion. They tried every remedy and every regimen, without success. The fact was I wanted nothing but food, for which they would have substituted physic. So that between my mother and my physicians, I had both in abundance—and for the mind as well as the body. The *ῥυχὸς ἰατρικὸς* was plentifully supplied me by my father for I had natural parts, and loved reading. But the whole turn of my studies was bent towards descriptions of of feasts and festivals. I devoured all authors, ancient and modern, who bore at all upon my pursuit. Appetite, mental as well as bodily, grew by what it fed on; and I continually chewed, as it were, the cud of my culinary knowledge. I rummaged Aristophanes for the Grecian repasts, and thumbed over Macrobius and Martial for the Roman. While seizing on every delicacy within my reach, I feasted my imagination with dainties not to be got at,—the Prygian attigan, Ambracian kid, and Melian crane. I revered the memory of Sergius Aratta, who, we are told by Pliny was the inventor of oyster-beds; of Hortensius the orator, who first used peacock at supper; of Vitellius, Apicius, and other illustrious Romans,

Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts.

These classical associations refined my taste, and seemed to impart a more acute and accurate power to my palate. As I began to feel their influence, I blushed for the former grossness of my nature, and shrunk from the common gratification to which I had been addicted. I felt an involuntary loathing towards edibles of a mean and low-lived nature. I turned with disgust from the common casualties of a family dinner, and began to view with unutterable abhorrence shoulders of beef, mutton, beef and cabbage, and the like. A feeling, I should rather say a *passion*, (the

technical phrase at present for every sensation a little stronger than ordinary,) a passion seemed to have taken possession of my mind for culinary refinements, dietetic dainties,—the *delicata fercula*, fit only for superior tastes, but incomprehensible to the profane. A new light seemed breaking on me; a new sense, or at least a considerable improvement on my old sense of tasting, seemed imparted to me by miracle. My notions of the dignity of appetite became expanded; I no longer looked on man as a mere masticating machine—the butcher and sepulchre of the animal world. I took an elevated view of his powers and properties, and I felt as though imbued with an essence of pure and ethereal epicurism, if I may so express myself—and why may I not? my cotemporaries would not flinch from the phrase.

My father was a plain sort of man—liked plain speaking, plain feeding, and so on. But he had his antipathies,—and among them was roast pig. Had he lived in our times, he might probably have been won over by a popular essay on the subject, which describes, in pathetic phrase, the manifold delights attending on that dish—the fat, which is no fat—the lean which is not lean,—the eyes melting from their sockets, and other tender touches of description. Be this as it may, my unenlightened parent would never suffer roast pig upon his table, and so it happened, that at sixteen years of age, I had never seen one. But on the arrival of that anniversary, I was indulged by my mother with a most exquisite and tender two-months porker, in all its sucking innocence, and succulent delight, as the prime dish on that annual birth-day feast, to which I was accustomed, in my own apartment—all doors closed—no ingress allowed—no intruding domestics—no greedy companions to divide my indulgencies—no eyes to stare at me, or rob me of a portion of the pleasure with which I eat in, as it were, in vision, the spirit of every anticipated preparation, while savoury fragrance was wafted to my brain, and seemed to float over my imagination in clouds of incense, at once voluptuous and invigorating. Ah, this is the true enjoyment of a feast! On the present occasion, I sat in the full glory of my solitude, sublimely individual, as the Grand Lama of Thibet, or the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The door was fastened—the servant evaporated; a fair proportion of preparatory foundation—soup, fish, &c.—had been laid in *secundum artem*—the *mensa prima*, in short, was just despatched, when I gently raised the cover from the dish, where the beautiful porker lay smoaking in his rich brown symmetry of form and hue, enveloped in a vapour of such deliciousness, and floating in a gravy of indescribable perfection! After those delightful moments of dalliance (almost dearer to the epicure than the very fulness of actual indulgence) were well over—after my palate was prepared by preliminary inhaled essences of the odorous essence—I seized my knife and fork, and plunged in *medias res*. Never shall I forget the flavour of the first morsel—it

was sublime ! But oh ! it was, as I may say, the last ; for losing in the excess of over enjoyment, all presence of mind and management of mouth, I attacked, without economy or method, my inanimate victim: It was one of my boyish extravagancies to conform myself in these my solitary feasts to the strict regulations of Roman custom. I began with an egg, and ended with an apple, and flung into the fire-place (as there was no fire, it being the summer season) a little morsel, as an offering to the *dii pascuaria*. On this occasion, however, I forgot myself and my habits—I rushed, as it were, upon my prey—slashed right and left, through crackling, stuffing, body and bones. I flung aside the knife and fork—seized in my hands the passive animal with indiscriminate voracity—thrust whole ribs and limbs at once into my mouth—crammed the delicious ruin by wholesale down my throat, until at last my head began to swim, my eyes seemed starting from their sockets—a suffocating thickness seemed gathering (no wonder) in my throat—a fulness of brain seemed bursting through my skull—my veins seemed swelled into gigantic magnitude—I lost all reason and remembrance, and fell, in that state, fairly under the table.

This, reader, is what we call in common phrase, a surfeit. But what language may describe its consequences, or give a just expression to the sufferings it leaves behind ? The first awakening from the apoplectic trance, as the lancet of the surgeon gives you a hint that you are alive, when the only taste upon the tongue—the only object in the eye—the only flavour in the nostril, is the once-loved, but now deep-loathed dish ! The deadly sickening with which one turns, and twists, and closes one's lids and holds one's nose, and smacks one's lips—to shut out, and stifle, and shake off the detested sight, and smell and taste:—but in vain, in vain, in vain !—But let me not press the point. Forty-two years have passed since that memorable day—forty thousand recollections of that infernal pig have flashed across my brain, and fastened on my palate, and fumigated my olfactories ; and there they are, every one as fresh—what do I say ? a million times more fresh and more intolerable than ever. Faugh !—It comes again.

But if such were some of the local and particular waking miseries of my excess, what, oh what tongue may give utterance to, what pen portray, the intolerable terrors of my *dreaming* hours ! For many months of my protracted and painful re-establishment, I dreamt every night—not one respite for at least three hundred weary and wasting days—quotidian repetitions of visions, each one more hideous than the former. I dreamt, and dreamt, and dreamt—of what ? Of pig—pig—pig—nothing but pig. Pork, in all its multiplied and multiform modifications, was ever before me. Every possible form or preparation into which imagination could convert the hated animal was everlastingly dangling in my sight, running around me, pursuing

and persecuting me, in all the aggravations of the exaggerated monstrosities. The scenery which accompanied these animal illustrations was always in keeping with the sickening subject. Sometimes as I began to doze away in the mellow twilight of an autumn evening, or the frosty rarefaction of a winter's day, or a day in spring, it was all one—a sudden expansion of vision has begun to open upon me; and be it remembered that I always fancied myself of Hebrew extraction, Abraham, or Joseph, or Isaac—a Rabanite or a Caraites, as the case might be—the high-priest of the synagogue, or an old-clothes-man; but in all cases a Jew, with every religious predilection and antipathy strong fixed in my breast. A sudden expansion of vision, I say, began to open upon me—vast wildernesses spread far around—rocks of tremendous aspect seemed toppling from mountains of the most terrific elevation. The forms of the former were of the strangest fantasy, but all pretended some resemblance to a boar's head; while the hills showed invariably, in their naked and barren acclivities, an everlasting sameness of strata, that bore the resemblance of veiny layers of pickled pork, and the monstrous flowers with which the earth was bespread were never-ending representations of rashers and eggs! A sickness and faintness always began to seize upon me at these sights; and, turning my glances upward, I was sure to see the clouds impregnated with fantastic objects, all arising out of associations connected with my antipathy and loathing. Gigantic hams were impending over my head, and threatening to crush me with their weight. My eyes sunk, and I caught the peaks of the horrid hills frizzled with the grinning heads, and pointed with the tusks of the detested animal. The branches of the trees were all at once converted to twisted and curling pig-tails. Atoms then seemed springing from the sand; they were soon made manifest in all the caperings and gambols of a litter of sucking gruntlings. They began to multiply—with what frightful celerity! The whole earth was in a moment covered with them, of all possible varieties of colours. They began to grow bigger, and instantaneously they gained dimensions that no *waking* eye can bring into any possible admeasurement. I at tempted to run from them. They galloped after me in myriads, grunting in friendly discord, while magical knives and forks seemed stuck in their hams, as they vociferated in their way,

“Come eat me, come eat me!”

At other times I pursued them, in the phrenzy of my despair, endeavouring to catch them but in vain; every tail was soaped, and as they slipped through my fingers they sent forth screams of the most excruciating sharpness, and a laugh of hideous mockery, crying, in damnable chorus,

“What a bore! what a bore!”

“Bubble and squeak! bubble and squeak!”



with other punning and piggish impertinences of the same cut and pattern. Then, again, an individual wretch would contract himself to a common-sized hog, and rushing from behind, between my legs, scamper off with me whole leagues across the desert; then, gradually expanding to his former monstrous magnitude, rise up with me into the skies, that seemed always receding from our approach, and stretching out to an interminable immensity; when the horrid brute on which I was mounted would give a sudden kick and grunt, and fling me off, and I tumbled headlong down thousands of thousands of fathoms, till I was at length landed in a pig-stye, at the very bottom of all bottomless pits.

At other times I used to imagine myself suddenly placed in the heart of a pork-shop. In a moment I was assailed by the most overpowering steams of terrible perfume, the gravy of the fatal dish floating round my feet, and clouds of suffocating fragrance almost smothering me as I stood. On a sudden every thing began to move, immense Westphalian hams flapped to and fro, banged against my head, and beat me from one side of the shop to the other—huge flitchets of bacon fell upon me, and pressed me to the ground, while a sea of the detestable gravy flowed in upon me, and over me. Then frightful pigs' faces joined themselves together, and caught me in their jaws, when, called in by my shriek which was the expected signal for their operations, three or four horrid looking butchers rushed upon me, and, as a couple of them pinioned and held me down on my back, another stuffed me to choaking with pork-pies, until I awoke more dead than alive.

Once, and once only, I had a vision connected with this series of suffering, which I must relate, from its peculiar nature, and as the origin of a popular hoax long afterwards put upon the world. I dreamt one night, that preparations were making, on a most splendid scale, for my marriage with a very beautiful girl of our neighbourhood, to whom I was (whatever my readers may think) very tenderly attached. The ceremony was to take place, methought, in Canterbury Cathedral. I was all at once seized with a desire to examine the silent solemnities of the Gothic pile. I entered, I forget how. A rich strain of music was poured from the organ-loft. A mellow stream of light flowed in through the stained glass of the windows. I was quite alone, and the most voluptuous tide of thought stole upon my mind. While I stood thus in the middle of the aisle, a distant door opened, and the bridal party entered. My affianced spouse, surrounded by a cluster of friends, glittering with brilliant ornaments, and glowing in beauty, approached me. I advanced to meet her, in unutterable delight; when, as I drew near, I saw that the appearance of every thing began to change. The pillars seemed suddenly converted into Bologna sausages; the various figures of saints and angels, painted on the windows.

were altered into portraits of black porkers; the railings of the different enclosures took the curved form of spare-ribs; the walls were hung with pig-skin tapestry; the beautiful melody just before played on the organ, was followed by a lively and familiar tune, and a confusion of voices sung,

“The pigs they lie,” &c.

while a discordant chorus of diabolical grunting, wound up each stanza. In the mean time the bride approached; but what horror accompanied her! The wreath of roses braided round her head, was all at once a twisted band of black puddings. Hogs bristles shot out from the roots of what was so lately her golden hair; a thin string of sausages took place of her diamond necklace; her bosom was a piece of bacon; her muslin robe became a piebald covering of ham-sandwiches; her white satin shoes were kicked, oh, horror, off a pair of pettitoes; and her beautiful countenance—swallow me, ye wild boars!—presented but the hideous spectacle, since made familiar to the public, under the figure of

THE PIG FACED LADY !!!

Hurried on by an irresistible and terrible impulse, I rushed forward, though with loathing to embrace her; when instantly the detested odour of the hateful gravy came upon me once more; the pillars of the Cathedral swelled out to an enormous circumference, and burst in upon me with a loud explosion; the roof fell down with a fearful crash, and overwhelmed me with a shower of legs of pork and pease-pudding; while, in the agony of my desperation, I caught in my arms my hideous bride, whose deep-brown skin crackled in my embrace, as I pressed to my bosom the everlasting fac-simile of a *roast pig*!—In after years I took a fit of melancholy enjoyment in setting afloat the humbug of the Pig-faced Lady.

I will not press upon the reader the manifold miseries that attended upon subsequent surfeits, for a period of more than five and twenty years. From what I have feebly sketched, some notion may be conceived of the nature and extent of my disorder. I need not, therefore, dwell on the consequences of my second memorable excess, which took place on the occasion of my eating turtle-soup for the first time. The misery in this matter was more from fright than from repletion; for when, after the sacrifice of repeated helpings of calipash and calipee, I found my teeth immoveably stuck together—in the style which my city readers well understand—I was seized with the horrible conviction that I had got a locked-jaw. Imagination worked so powerfully on this occasion, that when I had pulled my mouth wide open, beyond even its natural capacity, (which is not trifling, believe me, reader,) I sat for hours roaring out for a dentist to punch in two or three of my front teeth, that I might get some

sustenance introduced through a quill. Even when I perfectly recovered my senses, I was long before I could bear to sit a moment with my mouth shut, from the dread of a return of my imagined danger. Then came the *dreaming* again—the crawling tortoises; the clammy glutinous liquid; the green fat,—but enough of this!

Repeated sufferings like these broke in upon the crust of my constitution, if I may use the trope; so that when I became of age, and possessed of a good fortune without incumbrance, by the demise of my father, and the second marriage of my mother, (who, by that step forfeited her jointure, and with *it* every claim on my regard,) I was in appearance a middle-aged man, and in mind a septuaginary, of the *common* sort I mean—I, like old Burton, had “neither wife nor children”—my early attachment—my beautiful neighbour—the prototype—spare me the repetition, reader!—but *she*, you know, *she*, the LADY was lost to me forever! She had but one failing, poor girl—nervousness, just then coming first into fashion; and she took it strongly into her head, that if she married me, I should play the part of the wolf with the Little Red Riding-hood, and eat her up one night in bed. To avoid this unusual and uncomfortable consummation of our nuptials, she discarded my suit altogether, and I lost her forever. To get over the effects of this blow, I resolved to look for consolation in the joys of foreign cookery. I determined to travel, and I did travel, in pursuit of what I never have been able to discover—the art of allaying an uncontrollable appetite. As for the love affair, I soon swallowed my grief.

I shall not enumerate my adventures in distant countries, nor detail my observations on objects foreign to my purpose. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* I shall therefore merely say, that having eaten frogs in France, macaroni at Naples, ollapodrida in Spain, opium in Turkey, camels-flesh in Egypt, horse-flesh in Arabia, elephant-flesh in India, cat's-flesh in China, and hog's flesh—no, never after the affair of the pig—it was a slip of the pen,—I returned to England to sit down to plain beef and mutton, convinced that I had come back to the real, healthy, honest standard of good taste. In the broad interval, however, which I have jumped over so rapidly, I had many and many a visit of direful consequence. At one time I fancied that I was doomed to die of starvation, and the excruciating agonies then endured from cholics and indigestions (proceeding from my even more than natural efforts to eat up to the standard of sufficiency) beggar all description. On another occasion a horrid apprehension oppressed me, that I should one day—but how express myself in English? I cannot; and I should have been silent perforce, did not the *delicacies* of the French language come into my aid—that I should one day, *me crever le ventre*! To guard against this expected calamity, I had a pair of stays made—

yes, reader, I WAS THE FIRST OF THE DANDIES—the lacing and unlacing of which, before and after meals, was attended with tortments more horrible than those pelting and pitiless showers, imagined by Dante for the Gluttons of his Inferno.

I forget precisely how many years have elapsed since the exhibition of the fat Lambert. It is enough to know that I went to see the show. I saw him. Would that I never had ! Oh, what agonies has that sight cost me ! The by-standers who observed me as I entered the room, burst into a loud and involuntary laugh—and no blame to them ; for never was there a more ludicrous contrast than Lambert was, to me and I to Lambert. I am six feet five inches and a half in my stockings ; extremely like Justice Shallow, only taller ; and I will venture to say that the skeleton of the Irish giant, dressed in my habiliments, and its back turned, might be taken for my figure by my nearest acquaintance. You all remember, readers, what Lambert's figure was I do, alas ! at any rate !—The very instant I saw him, the notion struck me that I had become his second-self—his ditto,—his palpable echo—his substantial shadow—that the observers laughed at our “ double transformation,” for he was become me at the same time—that I was exhibiting as he then was,—and, finally, that I was dying of excessive fat. The idea was like an electric shock, and in one moment I felt that the double identity was completed—that the metamorphosis of of Salamis and her lover was acted over again in the persons of myself and the fat man—that I, in short was Lambert and Lambert me ! I shot out of the exhibition-room—rushed into the street—quitted the confines of the city—ran up towards Hamstead-hill—tried back again, and made off in the direction of the river, endeavouring in vain to shake off the horrid phantasm that had seized upon my mind. I darted along with lightning-speed, my long legs seemed to fling themselves out spontaneously, as if they no more belonged to me than Grimaldi's do to him, yet I fancied that I crept with the pace of a tortoise—that my fat totally prevented my quicker motion—that I should be crushed to death between the hedges, the turnpikes or the carriages that passed me—and thus I ran in the middle of the road, vociferating for assistance, fighting against the foul fiend, and followed by a crowd of draggle-tailed blackguards, till I reached the banks of the river, and saw myself reflected in the stream. Oh, Heavens ! what a delightful sight was that !

“ Then like Narcissus———”

But I must leave the quotation unfinished, and come at last to a full stop ; for I fear I am trenching upon the privilege—poaching upon the presence—of some cotemporary hypochondriac. If so, if any may have led the way in giving to the world, like me, their *real unexaggerated confessions*, I can only complain, with the modern poet who accused Shakspeare of forestalling his thoughts, that they, be they who they may, have very unhand-

somely and plagiaristically anticipated my own original lucubrations. And now having fairly unbosomed my sins, if they are sins, I trust to receive from a grateful public, in whose interest alone have I compiled these sheets, the absolution which should always follow confession. Then, as is usual in these cases, that having disgorged my over-loaded conscience, I may be allowed to return to my *old courses*—following in this the example of Cæsar, who, according to Cicero, *post cænâ vomere volebat, ideoque largius edebat*. Should any harsh hearer or rigorous reader be inclined to constrain the bowels of his compassion, and still deny me pardon, to him I beg to propose a question in the words of our immortal Bard, which he may answer the next time we meet at dinner,——

“—————If little faults  
Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye,  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,  
Appear before us !”

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### MODERN GALLANTRY.

[The following Essay, though intended for the meridian of London, may be perused with profit in Philadelphia.]

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry, as upon a thing altogether unknown to the old classic ages. This has been defined to consist in a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, paid to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era, from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel ; or assists the applewoman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a Loddon theatre, till she is sick and faint with the

exertion, with men about her seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle, influencing our conduct, when more than one half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be any thing more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite a sneer:—when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstaid her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare Commentator has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing room *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile, if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him,—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a

market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped, she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune,—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me—but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*)—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them.”

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have

sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things, that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid, or dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and will probably feel the diminution, when youth and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first, respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments, and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex*.

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### REMAINS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE\*.

WE cannot approve of the judgment or feeling with which the collection has been made which this little volume now brings before us. All that a man has left behind him in writing is not the property of the public, and still less that of any individual; much of it may be far from good, though the product of a good mind; and may be still farther from a just specimen of his principles or abilities. Rough drafts, first thoughts, essays by way of experiment, thoughts laid by for future consideration, hints, outlines, sketches, conjectures, paradoxes, and even opinions or arguments set down only to be confuted, every scrap and every shred, are in these days gathered up with an unsparing avidity as soon as any distinguished individual is snatched from existence. This may not have been altogether the posthumous fate of Henry Kirke White, but it is manifest that the strenuous determination to amass another volume of his remains, has placed under too severe a requisition the products of a capacity that scattered its exuberance about before, in other minds, the first efflorescence of genius begins to be discernible. We cannot enough discommend the publication of some of the poetry which has found its way into

\* The Remains of Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, late of St. John's College, Cambridge, with an Account of his Life. By Robert Southey. 8vo. vol. iii. London, 1822. Philadelphia, reprinted.



this volume. A right feeling, we trust, of what was due to the memory of their author, occasioned these very early and infantine efforts to be laid aside when the first collection was prepared for publication; and the success of that publication, for whatever reasons it might act as a temptation to bring them before the world, was no apology for so injurious a proceeding. Those whose impressions of the character of Henry Kirke White are properly taken from the prevailing cast of his compositions, must be quite convinced that if that most excellent and extraordinary young man had at the ripest period of his judgment been asked whether he would choose the poetry in general which is contained in this additional volume to be published, he would have put his solemn interdict upon any such design. The high probability is that he would have desired one or two of the songs which appear in this collection, to be destroyed. If this be so, and we think it can scarcely be controverted, we can hardly call that avidity for scraping together the matter of a book less than profane, which, after the death of a most eminently pious and correct person, has brought before the public some of his first careless effusions, as little agreeing with the frame of mind in which he was finally fixed, and in which he departed hence to meet his God, as with the general dignity of his genius, and the severe graces of his transient maturity.

Whether these considerations are capable, in his present state, of staining the pure happiness to which, we humbly trust, he has been translated, no man can know; but of this we are sure, that the impression which the serious performances, we may say, indeed, all the performances of this excellent person after his mind became settled on that firm basis of Christian belief and trust on which it ultimately reposed, are calculated to make upon all, but especially the younger part of the community, is to a certain degree weakened by the intermixture to which we have been alluding. Many will be thereby induced to consider with less homage the writer himself, and not a few will be pleased with the opportunity it affords them of casting a suspicion upon a religious life, or at least of forcing it into consistency with sentiments and images with which it can have no proper union.

These are our quarrels with this publication. But apart from these grounds of disapprobation, we have great alacrity in avowing the more than common delight which the prose part of these little fragments has afforded us. We hardly know where to look for the developement of a religious faith more sound and discriminative, of a moral theory more refined and rational, of social feelings more elevated and kind. In Henry Kirke White all this is found, and it is found accompanied with a soundness of discretion, a weight of observation, and a cautious avoidance of extremes, which, until the works of this extraordinary youth fell in our way, we thought unattainable at twenty-one years of age.

The habit of contemplating religion in too close connection with temporal advantage is not without its danger. A pure and heavenly motive is that alone on which it can be legitimately or honestly founded ; but there is one remark which is so much for its honour that we cannot, when treating of the performances now before us, forbear offering it to the attention of the reader ; and it is this—that whenever thorough Christian views of religion find an entrance into the mind, however dark or prejudiced, or contracted, or inexperienced, that mind may previously have been, an expansion of its general powers is speedily the consequence ; the judgment almost preternaturally ripens ; a better taste and feeling in respect of all the social duties and proprieties of behaviour are rapidly developed, and the faculties and perceptions, whether exercised on men, or books, or things, receive from an unseen source an increment of vital strength, that soon manifests itself in all their operations. We doubt not the experience of our reflecting readers will confirm this observation. It is an invigoration of the capacity not unlike the refreshment which nature feels from the silent and invisible drops that in the still summer night moisten and impregnate her teeming surface, enabling her to greet the returning dawn with a countless increase of vegetable births. The mind thus visited by streams flowing from the fountains of eternal truth, receives as it were a new existence, flourishes under a mysterious culture which anticipates nature's hand, and arrives at its object by the only "royal road" which really conducts to excellence—the road marked out by the great ruler of the universe. The felicity of Henry Kirke White was his early bent toward religious exercises and objects. His great natural endowments made him at an immature age an apt recipient of the truth, and the early introduction of religious knowledge into his mind repaid him by an infusion of intellectual vigour ; that, at an age when others scarcely begin to learn, invested him with the privileges of a teacher.

It is but justice to the character of this youth to bring it into fair comparison with the generality of the educated part of the rising generation, on whose virtues and attainments we must rest our hopes of the continuance of our country's happiness and exaltation. The oftener this is done, the more we shall turn the blessing of his example to its just account. It must sometimes touch the consciences of the frivolous and the dissipated, to compare their valueless lives, and selfish career, with the usefulness to himself and to the world, condensed within the few brief years of this young man's abode on earth ; and we are sometimes encouraged to hope that some good has been the special consequence of the shortness of his stay amongst us, as increasing the tenderness of the regrets with which we cherish his memory, and leaving the miracle of his beardless maturity more distinctly impressed upon his youthful successors.

To those more especially who look to the Christian ministry as their future profession, the letters of Henry Kirke White are full of profit and instruction. They display a mind fraught with the vast importance of the undertaking, and almost sinking under the conviction of its difficulty and responsibility; nor is it easy to imagine a system of sounder sentiments, or a better foundation of preparatory discipline, than is in the course of this scanty correspondence, vigorously yet discreetly traced and recommended. The following passage strongly marked by this character, occurs in a letter written by him on the 22d of November, 1803, to Mr. R. W. Almond, a friend to whom he felt himself to owe much on the score of his religious principles.

“Nottingham, Nov. 22, 1803.

“DEAR ROBERT,

I was happy enough to be introduced to Mr. Robinson a few days ago; I passed half an hour with him alone, by his desire, and afterwards took tea and supper with him, his wife and daughter, at Mrs. M \* \* 's I cannot describe to you, in adequate terms, the domestic character of this venerable man. He is all cheerfulness and complacency, good humoured, and sometimes even jocose; his conversation at the same time *instructive*, and, in no common degree, *entertaining*. He is full of anecdotes of eminently pious characters of the last century, as well as of this. He knew Mr. Venn very well, and he is intimate with O \* \* \*; he gave us a most affecting representation of his last interview with the *former*, just before his death. He depicted the resigned and placid countenance of the aged and dying Christian, so admirably in his features, and suited his voice so exactly to the affecting state of a very old man, sinking under the weight of years, that he actually drew tears into my eyes. During the whole evening I was pleased to observe, he directed his whole conversation to me, and, as he had before slightly examined me, it gave me the assurance that he was satisfied with me. He promised me every assistance that he could command, and when we shook hands at parting, he said, ‘Mr. White, I wish you may live to become an ornament to the Ministry; I trust you will have assistance. Fear not, go on, and the Lord prosper you.’ He recommended me to labour at the Greek very diligently, and thought I had delayed it too long.

“My dear friend, I cannot adequately express what I owe to you on the score of religion. I told Mr. Robinson you were the *first instrument* of my being brought to think deeply on religious subjects; and I feel more and more every day, that if it had not been for you, I might, most probably, have been now buried in apathy and unconcern. Though I am in a great measure blessed,—I mean blessed with *faith*, now pretty steadfast, and heavy convictions, I am far from being happy. My sins have been of a dark hue, and manifold: I have made *Pride* my God, and *Ambition* my shrine. I have placed all my hopes on the things of this world. I have knelt to Dagon; I have worshipped the evil creations of my *own proud heart*, and God had well nigh turned his countenance from me in wrath; perhaps one step further, and he might have shut me forever from his rest. I now turn my eyes to Jesus, my Saviour, my atonement, with hope and confidence: he will not repulse the imploring penitent; his arms are open to all, they are open even to me; and in return for such a mercy, what can I do less than dedicate my whole life to his service? My thoughts would fain recur at intervals to my former delights, but I am now on my guard to restrain and keep them in. I know now *where* they *ought* to concenter, and with the blessing of God, they shall *there* all tend.

"My next publication of poems will be solely religious. I shall not destroy those of a different nature, which now lie before me, but they will, most probably, sleep in my desk, until in the good time of my great Lord and Master, I shall receive my passport from this world of vanity. I am now bent on a higher errand than that of the attainment of poetical fame; poetry, in future, will be my *relaxation*, not my employment.—Adieu to literary ambition! 'You do not aspire to be prime minister,' said Mr. Robinson, 'you covet a far higher character; to be the humblest among those who minister to their Maker.'" (p. 6—8.)

The letter above extracted, appears to have been written at the age of eighteen. In a letter to Mr. R. Wortley, written in a about a year and a half after the one above produced, dated from Wintringham, 8th April 1805, we find him thus expressing himself on a point of learning in the Christian science of humility, in which the deepest theologians are for the greater part unskilled.

"When in Nottingham, I gave way too much to a practice, which prevails there in a shameful degree, of sitting in judgment on the attainments and experience of others. At this time, there was darkness enough in my own heart, to have employed all my attention, and I think it may be generally asserted, that *those who are the readiest to examine others*, are the most backward to examine *themselves*; that the more we feel inclined to scrutinize our brother Christians with severity, the less able are we to endure such a scrutiny ourselves. Before Christianity can arrive at any degree of perfection, we must have *less tongue and more heart work*. If a man be faithful to his convictions, he will find too much to do *at home* to busy himself with what he has no opportunities of sufficiently knowing,—*his neighbour's heart*. We are to consider ourselves at all times as miserably ignorant; and it is only while we do consider ourselves as such, that we are in a disposition to learn of a *teacher*, so averse to the pride of the human heart as Jesus Christ. I fear, (and I fear, because I have found it so in myself,) that a superficial and too trifling a religion has prevailed too much in Nottingham, *though with many and shining exceptions*; and I hope that the time will soon come, when, with equal zeal, there will be greater depth of experience, and greater diffidence in the assumption of the office of spiritual inquisitors. I for one have laid down my post of dictator, by the grace of God never to resume it; and I should think, and I have little doubt you will concur with me, that the authority you possess over the younger branches of our brotherhood there, would be well exercised in discountenancing, on every occasion, such a spirit as I have been speaking of. Those who feel the *most* generally talk the *least*: and it is one way of lessening that trembling hope and fearful love of a young convert, which operates such solitary effects, by suffering him to indulge in remarks on the unawakened, or the weak Christian, as if he were already admitted, or sure of acceptance, and could pronounce the *Shibboleth* of the genuine church." (p. 22 23.)

In another letter to a friend, written in the year of his death, the following manly, correct, and devout sentiments occur.

"I assure you, I see daily more reason to temper zeal with discretion, and to make the service of Christ a *rational service*. Our feelings are not the least fallible guides in religion. The man who walks humbly and soberly with his God,—scrupulously exact in the performance of his duties,—hallowing all his doings with the exercise of faith in Jesus Christ, and fortifying his ways with prayer and meditation; this man will have feelings of the most satisfactory kind,—he will feel the spirit of peace and love shedding serenity over all his thoughts: he will feel the dews of God's blessing descending upon his soul. This is the effect of that spirit, which the Apostle mentions, 'as witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God.' But this species of

spiritual enjoyment is not to be resorted to, as the *touchstone* of our acceptance with God. It is not the *necessary* attendant of religious life, though it is to frequently enjoyed by the pious, and so clearly promised to them in Scripture, that we may all hope for it. And I can only give it as my opinion, that those who continually-resort to their feelings, as the criterion of their religious progress, are the least likely to enjoy this sweet reward of our labours, and foretaste of the joys to come." (p. 43, 50.)

A portion of a letter to his brother, Mr. Neville White, written a few weeks after the last above referred to, contains delightful indications of the prepared state of his mind, for attending the summons, which he soon after received, to that secure and everlasting abode with the saints in glory, which seemed to be his spiritual home. The letter is to his brother, who has only performed a duty in presenting this portion of it to the public to whom it in some sense belongs it so suits the circumstances of us all that every Christian must feel that his heart has a property in its contents.

"I am not much surprised at the long delay you have made in your approach to the Lord's table; nor do I blame your caution; but remember, that there is a difference between hesitation, on account of the awful nature of the ordinance, and the consciousness of unfitness; and hesitation on account of an unwillingness to bind yourself with still stronger ties to the profession of Christianity. You may fear to approach that holy table, lest you should again fall away, and your latter state should be worse than your first: but you must not absent yourself from it, *in order* that you *may fall away* with less danger to your soul. You cannot, by any means purify yourself, so as to become a *worthy* partaker of that blessed ordinance; but you may qualify yourself to partake of it, with a quiet conscience, and spiritual comfort. The very sense of unworthiness, of which you complain, is the best of all possible frames of mind with which you can approach the sacred table; and there can be little doubt, that with such an abiding consciousness of unfitness about you, God will have respect to your weakness, and will bestow upon you such an additional portion of his strength, as shall effectually guard you against subsequent temptations. A particular blessing, attendant on the holy communion, is, that it strengthens us in the ways of Christ. God seems to have a peculiar care for those who have sealed their profession with this solemn office; and Christians appear to receive a portion of spiritual strength at these periods which bears them through, 'till they again meet at the holy mysteries. \* \*

"Opportunity for quiet meditation is a great blessing; I wish I knew how to appreciate its value. For you, my dear brother, be not discouraged; God sees your difficulties and will administer to your weaknesses; and if after much prayer and serious thought, you can endue yourself with the garb of humility, and kneel a trembling guest at the table of your Redeemer, content even to pick up the crumbs that fall from it, and deem them far beyond your desert; if, I say, you can go to the sacrament with these feelings, never fear but our all-blessed and benign Father will approve of your offering and will bless you accordingly. Do not, however, be hurried into the step by the representations of your friends. Go, then, only when your heart, consecrated by prayer, longs to partake of the body and blood of its Saviour, and to taste, in more near and full fruition, the fruits of redeeming love. And may God's blessing, my dear brother, attend you in it, and make it a means of confirming you in his way, and of weaning you more completely from the world, and its passing joys!" (p. 51, 53.)

We pass over the poetry, some part of which, as we have before observed, ought not to have come before the public, and none

of which is a fair specimen of the author's powers in this department of composition. Some of the poems here exhibited were very early productions, some unfinished, and probably none of them reconsidered or revised by his maturer judgment. Yet even in this collection of the refuse of his mind, passages of great vigour occasionally sparkle, and reveal by their lustre the traces of that genius which could touch nothing, however rudely or carelessly, without leaving an impression of its characteristic excellence.

The volume closes with some fragments of considerable value. They are chiefly parts or beginnings of essays which appear to have been intended for some periodical publications. They abound in excellent remark; and that which principally distinguishes them, is precisely that which is the rarest attribute of the youthful period in which they were written—great accuracy of moral tact, and a sedateness as well as penetration of the judgment which in other men is only the fruit of long, and sometimes sad experience.

We have thus with a melancholy satisfaction revisited the bowers where the memory of this sweet and holy young man still lingers, and his genius still sheds its fragrance; nor can we taste so serene and improving a pleasure without feeling due gratitude to the diligence, and, we trust, the zeal of Mr Southey; but we beseech him in future editions to condense these beautiful remains of primature wisdom, and to give us a purer concentration of the mind and heart of poor Henry Kirke White, by the prudent omission of those little careless and unfledged essays in verse, which, while they bring him unfairly before the public, serve only to dissipate the force of his grave and manly aphorisms, his spiritual ethics, and his lessons of practical prudence.

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### TALES OF THE MANOR.

*By* MRS. HOFLAND, *London*; 1822. 4 vols. 12mo. *Philad. reprinted.*

WE have long considered Mrs. Hofland to be one of the most useful writers of that species of literature denominated *Tales*. Her publications, previously to the volumes before us, were numerous; but most of them being intended chiefly for youth, are in a very unpretending form, and not singly of any magnitude,—with great variety indeed in the narrative, but a general sameness in their bearing and design. The object, however, which Mrs. Hofland seems to have proposed to herself in the works to which we allude, and which she has so happily attained, is one of a highly important and beneficial tendency. It is to demonstrate, that even in apparently the most hopeless circumstances in which the young especially can be placed, industry, good principles, and patient persevering exertion, with humble trust in Providence, will gradually and ultimately brighten the

gloom, and alleviate the pressure. The incidents of which she has availed herself to illustrate this important lesson, are generally drawn from the history of families suddenly reduced from comparative affluence to want, by events which are daily occurring in a country like this, such as commercial distress, or the death of the parent on whom the sole dependence was placed; events of which every person's observation must have supplied him with numerous instances, and those of a kind and degree requiring all the sympathy and alleviation that can possibly be administered.

In the volumes now before us, the author has taken a different and a wider range; but we have been somewhat disappointed in the *Tales* which they contain. Notwithstanding the authority which may be pleaded for the machinery which introduces and connects them, in the history of a family, the members of which occupy themselves in telling each their own story, we think, that, independently of the apparent improbability of the very old and the very young speaking a long narrative in the same well-ordered, accurate, and composite style, without let or break, the tales would have stood much better by themselves, as the professed composition of the author, headed with titles, in the manner of Miss Edgeworth's. We are farther of opinion, that such narratives should not consist merely of incidents that may or may not happen in common life; but that those incidents should always have some useful bearing, and impress some moral truths on the mind in the perusal.

The *Tales* are six in number; but whatever praise we may award to the composition, we must confess that we still desiderate the *utile* in several of them.

The first, which is the grandfather's tale, is said to be founded on fact; but the plan and detail of it are, in no small degree, unpleasant. A clergyman, the master of an academy, morose in his manners, and advanced in life, pays his addresses to, and marries, a young lady, of whom he becomes extremely jealous the moment he brings her home, and introduces her to his pupils. She falls suddenly ill, terrified by his violence—elopes—takes refuge in London—conceals her having been at the altar—is seen by, and married to, an amiable nobleman, with whom she goes abroad—has a child, which dies; she returns to England, under the pressure of her long concealed guilt, sinks into the grave, where her first husband is accidentally employed to discharge the last official duties, and to it she is shortly followed by her second.

The next, called "The Divided Lovers," is one of more variety and interest.

Amelia Daintree, the daughter of an officer in the East Indies, is brought over by him to England, after the death of her mother, and placed in a boarding-school; and he revisits the East,

with the intention of returning after some years. When she had completed her sixteenth year, she receives accounts of his death, from a friend and distant relation in the same country, who writes to his mother and sisters at Crambourne Hall, to take the orphan under their protection, her fortune being extremely limited. She is accordingly to be transferred thither; but on the way, pays a visit to a friend of the lady who was to convey her, where she and Frederic, the second grandson, who was little older than herself, form a strong mutual attachment, which is resolutely broken off by the old gentleman, on the obvious plea of its extreme imprudence on each side, situated as they were in point of fortune. In a melancholy mood, she reaches the ancient and venerable Hall of the Crambourne family.

"The heavy porch-door was opened by an old domestic, whose thin white locks contrasted not less with the sable of his dress than the ruddiness which still enlivened his high cheek-bones and careful aspect; and after making due inquiries after the health of the family, her conductress proceeded towards a room termed the hall, which was the usual sitting-room of the family, to which they advanced through a long, cold, spacious passage.

"The door opened upon a large room, wainscotted by dark oak, and floored by the same, so that the deep hue of the whole was unbroken, save by a small square patch of carpet placed in the middle for exhibition, not use. Upon a small table stood a chamber candlestick, in which was a lighted candle; and at a little distance stood two gigantic candlesticks, of massive silver and antique form, in which were placed two other candles, ready to do honour to the entrance of strangers of importance when light was wanted.

"On each side the fire, seated in arm-chairs, were the two elder ladies of the mansion, dressed in deep mourning, the make of which was totally different to any thing which had ever met Amelia's eye, save in old prints. Their hair was combed straight over high cushions, and slightly powdered, and upon these rose an awful pyramid of muslin, with two little projections of skeleton wire, called wings, in front. From the back proceeded a long kind of lappet, which not ungracefully fell down towards the shoulders, and closed under the chin, forming a kind of frame-work to faces, which, although thus displayed, were in fact younger and certainly handsomer, than many which are now regularly exhibited in gay turbans crowned with flowers, and, by the aid of rouge, made into regular beauties "of a certain age."

"Mrs. Sarah took that appellation the day she was forty-five, because her venerated mother, (whom from habit she yet called mamma,) informed her, that such was the custom of her family, and her sister Catharine had during the last winter made the same addition for the same reason. Mrs. Sarah was plump, ruddy, the picture of ease and good humour. Mrs. Kitty was tall and thin, her complexion pale, and her countenance expressive of more mind than either of her sisters, and some little sharpness which they were free from; for Miss Bab was in every respect like her eldest sister, except being more than ten years her junior, and that, from being always the youngest of her family, both them and herself concluded she was therefore *actually* young, and would always remain so.

"Nothing could exceed the sincere kindness with which the young stranger was received by these truly respectable women, but it was expressed in words which to Amelia appeared quaint and formal; and, although their language was correct, the accent of their neighbourhood struck on her unaccustomed ear as uncouth; and, with the usual precipitancy of youth, she immediately concluded, that she never could be happy in such a dismal house, with such a group of stiff old maids."



The quiet and useful lives of these excellent persons, even under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties and family distress, are well contrasted with the selfish and enervating sorrow of Amelia, who is at last roused to more energy, and learns to derive comfort from exertion and self-denial. Mr. Cranbourne, her father's friend, an accomplished and excellent character, returns from India; after a little time obtains her hand, she having received the intelligence of the marriage of her lover; lives a few years, and leaves her a young and well endowed widow.

On a journey to London to arrange her affairs, she meets with Frederic, who is now a widower; and with the approbation of all parties, is united to him in marriage; a situation in which both, matured by wisdom and experience, with juster views of life, exhibit an excellent conduct, alike productive of happiness to themselves and the circle connected with them.

The third in order, "The Partial Mother," is a long tale; and while it depicts, in a lively manner, the mean practices of those who endeavour to aggrandize themselves by attempting an equality in equipage, dress, and entertainments, with the ranks far above them, at the expense of comfort, of truth, and domestic enjoyments, shows also most powerfully the extreme folly of the attempt, and the bitter disappointment in which it invariably terminates. This is a lesson, which, we think, cannot be too often inculcated in such a country as our own, where the gradations of society are so fine, and almost imperceptible, and the temptation to vie with superior station is often so powerful. On this account, although there is considerable similarity in this tale to Miss Edgeworth's *Manœuvring, Patronage*, and "*Out of Debt out of Danger*," we do not make any objection to it, or think its interest diminished.

Mrs. Stanly, a London lady, becomes the wife of a respectable banker in a considerable country town, whose circumstances, though rather limited, are comfortable. After she had been once introduced, and ceased to be noticed, she resolved on forming high connections by splendid entertainments, to the great uneasiness of her husband.

"In pursuing this end, she was obliged to conceal the real state of her housekeeping expenses from her husband; to get credit from every description of persons who would give it; stoop to the meanest arts; and enter into the lowest employments. All this she accomplished with a facility and adroitness, which, in a better cause, would have been as truly admirable as they were now despicable and deplorable.

"To keep up a great appearance with a narrow income, does indeed require extraordinary powers of body and mind. The researches of a naturalist, and the labours of the meanest drudge, bear no comparison with those of the mistress of a house, who has to contrive, coax, scold, smile, entertain, and tremble. Mrs. Stanley encumbered herself with all this pernicious trouble, in a situation naturally easy in all its demands; being alike above the cares of poverty, and below those of rank, and demanding only those of prudence

rendered easy by affection. In order to save money for her extra expenses, she engaged awkward, unqualified servants, at low wages, who might be induced to endure her meagre diet, (since all her feasts were preludes to fasts) in the hope of gaining recommendation to better places. Their perpetual blunders and wasteful ignorance at once defeated her purpose and tormented her existence. With her tradesmen she was still more annoyed; for the long credit she exacted, compelled her to oblige them by taking articles she could not approve, and to purchase real necessities at an exorbitant price. Thus, in order to obtain mere sufferance from those above her, she submitted to daily insult and actual injury from those below her, being ever in terror lest they should address complaints to her husband, which could not fail to bring upon her the reproach she was conscious of deserving.

“Such are the charming agonies of pride!”

She had two daughters, the eldest a beautiful child, who awakened a new expectation of aggrandizement in the mother, and became accordingly the great object of attention and training for this end; the other being plain in appearance, was not only disliked and neglected, but made to do menial drudgery in attendance on both. The eldest brother of Mr. Stanley, a respectable country gentleman in Wales, interferes in his behalf to save him from a course of domestic mismanagement, but with little success against his wife. He takes home on a visit to Woodbridge Glen, Lucy, the second daughter, whose character develops successfully under the fostering care of her cousin.

Julia, the eldest daughter of the Banker, is prematurely pushed into public life, by her ambitious and cold-hearted mother, perfected in all those accomplishments which fascinate in the drawing-room and the assembly, and trained to practise every art to secure a fashionable, or at least a wealthy husband; but after years spent in this fruitless pursuit, Julia, who too often mars her own fortune, by renouncing what was in her power, in her over-anxiety to grasp at more than was within her reach, at last dies, worn out with disappointment and disgrace, unlamented and unloved.

Our limits do not allow of our giving a more particular abstract of this tale, to which we must therefore refer our readers. One or two extracts may amuse. The following is a specimen of the arguments of Mrs. Stanley in favour of being allowed a carriage by her husband:

“Mrs. Stanley never failed to observe, that she could save a carriage in her house-keeping twice-over; besides, what was the use of saving money? Must not every body see that Julia was a fortune in herself? she had not only beauty that was irresistible, but she was clever and prudent beyond example. Who ever caught her idling away her time with a novel in her hand, like almost every other girl of her age? No! she was too obedient to her dear father's wishes, to indulge in such folly: she was constantly employed either in brushing her hair, contriving her dresses for the evening, or singing before the glass.

“‘Singing before the glass!’

“‘Certainly, my dear; I insisted upon it; otherwise, depend upon it, she would have spoiled all her features. How many of our fine singers open their mouths like church-doors, or gasp like dying carp! so that looking upon them

destroys the charm of hearing them; which is never the case with Julia. But, indeed, I never neglected her in any thing: I made her practise crying, also, in a graceful manner, above a week before Mrs. Siddons came down; and I will say this for her, (though she forgot herself on *that* occasion, because her heart was touched,) that she will become a carriage as well as Lady Arrowby herself.'?"

Julia succeeds her sister on a visit to the excellent family of Woodbridge Glen. On returning from church, her aunt asked her how she liked the curate.

"Very much, indeed, ma'am.

"I thought you did,' observed her uncle; 'indeed it was scarcely possible that you should not do so: we see a good deal of him at our house.

"I am very glad of it, for I should like to be acquainted with him. I mean, I should like to be intimate enough to ask him something I wish to know very much.'

"Mary, who had been perfectly silent, now looked earnestly in Julia's face; she even half opened her mouth, but, struck with the impropriety of making an inquiry which could only relate to the most awful and delicate subject, she shrunk back, blushing deeply. Julia had, however, read the question in her eyes, and, having no motive for concealment, answered ingenuously—

"He has the whitest teeth I ever saw: it was, indeed, for them that I liked him so much. I want to know if he uses pearl dentifrice, or what else; one could not ask him with propriety, you know, till one is quite free with him. I know many people that would not do you such a favour for the world, but if he is only a curate, he ought to be obliging.'

"Mr. Stanley looked at his niece, in the beginning of this speech, as if she were an idiot, but at its conclusion, as if she were something far worse; but the full persuasion, either that she was too foolish for him to do her any good, or that she was not worth the effort, kept him silent, but he gave a deeper sigh than ever to the memory of his brother."

In expectation at one time of being married to an officer, Julia makes the following reflections:

"An officer's wife has not a settled home; but then, every person when they visit her make allowances; and she has always a showy room, you know, Mamma?"

"Very true, my love,' said the mother, thankful for a single word in a civil tone.

"She may have difficulty in getting money sometimes, but then, I suppose, they get credit some way.'

"I suppose so.'

"'Tis true, she parts with her husband, which is a monstrous misfortune, according to Mrs. James's idea, but I don't think much of *that*—all the rest of the officers pay her the greatest attention; she is always surrounded by gaiety of one sort or other.'

"Mrs. Stanley replied by a deep sigh.

"I see what you are thinking of; but if he gets killed, you know she has a pension; and nothing can be more interesting than an officer's widow, if she is young and handsome. Don't you remember how every body ran after Mrs. —, and how well she is now married? Who thought any thing about her when she was Emma Williams?"

"Julia now roused herself, though silently, to seek an old bonnet which her mother wore in the first days of her widowhood: she tried it on again and again, for it was not easy to render it becoming; but at length she so modelled it that it apparently gave her the most perfect satisfaction."

The following story relates to the return of a member of an

ancient Welsh family, after an absence of 35 years, with a detail of his various sufferings and adventures.

The next, entitled "The Wife and the Mother," we think the best managed of the whole, both in respect of the descriptions of the characters introduced, and the great moral lesson inculcated, of the essential importance, independently of higher principles, of good temper, perfect confidence, and mutual forbearance, to the happiness of matrimonial life.

Mr. and Mrs. Walsingham, whose first acquaintance and subsequent marriage are well described, appeared to possess every thing humanly speaking, to insure comfort in life. But Mrs. Walsingham had a peculiar temper, that was not satisfied without engrossing the entire and undivided idolatry of the person whom she loved, and whom she wished to govern. The mother of Mr. Walsingham, a lady of excellent sense and disposition, to whom he was deservedly much attached, became, although she paid the greatest attention to her daughter-in-law, the subject of the first dispute. This feeling, which had for some time been brooding in the mind of Mrs. Walsingham, junior, at last broke out.

"The affectionate son placed his mother in the carriage, and returned with good wishes for her journey, mingled with praises on his lips, and among similar observations, concluded by saying, 'There never was a more generous and considerate woman, there is not a particle of selfishness in her composition.'

"Pray, Mr. Walsingham, do you mean to call me selfish? you are the first person that ever said that of me, I am certain," observed his lady.

"You, Maria? you astonish me, I never said or thought such a thing for a moment."

"By *implication* you undoubtedly did, Mr. Walsingham, and for my own part, I prefer plain speaking to any *innuendo*. You may call me *selfish*, if you please, but you shall never tax me with *insincerity*; I leave that to others, whom *time* and *practice* have rendered perfect in dissimulation."

"Walsingham protested (and truly) 'that he was astonished! that he had never thought of accusation on any account;' but his surprise was evidently not untinctured with anger, as he added, 'I never use *innuendo*, Maria, nor do I wish to hear it; I am as much a friend to plain speaking as yourself.'

"That is singular in a lawyer; I never remember to have heard or read of one, who possessed the quaker-like qualities of his 'yea being yea,' or his 'nay, nay;' but I believe many have found to their sorrow, that the rest of the verse applied to lawyers pretty closely."

"This may be *wit*, Mrs. Walsingham, but really—"

"Call it what you please, I am, at least, not selfish; I give it freely, such as it is; but am well aware, that as 'rich gifts wax poor, when givers' love grows cold,' so my poor gifts wax rich, if I may judge from the glow on your countenance."

"Maria," said Walsingham, rising, with an air of dignity, "if all this malignant badinage (for I can give it no other term) arises from my praising a mother of whom I am justly proud, and whose conduct to you demands a very different return, I shall only say, that you are taking the direct way to render me what I have never yet been, too partial to her society, from the contrast it exhibits to your own."

"Sir, you might have spared me this; you had no need to tell me how

infinitely you preferred her to me ; I have seen enough, and suffered enough, during the short period of our union, to be spared this new insult.'

" ' You are determined to misconstrue every word I utter. You see me affected at parting with my mother, I grant, but by no means in a manner that interferes with my love for you ; and I must say, that I should rather have expected your particular sympathy, than your anger from such a cause ; we are both only children—have been both nurtured with the tenderest indulgence—both—'

" ' Go on, Sir, go on, tear my heart to pieces ; remind me of my poor mother, of my irretrievable loss—of that one, *one* human being, who really loved me, and left me brotherless, friendless in the wide world.'

" Maria, affected by the picture she had drawn, or actually reminded of her mother, and of all that mother had suffered from similar scenes, burst into a flood of tears ; she wept long and passionately, but at length becoming sensible that all around her was very still, she withdrew her handkerchief, and to her surprise and utter consternation, perceived that Walsingham had left the room."

She soon repented of her violence, being afraid she had gone too far ; but at their first meeting, which was the turning point of their subsequent comfort—he having expressed himself with kindness, she withheld the confession of error she had intended to make, and from that time assumed the power over him which interfered so directly with his peace and respectability—" yielding to the temptation of indulging frequently in those quarrels which may be, according to the proverb, the renewal of love to lovers," but are inevitably its destroyer in married life, where its phoenix-like powers are more questionable.

For the management of the incidents illustrative of the moral of the tale, and the denouement of reciprocal confessions and explanation which restore the parties to peace and happiness, we must refer to the work.

The last is a terrible, and really distressing example of " A Stricken Conscience," in the history of a person who had been accessory to the deaths of more than one connection who stood in the way of his projects. It is powerfully managed ; but the subject itself is so disagreeable, that we think the author might have successfully substituted for it some other topic of moral illustration, more useful, more suited to her genius, and vastly more acceptable to her readers.

The sketch we have given of these tales, will, in some degree, enable our readers to appreciate their merits. We confess that we were prepared, from Mrs. Hofland's previous works, to expect of something of still higher interest throughout, than these volumes, able as they are, contain, for although we have understood that many of the stories claim the merit of being founded in fact, yet we must repeat the remark we have already made, that it is of no use to give to the world the incidents of life, however well described, unless they really " point a moral," as well as " adorn a tale."

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZOOLOGY\*

Dr. Fleming's work is divided into four parts. The first is of all that belongs to animal life in its widest sense; the second on the method of investigating their characters; the third on systems and nomenclature; and the fourth on classification.

After some chapters of general remarks on organized beings and their distinguishing characters; or the distinctions between animals and vegetables, and on the mutual dependence of what are called the three kingdoms of nature, he proceeds to that which belongs exclusively to the branch which he has undertaken to illustrate. Thus he examines the ultimate or chemical elements of animals, their distinct systems or functions, namely, the digestive, circulating, nervous, sensitive, secretory, reproductive, muscular, osseous, and cutaneous, together with their metaphysical or mental faculties. Their duration, distribution, and uses, form another leading object of inquiry. We need not enumerate the details included under the other three parts into which the remainder of his work is divided.

As we cannot pretend to follow him through the vast mass of useful matter which his reading and industry have accumulated, and as we need not be anxious to analyse a work which will shortly be in the hands of every one interested in this subject, we must content ourselves with little more than the selection of a few parts, as specimens of the author's ability and manner. We should have preferred selecting what is more peculiarly his own, because every thing which he thinks or writes is marked by strong simple good sense and clear conceptions. But the very nature of his work precludes it, and our readers must be contented to see that what he has read he has well considered and thoroughly appropriated; analysing and rebuilding rather than compiling; thinking for himself, and discriminating, wherever these were necessary, and doing well a duty which rarely indeed falls into such hands. As critics, we ought, according to ordinary usage, to look for faults, but, in truth, we find that task so laborious here, that we are glad of an excuse to avoid it.

Dr Fleming's rectitude of mind, we will say, not his sacred profession, had naturally and properly led him to trace in every thing the HAND that made all and upholds all. We have heard it said, and it may be true, that this intrudes itself too often in some modern works on natural history, and that it too often carries with it an air of canting, and consequently of insincerity. Paley, writing professedly for that very object, taught a better taste—a taste arising from a strong and sincere mind. Dr. Fleming's own feelings have proved to him as safe a guide, and, in ex-

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\* *The Philosophy of Zoology; or a General view of the Structure, Functions, and Classification of Animals.* By John Fleming, D. D. &c. &c. In two vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1832.

pressing our approbation, we also respect the liberality and courage that fears not to admit such a passage as this.

"Is the generation of organized beings, simultaneous or successive? Have they all been created at once: but in the progress of time so modified by the influence of external agents as now to appear under different forms? Or have they been called into being at different periods, according as the state of the earth became suitable for their reception? The latter supposition is countenanced by many geological documents."

From such characters we hail with pleasure passages like this; from such they can produce no harm, and must produce good; convinced as we are, that the more creation is studied and the more it is known, the more will it redound to the glory of its Creator and Preserver. Truth knows no fears. There was a time when we were not allowed to read in the Book of Revelation. They are the same vain fears that would exclude us from a free examination from the great Book of Nature. We have said that Dr. Fleming thinks for himself on the subjects which he has brought before us. We take the first passage that occurs on opening the book, not because of the passage itself, but for the example which it holds out to the herd, who, when they have brought together extracts from a thousand authors, think that they have written a book.

"Some have attempted to insinuate, that plants can live on inorganic matter, while animals can be supported only on that which is or has been organized matter, either of a vegetable or animal nature. A moment's reflection, however, on the similarity between the elementary substances, of which all organized bodies are composed, will not fail to induce us to assign to them a common origin. All the larger animals feed on the remains of animals and vegetables, while the plants feed on the juices of the soil. But we are utterly ignorant of the particular state of combination, in which the atoms of the nourishing substances may be in, at the time of the absorption by animals or plants. We know that, upon being absorbed, they enter into combinations depending on the living principle; but where is the proof that animals can form new combinations only from those bodies already in *living union*? The Cheese Mite and the Blue Mould, are both supported by the same food; and the observation applies to many dung-beetles and mushrooms. How many plants and animals appear to subsist on water only!"

We only wish that he had here pursued a subject which, if our limits had allowed, we would willingly have examined ourselves.

We are sure that he could have treated it ably, and, if we have a fault to find with him, it is that he is too sparing, unconscious possibly, of his own knowledge.

The following criticism on Linnæus is equally just.

"Linnæus from the contemplation of this subject, contended, contrary to the generally received opinion, that animals were created on account of plants, not plants on account of animals. The defence of this opinion rests on the consideration of animals having organs suited to cut and bruise vegetables as food, and by these operations, sometimes contributing to preserve an equal proportion among the species; and, on the following reason, that the iron was not made for the hammer, but the hammer for the iron; the ground not for the plough, but the plough for the ground; the meadow not for the scythe, but the scythe for the meadow. The exclusive consideration of the indirect consequences of the actions of animals has obviously betrayed LINNÆUS into

this opinion. That it is erroneous may be easily demonstrated by the employment of his own method of reasoning. Plants, we know, are furnished with roots to penetrate the soil for nourishment and support; and fishes have fins adapted for swimming. Now, if the soil was not made for plants, but plants for the soil; if the sea was not made for fish, but fish for the sea; then, instead of considering animals as created on account of plants, we must draw the mortifying conclusion, that both animals and vegetables were created on account of inorganic matter; the living for the sake of the dead."

On the subject of vision, we would suggest to Dr. Fleming, that many of the marine invertebrate animals which have no organs of vision, have the power of distinguishing light at least. We do not know in whose hands the experiments still wanting to illustrate this subject could better be placed, and therefore we have mentioned it. We have observed it very distinctly in some *Beroes*, and, we are pretty confident, also in some *Medusæ*. We will not name some other marine animals of smaller bulk and of anatomy less understood, in which we think that we have found the same property, because we are not so sure that they may not possess specific organs of vision. The experiments are easily tried; and we think we can perceive a purpose to be served by this property in these tribes, when we recollect that they have all the power of giving light, and that this power is also under the influence of the will. But we only throw this out as a hint to one whose opportunities and pursuits will allow him to profit by it more than we can ourselves. We have even tried to persuade ourselves that some of them have the sense of hearing, but we are less satisfied with our own experiments on this subject. Our physiological readers will not be startled at these suggestions, when we only stipulate for simple and unmodified impressions—abstract light and abstract sound—since a delicate diffused nervous organ is sufficient for these purposes. The organs of vision and hearing are constructed to modify these to the ends designed. We do not believe that Miss M'Fvoy could see with her fingers; and we doubt, moreover, that any blind man ever felt colours; but when we recollect the extreme sensibility that the imperfect animals often show to atmospheric changes, it cannot be doubted that such a susceptibility might render them sensible of impressions which are in their nature much stronger.

Dr. Fleming has laboured the chapter on the Faculties of the Mind more successfully than any preceding author, as it relates to the comparison of those of animals with man. We would willingly have made extracts from it, but we know not where to choose. It is a very long article, and yet we are so unreasonable as to wish it longer. But it is presumptuous thus to attempt to dictate to an author, who must always have considered his subject in many more lights than his readers can do, and who, we are sensible, must maintain some proportion among the parts of his subject; to say nothing of the absolute limit which must circumscribe his whole work. Still, it is one of the most interesting



branches of his undertaking, and one, we may add, which has been worse treated of, and produced more nonsense, than any other. That he has thoroughly considered it, is apparent; and all we would ask is more illustration, were this compatible with his own views of the structure of his book. We may be wrong; but we here think him guilty again of the same fault we remarked before—that of laying too little stress on his own more peculiar and proper share of the work. Were we to judge, we would rather resign a portion of the general metaphysics, if we must give up something, to have more of that which belongs more exclusively to the inferior animals: more, if possible, of Dr. Fleming, and less of Reid, and Stewart, and Locke. We are quite sure that it is in him: we only wish it out.

But our duty calls us elsewhere. We make little scruple of passing over the general physiology, not because it is not excellent in its kind, but because it is less interesting to our ordinary readers.

We are glad to see that Dr. Fleming has entered his protest against an absurd doctrine, which is referred to Mr. Knight, and which has excited more fears and more talk among gardeners and old women than it merited. We have rarely seen a piece of philosophy spread through the ranks of the vulgar with more rapidity; and in vain was Hudibras turned loose against it. We make no scruple in extracting the greater part of this passage, though somewhat long, that we may assist, at least, in calming the fears entertained about golden pippins and such like matters.

“Many respectable botanists and horticulturists of the present day appear to regard all plants produced from cuttings, layers, roots, or buds, as *extensions* merely of those plants to which they originally belonged, and as being influenced, in reference to their duration, by circumstances different from those which regulate the continuance of plants obtained immediately from the germination of the seed. MARSHALL, in his *Rural Economy of Gloucestershire*, published 1789, vol. ii. p. 239, remarks. ‘Engrafted fruits are not permanent, they continue but for a time.’ KNIGHT, in his *Treatise on the Culture of the Apple and Pear*, p. 6. has followed up the same idea, when he says, ‘The continuance of every variety appears to be confined to a certain period, during the early part of which only it can be propagated with advantage to the planter.’ BUCKNALL carries these views still farther: *Trans. Soc. En. Arts*, vol. xvii. p. 268. ‘When the *first stock* shall, by mere dint of old age, fall into actual decay, a nihility of vegetation, the *descendants*, however young, or in whatever situations they may be, will gradually decline; and for that time it would become imprudent, in point of profit, to attempt propagating that variety from any of them.’ From these statements, Sir James E. Smith, *Introd. Bot.* p. 138, 139. seems to consider it as established, that propagation by seeds is the only true reproduction of plants.’

“The sympathy which is here considered as prevailing between the parent stock and its extensions or descendants, or the dependence of the life of the latter on the duration of that of the former, the basis of this opinion, is not only unsupported by proof, but is directly at variance with a multitude of common occurrences.

“The wall-flower and sweet-william plants, whose natural term of life

rarely extends beyond two years, or until all the branches flower once, may be continued for many years, by being propagated by means of cuttings of the slips. Even the annual stem of the Scarlet *Lychnis*, may be converted into separate plants of many years duration. If the existence of this dependence of the plants derived from cuttings, or the life of the parent plant from which they were taken, can thus be disproved in those species on which we can most easily make accurate observations, it must appear unphilosophical to believe, that it exists in those which outlive us by many centuries, and the laws of whose duration, therefore, have not yet been determined.

"The distinction between propagation by seed and extension by cuttings, if restricted to the manner of multiplying plants, may be harmless in science, and in horticulture useful; but when it includes an expression of a law of vegetable life, of difference in the products, as if the plants obtained by the former method enjoyed an individuality distinct in its nature from the results of the latter, we are disposed to conclude that it is a distinction which has been incautiously adopted, and which is apt to mislead.

"That many of the valuable cider and perry fruits of the seventeenth century have already disappeared—parents and extensions—and that some of our present fruits are gradually wearing into decay, are facts which have been satisfactorily established. But in order to account for these extinctions, it is not necessary to admit, that all cuttings are limited in their duration to the term of life of the parent from which they have been taken. The whole phenomena seem simply to intimate, that extensions from a *diseased parent* are, in many cases, diseased likewise, and that the skill and industry of the horticulturist cannot restore such to a healthy state.

"To have combated the assertion, that *propagation by seeds is the only true reproduction of plants*, would have been unnecessary, had it not been made by a deservedly celebrated botanist, whose authority, however, is much greater in systematical than in physiological botany. That method of reproduction in plants must surely be regarded as genuine, which is employed by Nature, uniformly and extensively."

Our readers all know that marine or aquatic animals, like those which live in air, require and consume oxygen. Where this has been destroyed by their respiration, it is well remarked how that the gass which they give out in return exercise a deleterious influence on themselves, as happens in the air-breathing animals.

"To these circumstances may be referred the difficulty of preserving many fishes, or mollusca, in glass jars, or small ponds; as a great deal of the oxygen contained in the water is necessarily consumed by the germination and growth of the aquatic cryptogamia, and the respiration of the infusory animalculæ."

These facts are well known to naturalists, but the circumstances are very variable. The French, in the Mediterranean, remarked, that some *Medusæ* died in confinement, even more quickly than fishes. We have sometimes observed the same; yet we have also kept a large *Beroë* for thirty-six hours in a glass, where it had little room to do more than move. The *Salpa* has died with us in a very short time; and Dr. Fleming has found it to live for twenty-four hours in the same quantity of water. We do not pretend to explain these differences. That the vitality of some of these creatures is of an extraordinary character, will not surprise naturalists. We have seen the

longer Vibrios dead, and dissolving at one extremity, while the other was alive. That species which resides in vinegar, well known to all by the name of Eels, will bear the application of cold, even to freezing, and, of alcohol, without injury.

There is a singular and wise analogy between the power which the human animal possesses of generating a poisonous and contagious matter, when many are confined together even in a state of health, and that which occurs in various classes of animals. Whether these sweeping diseases in animals, of which so many are well known, are contagious, or simply epidemic, we have not often the means of knowing.

"In all cases, when the air of the atmosphere, or that which the water contains, is impregnated with noxious particles, many individuals of a particular species, living in the same district, suffer at the same time. The disease which is thus at first endemic, or local, may, by being contagious, extend its ravages to other districts. The endemical and epidemical diseases which attack horses, sheep, and cows, obtain, in this country, the name of *murrain*, sometimes also *the distemper*. The general term, however, for the pestilential diseases with which these and other animals are infected, is *Epizooty*, (from *ἐπί*, upon, and *ζῷον*, an animal.) The ravages which have been committed among the domesticated animals, at various times, in Europe, by epizooties, have been detailed by a variety of authors. Horses, sheep, cows, swine, poultry, fish, have all been subject to such attacks; and it has frequently happened that the circumstances which have produced the disease in one species, have likewise exercised a similar influence over others.

This is a very curious and highly interesting subject. We have had many distinct treatises on many parts of it; but it is much to be desired that some capable person would give us a complete view of all that is known, or that may be inferred, from a rational analogy. The whole history of animal medicine, indeed, is in a most disgraceful state. We would willingly spare an hundred of the medical books that are published to no purpose every year, for one good essay on this subject. The very economical value of such an investigation ought to be in itself a sufficient stimulus, abstracted from all views of mere science. The horse, alone, has met with the attention he deserves; and if he is not yet rescued from the fangs of grooms and coachmen, some valuable progress has been made. Every man is, however, still his own cow-doctor; and when our sheep are dying by hundreds and thousands of the rot, and the braxy, and the sturdies, we are content to take it all for granted as necessary, or to have recourse to nostrums that would disgrace the worst of our most ancient pharmacopœias.

The change of the colour of some birds and other animals from their summer to their winter dress, had been completely misapprehended till it was illustrated and explained by Dr. Fleming; and we shall preferably, therefore, select the most important passages that relate to it. Our author remarks, that it is the popular opinion that the Alpine hare and the ermine, which undergo this change, cast their hair twice in the year. To that he

answers, that, in examining the human hair when it grows grey, the change of colour is to be found in the same hair, not in a new one.

"But as analogy is a dangrous instrument of investigation in those departments of knowledge which ultimately rest on experiment or observation, so we are not disposed to lay much stress on the preceding argument which it has furnished. The appearances exhibited by a specimen of the ermine now before us, are more satisfactory and convincing. It was shot on the 9th May, (1814,) in a garb intermediate between its winter and summer dress. In the belly, and all the under parts, the white colour had nearly disappeared, in exchange for the primrose-yellow, the ordinary tinge of those parts in summer. The upper parts had not fully acquired their ordinary summer colour, which is a deep yellowish-brown. There were still several white spots, and not a few with a tinge of yellow. Upon examining those white and yellow spots, not a trace of interspersed new short brown hair could be discerned. This would certainly not have been the case, if the change of colour is effected by a change of fur. Besides, while some parts of the fur on the back had acquired their proper colour, even in those parts numerous hairs could be observed of a wax-yellow, and in all the intermediate stages from yellowish-brown, through yellow to white.

"These observations leave little room to doubt that the change of colour takes place in the old hair, and that the change from white to brown passes through yellow. If this conclusion is not admitted, then we must suppose that this animal casts its hair at least seven times in the year. In spring, it must produce primrose-yellow hair; then hair of a wax-yellow; and, lastly, of a yellowish-brown. The same process must be gone through in autumn, only reversed, and with the addition of a suit of white. The absurdity of this supposition is too apparent to be further exposed."

The same cause operates in birds.

"The young ptarmigans are mottled in their first plumage, similar to their parents. They become white in winter, and again mottled in spring. These young birds, provided the change of colour is effected by moulting, must produce three different coverings of feathers in the course of ten months. This is a waste of vital energy, which we do not suppose any bird in its wild state capable of sustaining; as moulting is the most debilitating process which they undergo. In other birds of full age, two moultings must be necessary. In these changes, the range of colour is from blackish-grey, through grey, to white,—an arrangement so nearly resembling that which prevails in the ermine, that we are disposed to consider the change of colour to take place in the old feathers, and not by the growth of new plumage; this change of colour being independent of the ordinary annual moultings of the birds.

"Independent of the support from analogy which the ermine furnishes, we may observe, that the colours of other parts of a bird vary according to the season. This is frequently observable in the feet, legs, and bill. Now, since a change takes place in the colouring secretions of these organs, what prevents us from supposing that similar changes take place in the feathers? But even in the case of birds, we have before us an example as convincing as the ermine already mentioned. It is a specimen of the little auk, (*Alca alle*,) which was shot in Zetland in the end of February, 1810. The chin is still in its winter dress of white, but the feathers on the lower parts of the throat have assumed a dusky hue. Both the shafts and webs have become of a blackish-grey colour at the base and in the centre, while the extremities of both still continue white. The change from black to white is here effected by passing through grey. If we suppose that in this bird the changes of the colour of the plumage are accomplished by moulting, or a change of feathers, we must admit the existence of three such moultings in the course of

the year, one by which the white winter dress is produced, another for the dusky spring dress, and a third for the black garb of summer. It is surely unnecessary to point out any other examples in support of our opinion on this subject. We have followed nature, and our conclusions appear to be justified by the appearances which we have described."

The migrations of animals, and particularly those of birds, form one of the most curious facts of their natural history. Our author has left untouched the difficult question that respects the instinct or intelligence by which they direct their flight to far distant countries, farther than as he has noticed it in his general chapter on the faculties of animals. This singular faculty, be it what it may, we see exerted every day by sea birds in fogs, and very remarkably in Shetland by the native horses under similar circumstances. It is no matter how circuitous may be the road by which they have left home, or how new the ground—to that point they steer infallibly. The story of King James's cow is well known. A dog carried by sea from its native place in Cornwall to London, being lost in Wapping, returned to Penzance by land, occupying a month in the journey. Another dog had been carried across the river, ten miles below London, returned home by land the same night, through ways he had never seen before. This is Gall's organ of geography; but our author, whose dealings are in facts, appears to pay little regard to his system.

The migrations of birds are practically interesting to us. It is not to naturalists alone that they ought to be objects of curiosity. They bring us music in the nightingale, and food and luxury in the woodcock and the whole tribe of ducks. In the swallow, they serve to rid us of our summer torments. We extract the following parts as most generally interesting.

"The swallow, about whose migrations so many idle stories have been propagated and believed, departs from Scotland about the end of September, and from England about the middle of October. In the latter month, Mr. ADANSON observed them on the shores of Africa after their migrations from Europe. He informs us, however, that they do not build their nests in that country, but only come to spend the winter. M. PALLON has not only confirmed the observations of ADANSON, in reference to swallows, but has stated, at the same time, that the yellow and grey wagtails visit Senegal at the beginning of winter. The former (*Motacilla flava*) is well known as one of our summer visitants. The nightingale departs from England about the beginning of October, and from the other parts of Europe about the same period. During the winter season, it is found in abundance in Lower Egypt, among the thickest coverts, in different parts of the Delta. These birds do not breed in that country, and to the inhabitants are merely winter birds of passage. They arrive in autumn, and depart in spring, and at the time of migration are plentiful in the islands of the Archipelago. The quail is another of our summer guests which has been traced to Africa. A few, indeed, brave the winters of England; and in Portugal they appear to be stationary. But in general they leave this country in autumn, and return in spring. They migrate about the same time from the eastern parts of the Continent of Europe, and visit and revisit in their migrations the shores of the Mediterranean, Sicily, and the Islands of the Archipelago."

"These facts and many others of a similar nature which might have been stated, enable us to draw the conclusion that our summer birds of passage, come to us from southern countries, and after remaining during the warm season, return again to milder regions. A few of our summer visitants may winter in Spain or Portugal: but it appears that in general they migrate to Africa, that unexplored country, possessing every variety of surface, and consequently great diversity of climate. It is true that we are unacquainted with the winter retreats of many of our summer birds of passage, particularly of small birds; but as these arrive and depart under similar circumstances with those whose migration is ascertained, and as the operations which they perform during their residence with us are also similar, we have a right to conclude that they are subject to the same laws, and execute the same movements. What gives weight to this opinion is, the absence of all proof of a summer bird of passage retiring to the north during the winter season."

"The snow-bunting, (*Emberiza nivalis*), which is among the smallest of our winter guests, retires to the hoary mountains of Spitzbergen, Greenland, and Lapland, and there executes the purposes of incubation, making its nest in fissures of the rocks. In these countries it is, therefore, a summer visitant, as it retires southward in autumn, to spend the winter in more temperate regions. To the sea-coasts of the same countries, the little auk (*Alca alle*), and the black-billed auk, (*Alca pica*), repair for similar purposes as the snow-flake. The woodcock winters with us, but retires in the spring to Sweden, Norway, and Lapland.

"The fieldfare and the redwing resemble the woodcock in their migrations; depart at the same season, and retire for similar purposes to the same countries.

"These instances may suffice to support the conclusion, that all our winter birds of passage come from northern countries; and that the winter visitants of the south of Europe become the summer visitants of its northern regions. This is evidently an arrangement depending on the same law by which the African winter visitants become the summer birds of passage in Europe. In support of this conclusion it may be mentioned, that, in their progress southward, the winter visitants appear first in the northern and eastern parts of the island, and gradually proceed to the southward and westward. Thus the snow-bunting arrives in the Orkney Islands about the end of August, and often proves destructive to the corn-fields. It then passes into the mainland of Scotland, and is seldom seen in the Lothians, even in the high grounds, before November. In like manner, the woodcock, which crosses the German Ocean, is first observed on the eastern side of the island, and then, by degrees disperses towards the west and south."

And again,

"Movements depending on the same circumstances, in all probability, take place on the other side of the equator, towards the south pole. The Cape swallow (*Hirundo capensis*), according to the observations of Captain CARMICHAEL, arrives at the southern extremity of Africa in the month of September, the commencement of the summer of that district, and departs again in March or April, on the approach of winter. Reasoning from the analogies of the north pole migrations, we may conclude, that this species of swallow resides the remaining part of the year near the equator, and that its north polar migrations extend to the Cape of Good Hope."

The rapidity of the flight of birds is essential to these migrations. If the Swift could maintain its flight at the rate which Spallanzani computes, it might make the circuit of the globe in four days. The ordinary flight of the Albatross at sea would perform the same journey in a week.

From the chapter on the Characters of Animals, we will bor-

row the following short passage, as peculiarly worthy the attention of naturalists.

"So much attention is required, in executing drawings of animals, to the minute peculiarities of form, that even an experienced artist is apt to overlook the most essential characters. The closest inspection of the drawings should, therefore, be practised by the eye that has regulated the investigation. The young zoologist ought to study the art of drawing himself, by which his progress would be greatly facilitated, and more accurate results obtained."

We know not, indeed, how a naturalist can perform his "functions" without this most necessary art. There are a thousand things which no language can render intelligible, in every department of natural history, and where three or four lines are more valuable than as many pages of letter press, which, when it is even best done, leaves room for endless conjectures, errors, and disputes. Many animals, and particularly the imperfect, a lower order of aquatic ones, cannot be preserved. As little can they be described; so that if not drawn they are lost. A good drawing is here the only specimen we can have. It is to the general ignorance of naturalists in this necessary art, that we chiefly attribute the ignorance in which we still remain respecting these numerous tribes, and more particularly the more minute ones. All the seas of the globe have been ploughed over by naturalists without number, yet our acquaintance with these creatures is still so limited, that there have not been so many described for the whole world as are found on our own shores.

It is in vain to say that a professional artist can supply this deficiency. In the first place, such a person is not easily accessible. But though he were at hand, it is not in the power of any artist, be his talents what they may, to give a just representation of objects with the nature of which he is unacquainted. We might appeal, were it necessary, to the experience of every naturalist on this subject. There are things which the ignorant eye either cannot see truly, or does not see at all, or which, if it sees, it knows not how to value. The judgment and experience, previous knowledge, in short, are here as requisite as the talent of imitation. We can appeal to artists themselves on this subject, and in one of their own daily departments. The eye sees, or imagines that it sees, all the florid details of Gothic architecture. Yet every day's experience shows, that without previous architectural knowledge, it is unable to represent these details. It is in vain for any human eye to attempt to delineate the intricate soffits of a Saxon arch; it cannot, indeed, give the far simpler character and expression to a crocket or a finial, unless it is also at the same time to furnish a mason with a working pattern. Our artists have not forgotten what such drawings were in the days of Hearne. They see what they are in the hands of Mackenzie. If it was Turner who taught him and his present rivals to give air, and colour, and effect to their buildings, it is to Old

9. Carter that they are indebted for the foundation. But they now know all this well. They may equally be convinced that the case of natural history is no less hopeless without the same previous minute instruction.

But we are inclined to carry our system a step farther. We believe that no man who is unable to draw, has acquired the true use of his eyes. He may fancy that he knows the form of a tree or a horse, but there is nothing definite in that knowledge. Painters will confirm this. It is he alone who is accustomed to see for the purposes of drawing,—who is in the habit of practising that art,—that sees every thing, and every thing truly. He is performing a mental operation of this kind, even when the pencil is not in his hand.

We, in truth, hold, that the art of drawing is a valuable engine of general education, were it even turned to no practical use; in the sciences at least. It confers that accuracy of observation for the appearances, whether of art or nature, which is a valuable mental acquisition, and which, we verily believe, influences the general powers of the mind; such a mutual dependence is there of all our faculties. We know not why it should not be universally taught. We do not mean that every person is to become an artist: but there is a vast deal of useful matter to be acquired and executed far short of that point. The acquisition of drawing is as easy to children as writing, and rather more agreeable. It is what, indeed, they almost all take to naturally; but we stop them in their progress, because we choose to imagine, forsooth, that it requires genius, and what not; and because we do not choose to recollect that we may draw, without being destined for Raphaels, as we may dance, without the slightest hope or wish to rival Vestris. There is a long period in youth for which we are at a loss to find employment; and we really know not why this should not be called in to our aid. It has the additional merit of being an amusement, and the occupation of hours which it is often but too difficult to occupy well and innocently. How indispensable it is to travellers, and how we suffer from that want, we need not say, nor, indeed, dare we say, more here on this subject.

The remarks on character are, throughout, marked by good sense, and we entirely agree with the author in censuring the recent and extravagant attachment to what are called natural orders. When these are brought to the test of practice we know not but that they increase materially, instead of diminishing, our difficulties. They form an important part of the philosophy of natural history, we admit; but they serve for little else than to encumber us in the business of classification and description.

We now arrive at the more technical part of the work, commencing with Classification. The merely technical is scarcely



a fit object for notice in a review of this nature; and we shall therefore pass it over.

We should be renegadoes from our profession, if we did not pick out one fault at least from Dr. Fleming's work; but those of our readers who read reviews for the sake of this particular pleasure, must be content with one specimen. It is on the swimming of fishes.

"The motions of fish are performed by means of its fins. The caudal fin is the principal organ of progressive motion. By means of its various flexures and extensions, it strikes the water in different directions, but all having a tendency to push the fish forward; the action resembling, in its manner and effects, the well known operation of the sailor termed *skulling*. The central and pectoral fins assist the fish in correcting the errors of its progressive motion, and in maintaining the body steady in its position."

This error is not, however, peculiar to Dr. Fleming: he has followed the common opinions. We shall attempt to explain it as well as it can be done without a diagram. The vertical fins, both above and below, serve to steady the fish in the vertical position, as is already understood. But the pectoral fins are as essential to swimming as the tail, though that is the true organ of the progressive motion. Its action, however, bears no resemblance to skulling, which is one of the most singular, as it is among the most wasteful modes of obtaining a direct impulse by the resolution of forces.

If we suppose the fish at rest, the tail is in a line with the body, and the pectoral fins are applied close to the sides; or not, since that is indifferent. But when the animal means to advance, it first bends the tail forwards. This action would draw it backwards, or make it proceed tail foremost, were not the pectoral fins rigidly extended at the same instant. By means of these it is held at rest during the forward action of the tail. But as the tail returns to its place, the pectoral fins are closed; and that returning unresisted impulse sends the animal forwards. The same process is repeated as the tail is brought forward on the opposite side, and thus each complete vibration of this organ is attended by two impulses and two states of rest. It is not difficult to trace their actions; and it will be seen that the pectoral fins are expanded and closed again for every change in the position of the tail. *Mutatis mutandis*, the proceeding is the same for the horizontal fishes, or for the cetacea with horizontal tails. Without the pectoral fins, the same effect can be obtained by the undulation of the body, as in an eel; the flexure of the anterior part producing the same alternate effect of detention as the pectoral fins.

On the subject of the rapid exhaustion of the powers of fishes by violent efforts, as happens in salmon fishing, Dr. Fleming will find some curious matter in one of Mr. Carlisle's essays on muscular motion, which he appears not to have seen. It is in the

same paper, if we mistake not, that he will also find some interesting remarks on the increase of absolute weight which the muscles of fish undergo in the process of crimping, which is not performed, as is popularly supposed, on the living animal.

To Dr. Femings remarks on the use of fish as food, we may add, that many kinds can be dried without salt, and without undergoing putrefaction. This is remarkable in the skate, which is preserved in this manner in Barra and some other parts of the maritime Highlands. It is also true of the salmon, though little suspected. When quickly dried in the sun, it becomes rancid (kippered) and transparent, but undergoes no other change. This is a common practice in the north west side of America, where, as in Asiatic Tartary, there is a race of pure ichthyophagi; and the fish prepared in this manner is easily kept from year to year. Sugar, even in very small quantities, as Dr. M'Culloch has demonstrated, is also a perfect preservative.

We fear that we must pass over much interesting general matter prefixed to the arrangement of the Molusca. We have lately been told, however, that the cuttle fish of the Mediterranean, that one, we believe, which furnishes the well known bone, or the *Sepia officinalis*, has the power of giving an electrical shock with its tentacula. It is an experiment worth trying again by those who may have an opportunity. It is an oversight to say, that the China ink is made from the ink of the cuttle fish. It is a mixture of lamp-black and glue. The ink in question furnishes the well known brown colour so valued by artists, and imported from Italy by the very name of the fish itself—*Sepia*. The ancients used it to write with.

We know not if we have conjectured rightly, but it seems to us that the author has somewhat hurried himself towards his conclusion; fearful, perhaps, of prolonging his work beyond the patience of his readers. He was in no danger of that. It appears to us that all the general views of the structure and functions of the tribes become more and more brief from this part of the work forwards, assuredly not for want of matter or knowledge.

The luminous property of the marine tribes in general, and of the more imperfect animals in particular, seems to have experienced a degree of neglect which so remarkable a subject did not merit. In every point of view, it is one of the most curious and striking properties which they possess. We would hazard the same remarks on their modes of swimming, the very variety of which is no less extraordinary than the singular ways in which it is effected. In some, the complication and ingenuity of the mechanism are as remarkable as is the simplicity in others; and in all we must admire the infinite resources, the wantonness, if we may dare call it so, of nature, in adopting so many means for producing an effect. In a philosophical view, it would be rendered the more interesting as well as striking, by bringing the

whole into a state of comparison. We even think it of use, in the investigation of those animals which, from their minuteness, transparency, or want of marked external characters, are often extremely difficult to distinguish from each other. There is a peculiarity of character in the motions of almost every genus, by which, at any rate, it serves to attract our attention to objects which might otherwise be easily confounded or overlooked. In some, it seems to be sometimes the only character by which they can be readily distinguished; though a character not adapted to the purposes of arrangement.

In a mechanical view we also consider it an object of interest.

It has always been one of our greatest problems to make our machines swim with the least expense of force. That problem has been pursued with increased anxiety, since the invention of steam boats, but as yet with no great success. Mechanicians have found it peculiarly difficult to construct swimming machinery within the water. Nature does this with the greatest ease, and in many various ways. We cannot exactly imitate her operations, but we may derive useful hints from them—hints that may lead, as trifles have often done, to valuable discoveries. To bring under one general view as much of this natural machinery as can be collected, would probably form a step towards the solution of this problem, or at least towards the modification or improvement of our existing machinery.

We should be equally glad to see a fuller article on the general functions and characters of the fixed, or rooted, or compound polypi; a subject peculiarly curious, from their regular approximation to vegetables in some particulars.

We have arrived at the last page, and having nothing else left to say, we shall now venture into a department where we have not yet ventured, because Dr. Fleming has every where followed the best authorities. We object to the divisions and title Infusoria, though on Muller's authority. Many of his animals under this head are produced without infusion of vegetable substances. *Bursaria*, *Cyclidium*, and *Volvox*, are inhabitants of the open sea. So is *Vibrio*. Muller, indeed, has himself figured one or more marine species of the latter; and we can add at least eight or ten to his list. There is not one of all the tribes of the minuter marine animals so abundant as this, since we have found the seas of our own shores so crowded with them, far from land, and for a hundred miles in length, as to be opaque, or, more properly speaking, muddy. To the present arrangement and division of the genera, not only here but in some other places, we object strongly; but we have promised not to interfere with a subject which is indeed not calculated for a review of this nature.

## POETRY.

ON a young Lady's shedding tears at seeing, two hundred feet below her, the fragments of the Table Rock, on which she had been standing a few hours before—

Not all the wonders of the scene she views ;  
 The mighty volume of the winged wave,  
 The sounds sublime, and ever-varying hues,  
 And clouds of spray, that seem the heavens to brave ;  
 Are half so precious as the tears that fall,  
 When gratitude with admiration join'd,  
 Disclose, amid the terrors which appal,  
 A heart that's tender and a soul refin'd.

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TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

*An Expostulatory Epistle occasioned by the following passages in his Specimens of English Poetry :*

“Stevens celebrated hard drinking, because it was the fashion—and his songs are now seldom vociferated, because that fashion is gone by.” *Specimens*, Vol. vi. p. 437.

SIR, in your last work you the logic display  
 Of Aldrich\* or Burgundick, Crousar, or Hamel,  
 But I think that you err very much when you say,  
 That the fashion of drinking is past, Mr. Campbell.  
 If fashion rejects jolly toppers, 'tis plain,  
 That fashion's an ignorant sort of a strammel;†  
 And a fashion so senseless, so dull, will remain  
 But a short time in vigour I think, Mr. Campbell.  
 In Ireland, I'm sure many ages must roll  
 Before with such rules our free spirits we trammel,  
 Before the bright lights of our bottle and bowl  
 Will cease o'er our tables to shine, Mr. Campbell.  
 Come over among us, sweet bard, and I swear  
 That when home you return with a nose red as stammel,‡  
 You will never again be so prompt to declare,  
 That the sons of gay Bacchus are dead, Mr. Campbell.  
 Then Oh ! by that face which in prospect I view,  
 All glowing and grand with its purple enamel,  
 Retract your rash statement ; so, Thomas adieu,  
 For my punch is just out, and I'm tired,§ Mr. Campbell.

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\* Four logicians. The first as honest a fellow as ever filled a pipe ; the other three were mode and figure men.

† A sluttish awkward woman.

‡ Reddish cloth, used by Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c.

§ Tired, according to Cobbett, is a Quaker word to express drunk. How true this is I know not ; [it is new to us. OLIVER OLDSCHOOL,] but I supplicate the gentle reader to take it in its more usual sense.

## THE RICH AND THE POOR MAN.

FROM THE RUSSIAN ANTHOLOGY.

I once saw a poor devil, keen and clever,  
 Witty and wise—he paid a man a visit,  
 And no one noticed him, and no one ever  
 Gave him a welcome, “Strange,” cried I, “whence is it?”  
 He walked on this side, then on that,  
 He tried to introduce a social chat;  
 Now here, now there, in vain he tried;  
 Some formally and freezingly replied,  
 And some  
 Said, by their silence—“Better stay at home,”  
 A rich man burst the door,  
 As Cræsus rich I’m sure,  
 He could not pride himself upon his wit  
 Nor wisdom—for he had not got a bit;  
 He had what’s better—he had wealth.  
 What a confusion! all stand up erect—  
 These crowd around to ask him of his health,  
 These bow in honest duty and respect;  
 And these arrange a sofa or a chair,  
 And these conduct him there.  
 “Allow me, sir, the honour;” then a bow  
 Down to the earth—Is’t possible to show  
 Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?  
 The poor man hung his head,  
 And to himself he said,  
 “This is indeed beyond my comprehension:”  
 Then looking round  
 One friendly face he found,  
 And said, “Pray tell me why is wealth preferred  
 To wisdom?”—“That’s a silly question, friend!”  
 Replied the other—“have you never heard  
 A man may lend his store  
 Of gold or silver ore,  
 But Wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?”

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Says *Jack* to *Tom*, the other day,  
 As through the street they sped;  
 I’m sorry if (as people say),  
 Your poor, dear aunt is dead.  
*Tom* thus in merry mood replied,  
 And laugh’d in *Johnny*’s face:  
 What matter though my aunt has died?  
 I’ve *ten-ants* in her place.

## SONNET TO A GOOSE.

If thou didst feed on western plains of yore,  
 Or wander wide, with flat and flabby feet,  
 Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor,  
 Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat  
 From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;  
 If thy gray quills, by lawyer guided, trace  
 Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race;  
 Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,  
 Waiting the rigour of some lady fair;  
 Or if the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,  
 Cobwebs and dust, thy pinion white besoil,  
 Departed Goose! I neither know nor care;  
 But this I know, that thou wert very fine,  
 Season'd with sage, with onions, and port wine.

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A man who wished to pass one of the barriers of Paris in 1793, was required to give his name, &c. to the persons on duty. "I am Monsieur le Marquis de St. Cyr." "Citizen, there are no Monsieurs now." "Very well—then le Marquis de St. Cyr." "You ought to know, citizen, that there are neither nobles, titles, nor *marquises*." "In that case, de St. Cyr, if you please." "De is not used now." "Then say simply, Saint Cyr." "Ah! but all saints, you know, have been abolished." "Well, if it must be so, write *Cyr*." "No, citizen, there are no longer any *Sires*," (the pronunciation is the same). Thus piece by piece the unfortunate Marquis was stripped by the Revolution, till he found himself at the barrier of Paris without a name.

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## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The memoirs of the celebrated and eccentric Gen. Rapp, the first Aid-de-Camp of Bonaparte, written by himself, are preparing for publication.

*France.*—Colonel Boyer Peyrelau is going to publish a work on the French Antilles, especially Guadaloupe, from the time of their discovery, to the 1st of January, 1823. This work, which will be in three volumes (the first to be published on the 1st of March), is expected to be very interesting and important; all the questions relative to the colonies are discussed in separate chapters, and examined from the origin of those establishments.

Mr. Roscoe has nearly completed his Translation of Sismondi's History of the Literature of the South of Europe. The original is too well known to require any praise from us, and we have no doubt that the translation will be characterised by elegance and fidelity.

The Author of the Cavalier, &c. has a new novel in the press, entitled The King of the Peak.

Mr. Scoresby, who is already favourably known to the public, by his Description of the Arctic Regions, and by various scientific papers, has now in the press, an Account of his Voyage to Greenland, in the summer of 1822. In the course of this voyage he explored the Eastern Coast of West Greenland, to the extent of between 700 and 800 geographical miles.

Viscount d'Arlincourt's new novel, *Ipsiboe*, has excited as much attention as his *Recluse* and his *Renegade*; in point of interest it is perhaps inferior to his preceding productions, but displays more research and more attention to the details. The idea which pervades the whole work is to show the delusion of human perfectibility, by representing man as placed in a perpetual circle of absurdities, of hypocritical passions, of chimeras, and impracticable theories. *Ipsiboe*, the heroine, is a singular mixture of the serious and the comic; and, while her intentions are calculated to inspire respect, her manner and appearance border on the ridiculous. What, perhaps, would not have been expected, the work is full of epigrams, of biting pleasantries, and satirical allusions. M. d'Arlincourt has interwoven in his narrative many interesting particulars respecting the manners and customs prevailing in Provence about 500 years ago.

J. M. Duncan, of Glasgow, author of "A Sabbath among the Tuscarora Indians," is preparing for publication an account of Travels through part of the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819, intended chiefly to illustrate subjects connected with the moral, literary and religious condition of the country.

The very complete mineral collection of the celebrated M. Haüy, of Paris, was to be sold by auction in that city. The professor, in his life-time, refused for it an offer of 600,000 francs—upwards of \$100,000.

Count Romanzoff, who fitted out at his own expense the expedition under Kotzebue for circumnavigating the globe, has sent out travellers to cross the ice from the eastern coast of Asia to the western coast of America.

M. Redone, of whose unrivalled work, *Les Roses*, the 26th and 27th Nos. have just been published, has another work of still greater splendour in preparation. He is also going to publish an edition of *Les Roses*, in 8 vo., which will be a most welcome present to all amateurs and cultivators of the queen of flowers.

A very useful work has just made its appearance, An abridged Translation of Abbe Lanzi on painting.

The Library of the late King of England, which has been presented by his successor, to the nation, is said to amount to 120,000 volumes.

Mr. Kean has attempted the last scene of Shakspeare's *Lear*, which has always been considered as too shocking for representation.

The very interesting account of Maj. Long's Exploratory Journey to the Rocky Mountains, has appeared in London in three vols. with plates and maps. In the Literary Gazette, Maj. Biddle is called the Journalist of the Expedition. This is a mistake. Dr. James, by whom the volumes are compiled, filled that office. Maj. Biddle, as it will appear from the work itself, did not go to the Rocky Mountains.

*M. Farkas de Farkasfalva*, at Futak, in Hungary, has invented a machine by which a person may plunge to the bottom of the sea, walk at the bottom, work with the hands and feet, ascend easily to the surface, or stop in the middle, without any help; and in this manner remain several days under water without intermission and without effort. The inventor calls this machine the Dolphin, and pretends that it has many advantages over the diving bells. It costs about 90*l.* and only employs two men. An experiment made last year at Vienna, in the presence of Count Esterhazy and other persons of distinction, was attended with the greatest success.

Though many volumes have been published on the events of the Russian campaign in 1812, none of them give a complete and satisfactory view of that memorable expedition. The unparalleled disasters that marked its close, sweeping away the greater number of those who had witnessed it, as well as the materials for the future historian, gave reason to apprehend that our information respecting it would necessarily remain very imperfect. Fortunately, the important official papers of Prince Berthier, Major General to Napoleon, escaped the general wreck. On the retreat of the French army, the carriage containing them was missed on leaving Kowno, but Prince Berthier afterwards found it again at Königsberg, with its valuable contents entire. Aided by these important documents, a writer who signs himself M. has composed a History of the Expedition to Moscow, in 1812, in two volumes, 8vo. with an atlas, a plan of the battle of the Moskwa, &c. From the extracts we have seen of it, and the analysis given by a French critic, it appears to be a highly interesting and well written work, corroborated by documents, the authenticity of which is unquestionable.

Mr. Kowalski has translated Moliere's comedies into the Polish language; the poetry is rendered in verse.

The Royal Society of Stockholm, has just given to the world the ninth volume of its memoirs. It contains interesting articles on ancient manuscripts, belonging either to public libraries or those of private gentlemen.

A Voyage Round the World, by M. de Roquefeuille, Lieutenant in the navy, is advertised for speedy publication.



Mirza Djiaffar, a young Persian, published at Tauris, last year, a handsome edition of the *Gulistan de Saady*; the types, which are small and elegantly cut, by himself.

The eleventh volume of the Text of the great work on Egypt is published. It contains some interesting memoirs on the communications between the Indian Sea and the Mediterranean by the Red Sea; on the canal of Alexandria; on the Isthmus of Suez; a description of the town of Qoceyr; a notice on the medicines usual among the Egyptians; a memoir on the ovens for hatching chickens; a description of Lake Menzaleh, by General Andreossi; and observations on the Fountain of Moses, by Monge. Nos. 93, 94, and 95, of the plates are also published.

Some Haytiens have united to conduct a new Journal, to be called the *Haytien Propagator*. By the prospectus, which is composed with great ability in French, we find that the editors will insert articles on politics, sciences, literature, and the useful arts.

M. Gau, whose Antiquities of Nubia (of which seven numbers are published) have been so well received by the public, is going to publish 25 plates of Egyptian antiquities, consisting of bas reliefs, and paintings, copied on the spot, by M. Gau himself.

The Bible Society of St. Petersburg has caused to be printed and published, in the Mogul and Calmuc languages, the Four Evangelists, with the history of the Four Apostles, which will be followed by the whole of the New Testament.

*Germany.*—The first volume of Mr. Wiebeking's grand work, The History of Civil Architecture has excited great interest, and an ardent wish to see the whole completed; which, we understand, it is expected to be by the publication of the second volume at Easter fair. Mr. W., whose elaborate work on hydraulics has acquired him the highest reputation on the Continent, though it is not known in England as it merits (the late lamented Mr. Rennie, we believe, had a copy of it), has exerted himself to the utmost on this new work, one of the most important that has ever appeared on the subject; it is illustrated by an amazing number of fine plates, some of them on an extraordinary large scale, the author having either himself measured, or caused to be measured, above 900 cathedrals, and churches in Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, England, and France. Plates will likewise be given of all the most beautiful and curious antique temples, including many of the most remarkable Egyptian temples, &c. taken from the French Description de l'Égypte.

The clergy at Rome consist of nineteen cardinals, twenty-seven bishops, 1,450 priests, 1,532 monks, 1,464 nuns, and 332 seminarists. The population of Rome, with the exception of the Jews, consisted, in 1821, of 146,000 souls. The births during

that year were 4,756—the deaths 5,415—and the marriages 1,265.

Another part of the *Life of Goethe* is expected at Easter fair, and also the second volume of Professor Horn's *Illustrations of the Plays of Shakspeare*.

Dr. Niemeyer, Chancellor of the University of Halle, has already published a second edition of his *Observations*, made during a Tour in England.

It gives us great pleasure to learn that the "*New England Tale*" has been favourably received in London, where it has been re-printed. The venerable Sylvanus Urban thus speaks of it in the *Gentleman's Magazine* :

"If we had not taken up this little volume with the recollection of the valedictory paper of the elegant author of the '*Sketch Book*' strong in our minds, we are sure that we should not have laid it down without a very favourable impression of the talents that have produced this *New England Tale*. We are desirous, however, of this opportunity most cordially to offer those kindlier feelings towards America and her writers which Mr. Irving bespeaks for them, and so reciprocate those *amicabilities* which he has shown for our country and for us. We feel that both sides have much to forgive and forget, and greatly do we lament that the hour of reconciliation should be retarded, and that unfriendly prejudices should be still encouraged by the contemptuous sneers and the bitter sarcasms of the first *Literary Journal* in the world.\*

The graphic talents of the author of the volume before us are of no common order. Her "*New England*" story has been extremely popular in her own country, and we shall be greatly mistaken in our anticipations if it be not well received here. It has a healthy spirit pervading it, which is highly favourable to its longevity, and we can safely recommend it to our female readers as a work of good taste and sound morals; inculcating forcibly, and illustrating admirably those difficult lessons of genuine practical religion, submission to the Divine appointments, and the necessity of sacrificing every selfish feeling and indulgence on the altar of Christian duty."

Of Mr. Jones's Work, *On the Figurative Language of the Holy Scriptures, and the Interpretation of it from Scripture itself*, published some time ago, at the Port Folio Office, the *Electic Review* says—

"These Lectures constitute in our opinion one of the most ingenious and valuable works of the author: they are at once calculat-

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\* We allude to the *Quarterly Review*, every number of which teems with sarcastic bitterness towards America and her literature.

ed to illustrate and enforce Scripture truths, to throw new light upon some doubtful passages, to enlarge the understanding, to affect the heart and conscience, and stimulate to upright and holy conduct."

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*Explanation of the Engraving.*

The Engraving for this month represents that part of the trial of Effie Deans in "the Heart of Mid-Lothian," in which her sister is called by the macer of the court to bear testimony. When the prisoner at the bar, heard the name of Jeanie she "instantly started up, and stretched herself half-way over the bar, towards the side at which her sister was to enter. And when, slowly following the officer, the witness advanced to the foot of the table, Effie, with the whole expression of her countenance altered, from that of confused shame and dismay, to an eager, imploring, and almost ecstatic earnestness of intreaty, with outstretched hands, hair streaming back, eyes raised eagerly to her sister's face, and glistening through tears, exclaimed in a tone which went through the heart of all who heard her—"Oh Jeanie, Jeanie, save me, save me!"

With a different feeling, yet equally appropriated to his proud and self-dependent character, old Deans drew himself back still farther under the cover of the bench, so that when Jeanie, as she entered the court, cast a timid glance towards the place at which she had left him seated, his venerable figure was no longer visible. He sat down on the other side of Dumbiedikes, wrung his hand hard, and whispered, "Ah, Laird, this is the warst of a'—if I can but win ower this part—I feel my head unco dizzy; but my Master is strong in his servant's weakness." After a moment's mental prayer, he again started up, as if impatient of continuing in any one posture, and gradually edged himself forward towards the place he had just quitted.

Jeanie in the mean time had advanced to the bottom of the table, when unable to resist the impulse of affection, she suddenly extended her hand to her sister. Effie was just within the distance that she could seize it with both hers, press it to her mouth, cover it with kisses, and bathe it in tears, with the fond devotion that a catholic would pay to a guardian saint descended for his safety, while Jeanie, hiding her own face with her other hand, wept bitterly."

Heart of Mid-Lothian, ch. xxiii.

The New Monthly Magazine considers it "a fault" in Jeanie Deans that she refused to equivocate to save her sister. The author of this remark must have been educated in that school in which it is maintained that all sound morality depends upon circumstances—the existing condition of things: a very convenient sort of doctrine!





ILLUSTRATION OF THE SCENE IN THE PLAY

*She was the Mother of so many Sons.*

*Penners Vol. 22 p. 220.*

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he married Mary, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. a proctor in the Ecclesiastical Court of Lichfield. He was very soon distinguished for his professional skill. The first case which he treated with so much success as to attract the public notice, was that of a young man of fortune, who, being in a fever, was given over by his ordinary physician, but whom Darwin restor-

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*Pennsylv. Vol. 32, p. 225*

# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

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ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

ERASMUS DARWIN.

ERASMUS, the seventh child and fourth son of Robert Darwin, Esq. by his wife, Elizabeth Hill, was born at Elston, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, on the 12th of Dec. 1731. He was educated at the Grammar-school of Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, under the Rev. Mr. Burrows, and from thence sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Dr. Powell, afterwards Master of the College, to whose learning and goodness, Mason, another of his pupils, has left a testimony in one of his earliest poems.

After proceeding Bachelor in Medicine at Cambridge, Darwin went to Edinburgh, in order to pursue his studies in that science to more advantage. When he had been there long enough to entitle him to the degree of Doctor in Medicine, he quitted Edinburgh, and began his practice at Nottingham, but soon after (in 1756) removed to Lichfield. In the following year he married Mary, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. a proctor in the Ecclesiastical Court of Lichfield. He was very soon distinguished for his professional skill. The first case which he treated with so much success as to attract the public notice, was that of a young man of fortune, who, being in a fever, was given over by his ordinary physician, but whom Darwin restor-



ed, probably by one of those bold measures from which others would have shrunk, but to which he wisely had recourse whenever a desperate malady called for a desperate cure. His patient, whose name was Inge, was, I believe, the same whom Johnson, in his life of Ambrose Phillips, has termed a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordshire. Part of the wealth that now flowed in upon him, from an extensive and opulent circle, was employed with that liberality which in this country is perhaps oftener exercised by men of his profession than by those of any other.

At Lichfield, he formed an intimacy with several persons, who afterwards rose to much distinction. Of these the most remarkable were Mr. Edgeworth, whose skill in mechanics made him acceptable to Darwin; Mr. Day, a man remembered to more advantage by his writings than by the singularities of his conduct; and Anna Seward, the female most eminent in her time for poetical genius. The manner in which the first of these introduced himself shall be told in his own words, as they convey a lively description of Darwin's person and habits of life at this time. "I wrote an account to the Doctor of the reception which his scheme" (for preventing accidents to a carriage in turning) "had met with from the Society of Arts. The Doctor wrote me a very civil answer; and though, as I afterwards found out, he took me for a coach-maker, he invited me to his house: an invitation which I accepted in the ensuing summer. When I arrived at Lichfield, I went to inquire whether the Doctor was at home. I was shown into a room where I found Mrs. Darwin. I told her my name. She said the Doctor expected me, and that he intended to be at home before night. There were books and prints in the room, of which I took occasion to speak. Mrs. Darwin asked me to drink tea, and I perceived that I owed to my literature the pleasure of passing the evening with this most agreeable woman. We walked and conversed upon various literary subjects till it was dark; when Mrs. Darwin seeming to be surprised that the Doctor had not come home, I offered to take my leave; but she told me that I had been expected for some days, and that a bed had been prepared for me: I heard some orders given to the housemaid, who had destined a different room for my reception from that which her mistress had upon

second thoughts appointed. I perceived that the maid examined me attentively, but I could not guess the reason. When supper was nearly finished, a loud rapping at the door announced the Doctor. There was a bustle in the hall, which made Mrs. Darwin get up and go the door. Upon her exclaiming that they were bringing in a dead man, I went to the hall. I saw some persons, directed by one whom I guessed to be Doctor Darwin, carrying a man who appeared to be motionless. 'He is not dead,' said Dr. Darwin. 'He is only dead drunk. I found him,' continued the Doctor, 'nearly suffocated in a ditch: I had him lifted into my carriage, and brought hither, that we might take care of him to-night.' Candles came; and what was the surprise of the Doctor and of Mrs. Darwin, to find that the person whom he had saved was Mrs. Darwin's brother! who, for the first time in his life, as I was assured, had been intoxicated in this manner, and who would undoubtedly have perished had it not been for Doctor Darwin's humanity. During this scene I had time to survey my new friend, Doctor Darwin. He was a large man, fat and rather clumsy; but intelligence and benevolence were painted in his countenance: he had a considerable impediment in his speech, a defect which is in general painful to others; but the Doctor repaid his auditors so well for making them wait for his wit or his knowledge, that he seldom found them impatient. When his brother was disposed of, he came to supper; and I thought that he looked at Mrs. Darwin as if he was somewhat surprised when he heard that I had passed the whole evening in her company. After she withdrew, he entered into conversation with me upon the carriage that I had made, and upon the remarks that fell from some members of the Society to whom I had shown it. I satisfied his curiosity; and having told him that my carriage was in the town, and that he could see it whenever he pleased, we talked upon mechanical subjects, and afterwards on various branches of knowledge, which necessarily produced allusions to classical literature; by these, he discovered that I had received the education of a gentleman. 'Why! I thought,' said the Doctor 'that you were a coach-maker!' 'That was the reason,' said I, 'that you looked surprised at finding me at supper with Mrs. Darwin. But you see, Doctor, how superior in discernment ladies are even to the most learned gentle-

men : I assure you that I had not been in the room five minutes before Mrs. Darwin asked me to tea ! ”

These endeavours to improve the construction of carriages were near costing him dear ; nor did he desist till he had been several times thrown down, and at last broke the pan of the right knee, which occasioned a slight but incurable lameness. The amiable woman, of whom Mr. Edgeworth has here spoken, died in 1770. Of the five children whom she brought him, two were lost in their infancy. Charles, the eldest of the remaining three, died at Edinburgh, in 1778, of a disease supposed to be communicated by a corpse which he was dissecting, when one of his fingers was slightly wounded. He had obtained a gold medal for pointing out a test by which pus might be distinguished from mucus ; and the Essay in which he had stated his discovery was published by his father after his death, together with another treatise, which he left incomplete, on the Retrograde Motions of the Absorbent Vessels of Animal Bodies in some Diseases. Another of his sons, Erasmus, who was a lawyer, in a temporary fit of mental derangement put an end to his existence in 1799. Robert Waring, a physician, now in high reputation at Shrewsbury, is the only one of these children who survived him.

A few years before he quitted Lichfield in consequence of a second marriage, he attempted to establish a Botanical Society in that city ; but his only associates were the present Sir Brooke Boothby, and a proctor whose name was Jackson. Of this triumvirate, Miss Seward, who knew them well, tells us that Jackson admired Sir Brooke Boothby, and worshipped and aped Dr. Darwin. He became a useful drudge to each in their joint work, the translation of the Linnæan system of vegetation into English from the Latin. His illustrious coadjutors exacted of him fidelity to the sense of their author, and they corrected Jackson's inelegant English, weeding it of its pompous coarseness. Darwin had already conceived the design of turning the Linnæan system into a poem, which, after he had composed it, was long handed about in manuscript ; and, I believe, frequently revised and altered with the most sedulous care. The stage on which he has introduced his fancied Queen of Botany, and her attendants from the Rosicrucian world, has the recommendation of being a real spot of ground within a mile of the place he inhabited. A few years

ago it retained many traces of the diligence he had bestowed on it, and has probably not yet entirely lost them. Of this work, called the *Botanic Garden*, which he retained till he thought there was no danger of his medical character suffering from his being known as a poet, he published, in 1789, the second part, containing the *Loves of the Plants*, first; believing it to be more level to the apprehension of ordinary readers. It soon made its way to an almost universal popularity. With the lovers of poetry, the novelty of the subject and the high polish, as it was then considered, of the verse, secured it many favourers, and the curiosity of the naturalist was not less gratified by the various information and the fanciful conjectures which abounded in the notes. The first part was given to the public in three years after.

In 1795 and 1796, appeared the two volumes of *Zoonomia*, or *Laws of Organic Life*, the produce of long labour and much consideration. What profit a physician may derive from this book I am unable to determine; but I fear that the general reader will too often discover in it a hazardous ingenuity, to which good sense and reason have been sacrificed. When the writer of these pages, who was then his patient, ventured to intimate the sensuality of one part of it to its author, he himself immediately referred to the passage which was likely to have raised the objection; and, on another occasion, as if to counteract this prejudice in the mind of one whose confidence he might be desirous of obtaining, he recommended to him the study of Paley's *Moral Philosophy*.

In 1781, he married his second wife, the widow of Colonel Pole of Radburne, near Derby, with whom he appears to have lived as happily as he had done with his first. By her persuasion, he was induced to pass the latter part of his days at Derby. Here his medical practise was not at all lessened; and he had a second family to provide for out of the emolument which it brought him. His other publications were a *Tract on Female Education*, a slight performance written for the purpose of recommending a school kept by some ladies, in whose welfare his relation to them gave him a warm interest; and a long book (in 1800) on the *Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*, which he entitled *Phytologia*.

On Lady Day, 1802, he took possession of an old house, called

the Priory, which had belonged to his son Erasmus, and was situated at a short distance from Derby ; and on the 17th of the next month, while he was writing to his friend, Mr. Edgeworth, the following letter, he was arrested by the sudden approach of death.

Priory, near Derby, 17th April, 1802.

Dear Edgeworth,—I am glad to find that you still amuse yourself with mechanism, in spite of the troubles of Ireland.

The use of turning aside, or downwards, the claw of a table, I don't see, as it must be reared against a wall, for it will not stand alone. If the use be for carriage, the feet may shut up, like the usual brass feet of a reflecting telescope.

We have all been now removed from Derby about a fortnight, to the Priory, and all of us like our change of situation. We have a pleasant home, a good garden, ponds full of fish, and a pleasing valley somewhat like Shenstone's—deep, umbrageous, and with a talkative stream running down it. Our home is near the top of the valley, well screened by hills from the east and north, and open to the south, where at four miles' distance we see Derby tower.

Four or more strong springs rise near the house, and have formed the valley, which, like that of Petrarch, may be called Valchiusa, as it begins, or is shut at the situation of the house. I hope you like the description ; and hope farther, that yourself or any part of your family will sometime do me the pleasure of a visit.

Pray tell the authoress that the water-nymphs of our valley will be happy to assist her next novel.

My bookseller, Mr. Johnson, will not begin to print the the Temple of Nature till the price of paper is fixed by Parliament. I suppose the present duty is paid . . . .

To this imperfect sentence was added on the opposite side by another hand ;—

Sir,—This family is in the greatest affliction. I am truly grieved to inform you of the death of the invaluable Dr. Darwin. Dr. Darwin got up apparently in good health ; about eight o'clock, he rang the library bell. The servant, who went, said he appeared fainting. He revived again. Mrs. Darwin was immediately called. The Doctor spoke often, but soon appeared fainting ; and died about one o'clock.

Our dear Mrs. Darwin and family are inconsolable : their affliction is great indeed, there being few such husbands or fathers. He will be most deservedly lamented by all who had the honour of being known to him.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

S. M.

PS. This letter was begun this morning by Doctor Darwin himself.

The complaint which thus suddenly terminated his life, in his seventy first year, was the Angina Pectoris.

The Temple of Nature was printed in the year after his death; but the public had either read enough of his writings or were occupied with other things, for little attention was paid to this poetical bequest. That ingenious burlesque of his manner, the Loves of the Triangles, probably contributed to loosen the spell by which he had for a while taken the general ear.

His person is well described by his biographer, Miss Seward, as being above the middle size, his form athletic, and his limbs too heavy for exact proportion; his countenance marked by the traces of a severe small-pox, and, when not animated by social pleasure, rather saturnine than sprightly. In youth, his exterior was rendered agreeable by florid health, and a smile that indicated good humour. His portrait, by Wright of Derby, gives a very exact, but inanimate, representation of his form and features. In justice to the painter, it must be told, that I believe the likeness to have been taken after death.

In his medical practice he was by some accused of empiricism. From this charge, both Miss Seward and Mr. Edgeworth have I think, justly vindicated him. The former has recorded a project which he suggested, on the supposed authority of some old practitioners, but which he did not execute, for curing one of his consumptive patients by the transfusing of blood from the veins of a person in health. I have been told, that when a mother, who seemed to be in the paroxysm of a delirium, expressed an earnest wish to take her infant into her arms, and her attendants were fearful of indulging her lest she should do some violence to the object of her affection, he desired them to commit it to her without apprehension, and that the result was an immediate abatement of her disorder. This was an instance rather of strong sagacity than of extraordinary boldness; for nothing less than a well-founded confidence in the safety of the experiment could have induced him to hazard it.

I know not whether it be worth relating, that when sent for to a nobleman, at Buxton, who conceived his health to have suffered by the use of tea, to which he was immoderately addicted, Darwin rang the bell, and ordered a pot of strong green tea to be brought up, and, filling both his patient's cup and his own, encouraged him to frequent and lavish draughts. I have heard that he was impatient of inquiries which related to diet; thinking I sup-

pose, that after the age of childhood, in ordinary cases, each person might regulate it best for himself. But of an almost entire abstinence from fermented liquors, he was, both by precept and example, a strenuous adviser. "He believed," says Miss Edgeworth, in her *Memoirs of her Father*, "that almost all the distempers of the higher classes of people arise from drinking, in some form or other, too much vinous spirit. To this he attributed the aristocratic disease of gout, the jaundice, and all bilious or liver complaints; in short, all the family of pain. This opinion he supported in his writings with the force of his eloquence and reason; and still more in conversation, by all those powers of wit, satire, and peculiar humour, which never appeared fully to the public in his works, but which gained him strong ascendancy in private society. During his life-time, he almost banished wine from the tables of the rich of his acquaintance; and persuaded most of the gentry in his own and the neighbouring counties to become water-drinkers." Here, I doubt, Miss Edgeworth has a little over-rated the extent of his influence. "Partly in jest, and partly in earnest, he expressed his suspicions, and carried his inferences on this subject, to a preposterous excess. When he heard that my father was bilious, he suspected that this must be the consequence of his having, since his residence in Ireland, and in compliance with the fashion of the country, indulged too freely in drinking. His letter, I remember, concluded with—Farewell, my dear friend. God keep you from whiskey if he can."

His opinion respecting the safety of inoculating for the small-pox at a proper age, as it was expressed in the following letter to the writer of these pages, will be satisfactory to such parents as are yet unconvinced of the efficacy of vaccination; and his opinion is the more valuable, because it was given at a time when there was neither prejudice nor prepossession on the subject.

*Derby, Oct. 9, 1797.*

Dear Sir—On the best inquiry I have been able to make to-day, I cannot hear that the small-pox is in Derby. I can only add, that all those who have died by inoculation, whom I have heard of these last twenty years, have been children at the breast; on which account it may be safer to defer inoculation till four or five years old, if there be otherwise no hazard of taking the disease naturally.

I am, &c.

E. DARWIN.

On the accounts which his patients gave him of their own maladies he placed so little dependence, that he thought it necessary to wring the truth from them as a lawyer would do from an unwilling witness. His general distrust of others, in all that related to themselves, is well exemplified by a casual remark that has been lately repeated to me by a respectable dignitary of the church, to whom, when he was apologizing for his want of skill in the game of chess, at which they were going to play, Darwin answered, that he made it a rule, not to believe either the good or the harm that men spoke of themselves.

This want of reliance in the sincerity of those with whom he conversed has been attributed, with some colour of reason, to his habitual scepticism on matters of higher moment. Mr. Fellowes has observed of him, that he dwelt so much and so exclusively on second causes, that he seems to have forgotten that there is a first. There is no solution of natural effects to which he was not ready to listen, provided it would assist him in getting rid of what he considered an unnecessary intervention of the Supreme Being. A fibre capable of irritability was with him enough to account, not only for the origin of animal life, but for its progress through all its stages. He had thus involved himself in the grossest materialism; but, being endued with an active fancy, he engendered on it theories so wild and chimerical, that they might be regarded with the same kind of wonder as the fictions of romance, if our pleasure were not continually checked by remembering the error in which they originate. What more prodigious transformation shall we read of in Ovid, than that which he supposes the organs of his strange ens to have undergone during the change of our globe from moist to dry?

As in dry air the sea-born stranger roves,  
Each muscle quickens, and each sense improves;  
Cold gills aquatic form respiring lungs,  
And sounds aerial flow from slimy tongues.

*Temple of Nature, c. 1.*

The peculiarities of the shapes of animals, which distinguish them from each other, he supposes to have been gradually formed by these same irritable fibres, and to have been varied by reproduction. As to the faculties of sensation, volition, and association, they come in afterwards as matters of course, and in a manner so easy and natural, that the only wonder is, what had



kept them waiting so long. He mentions, with something like approbation, the hypothesis of Buffon and Helvetius, who, as he tells us, seem to imagine, that mankind arose from one family of monkeys, on the banks of the Mediterranean, who accidentally had learned to use the adductor pollicis, or that strong muscle which constitutes the ball of the thumb and draws the point of it to meet the points of the fingers, which common monkeys do not; and that this muscle gradually increased in size, strength and activity, in successive generations; and that, by this improved use of the sense of the touch, monkeys acquired clear ideas, and gradually became men.

To this he gravely adds, that perhaps all the productions of nature are in their progress to greater perfection! an idea countenanced by modern discoveries and deductions concerning the progressive formation of the solid parts of this terraqueous globe, and consonant to the dignity of the Creator.

His description of the way in which clear ideas were acquired is not much improved when he puts it into verse.

Nerved with fine touch above the bestial throngs,  
The hand, first gift of Heaven! to man belongs:  
Untipt with claws, the circling fingers close,  
With rival points the bending thumbs oppose,  
Trace the nice lines of form with sense refined,  
And clear ideas charm the thinking mind.

*Temple of Nature, c. 3.*

He tells us of a naturalist who had found out a shorter cut to the production of animal life, who thought it not impossible that the first insects were the anthers and stigmas of flowers, which had by some means loosened themselves from their parent plant, and that other insects in process of time had been formed from these; some acquiring wings, others fins, and others claws, from their ceaseless efforts to procure food, or to secure themselves from injury. What hindered but these insects might have acquired hands, and by those means clear ideas also, is not explained to us.

As great improvements, however, have certainly been made in some way or other, he sees reason to hope that not less important amelioration may in time succeed. If our improved chemistry (says he,) should ever discover the art of making sugar from fossile or aerial matter, without the assistance of vegetation, food for animals would then become as plentiful as water, and they

might live upon the earth without preying on each other, as thick as blades of grass, without restraint to their numbers but the want of local room : no very comfortable prospect, it must be owned, especially to those who are aware of the alarming ratio in which, according to later discoveries, population is found to multiply itself ; a consummation that would scarcely produce that at which he thought it the chief duty of a philosopher to aim : namely, the greatest possible quantity of human happiness. On being made acquainted with reveries such as these, through the means of the press, we are inclined to doubt the justice of his encomium on the art of printing, since which discovery, he tells us, superstition has been much lessened by the reformation of religion ; and necromancy, astrology, chiromancy, witchcraft, and vampyrism, have vanished from all classes of society ; though some are still so weak in the present enlightened times as to believe in the prodigies of animal magnetism, and of metallic tractors. What then is to be said of the prodigies of spontaneous vitality ? To a system which removes the Author of all so far from our contemplation, we might well prefer the faith of

—the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind

Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind.

The father of English poetry, who well knew what qualities and habits might with most probability be assigned to men of different professions, has made it a trait in the character of his Doctor of Phisike that

His study was but little in the Bible.

Though there are illustrious examples of the contrary, yet it may sometimes be with the physician as Shakspeare said of himself, when complaining of the influence which the business of a player had on his mind, that

—his nature is subdued

To that it works in

A propensity to materialism had not, however, so subdued the mind of Darwin, as to prevent him from acknowledging the existence of what he terms the Great Cause of Causes, Parent of Parents, *Ens Entium*. Nay, he went the length of maintaining, that his doctrine of spontaneous vitality was not inconsistent with Scripture.

But whatever may be thought of his creed, it must be recorded of him that he discharged some of the best duties of religion in a manner that would have become its most zealous professors.

He was bountiful to the poor, and hospitable to his equals. To the inferior clergy, when he resided at Lichfield, he gave his advice unfeigned, and he attended diligently to the health of those who were unable to requite him. Johnson is said, when he visited his native city, to have shunned the society of Darwin: Cowper, who certainly was as firm a believer as Johnson, thought it no disparagement to his orthodoxy to address some complimentary verses to him on the publication of his *Botanic Garden*.

This poem ought not to be considered more than as a capriccio, or sport of the fancy, on which he has expended much labour to little purpose. It does not pretend to any thing like correctness of design, or continuity of action. It is like a picture of Breughel's, where every thing is highly coloured, and every thing out of order. In the first part, called the *Economy of Vegetation*, the Goddess of Botany appears with her attendants, the Powers of the Four Elements, for no other purpose than to describe to them their several functions in carrying on the operations of nature. In the second, which has no necessary connexion with the first, the *Botanic Muse* describes the Loves of the Plants. Here the fiction is peurile, and built on a system which is itself in danger of vanishing into air. At the end of the second canto, the Muse takes a dish of tea, which I think is the only thing of any consequence that is done throughout. This second part has been charged with an immoral tendency; but Miss Seward has observed, with much truth, that it is a burlesque upon morality to make the amours of the plants responsible at its tribunal; and that the impurity is in the imagination of the reader, not in the pages of the poet. For these amours, he might have found a better motto than that which he has prefixed from Claudian, in the following stanza of Marini.

Ne' fior ne' fiori istessi Amor ha loco,  
Ama il giglio il ligustro e l'amaranto,  
E Narciso e Giacinto, Ajace e Croco,  
E con la bella Clitia il vago Acanto;  
Arde la Rosa di vermiglio foco,  
L'odor sospiro e la rugiada è pianto:  
Ride la Catta, e pallida e essangue  
Vinta d'amor la violetta langue.

*Adone, Canto 6.*

He was apt to confound the odd with the grotesque, and to

mistake the absurd for the fanciful. By an excellent landscape-painter now living, I was told that Darwin proposed as a subject for his pencil a shower, in which there should be represented a red-breast holding up an expanded umbrella in its claws.

An Italian critic, following a division made by Plotinus, has distributed the poets into three classes, which he calls the musical, the amatorical, and the philosophic. In the first, he places those who are studious of softness and harmony in their numbers; in the second, such as content themselves with describing accurately the outward appearances of real or fancied objects; and in the third, those who penetrate to the qualities of things, draw out their hidden beauties, and separate what is really and truly fair from that which has only its exterior semblance. Among the second of these Darwin might claim for himself no mean station. It was, indeed, a notion he had taken up, that as the ideas derived from visible objects (to use his own words) are more distinct than those derived from any other source, the words expressive of those ideas belonging to vision make up the principal part of poetic language. So entirely was he engrossed by this persuasion, as too frequently to forget that the admirers of poetry have not only eyes but ears and hearts also; and that therefore harmony and pathos are required of the poet, no less than a faithful delineation of visible objects.

Yet there is something in this versification also that may be considered as his own. His numbers have less resemblance to Pope's, than Pope's to those of Dryden. Whether the novelty be such as to reflect much credit on the inventor, is another question. His secret was, I think, to take those lines in Pope which seemed to him the most diligently elaborated, and to model his own upon them. But with those forms of verse which he borrowed more particularly from Pope, in which one part is equally balanced by the other, and of which each is complete in itself without reference to those which precede or follow it, he has mingled one or two others that had been used by our elder poets, but almost entirely rejected by the refiners of the couplet measure till the time of Langhorne; as where the substantive and its epithet are so placed, that the latter makes the end of an iambic in the second, and the former the beginning of a trochee in the third foot.

And showers | thē still | snōw frōm | his hoary urns.

*Darwin, Botanic Garden, p. 1, c. 2, 28.*

Or dart | thē rēd | flāsh thrōugh | the circling band. *Ibid.* 361.

Or rest | hēr fair | chēck ōn | his curled brows. *Ibid.* c. 2, 252.

Deserve | ā swēet | lōok frōm | Demetrius' eye. *Shakspeare, Mid. N. D.*

Infect | thē soūnd | pīne ānd | divert his grain. *Shakspeare, Tempest.*

Which on | thȳ sōft | chēck fōr | complexion dwells.

*Shakspeare, Sonnet 99.*

To lay | thēir jūst | hānds ōn | the golden key. *Milton, Comus.*

Or where they make the end of an iambic in the first, and the beginning of a spondee in the second foot, as

Thē wān | stārs glīm|mering through its silver train.

*Botanic Garden, p. 1. c. 1, 135.*

Thē bright | drōps rōlling from her lifted arms. *Ibid.* c. 2, 59.

Thē pāle | lāmp glīm|mering through the sculptur'd ice. *Ibid.* 134.

Hēr fair | chēck prēss'd | upon her lily hand.

*Temple of Nature, c. 1, 436.*

Thē fōul | bōar's cōn|quest on her fair delight.

*Shakspeare, Venus and Adonis, 1030.*

Thē rēd | blōod rēck'd | to show the painter's strife.

*Ibid. Rape of Lucrece, 1377.*

There is so little complexity in the construction of his sentences, that they may generally be reduced to a few of the first and simplest rules of syntax. On these he rings what changes he may, by putting the verb before its nominative or vocative case. Thus in the following verses from the Temple of Nature :

On rapid feet, o'er hills, and plains and rocks,  
Speed the scared leveret and rapacious fox ;  
On rapid pinions cleave the fields above,  
The hawk descending, and escaping dove ;  
With nicer nostril track the tainted ground,  
The hungry vulture, and the prowling hound ;  
Converge reflected light with nicer eye,  
The midnight owl, and mycrosopic fly ;  
With finer ear pursue their nightly course,  
The listening lion, and the alarmed horse.

*C. 3, 93.*

Sometimes he alternates the forms ; as

In Eden's groves, the cradle of the world,  
Bloom'd a fair tree with mystic flowers unfurl'd ;  
On bending branches, as aloft it sprung,  
Forbid to taste, the fruit of knowledge hung ;

Flow'd with sweet innocence the tranquil hours,  
And love and beauty warm'd the blissful bowers.

*Ibid.* 449.

The last line, or the middle of the last line in almost every sentence throughout his poems, begins with a conjunction affirmative or negative, *and*, or *nor*; and this last line is often so weak, that it breaks down under the rest. Thus in this very pretty impression, as it may almost be called, of an ancient gem:

So playful Love on Ida's flowery sides  
With ribbon-rein the indignant lion guides;  
Pleased on his brindled back the lyre he rings,  
And shakes delirious rapture from the strings;  
Slow as the pausing monarch stalks along,  
Sheathes his retractile claws, and drinks the song,  
Soft nymphs on timid step the triumph view,  
And listening fauns with beating hoofs pursue;  
Wit pointed ears the alarmed forest starts,  
And love and music soften savage hearts.

*Botanic Garden*, c. 4, 252.

And in an exceedingly happy description of what is termed the picturesque:

The rush-thatch'd cottage on the purple moor,  
Where ruddy children frolic round the door,  
The moss-grown antlers of the aged oak,  
The shaggy locks that fringe the colt unbroke,  
The bearded goat with nimble eyes, that glare  
Through the long tissue of his hoary hair,  
As with quick foot he climbs some ruin'd wall,  
And crops the ivy which prevents its fall,  
With rural charms the tranquil mind delight,  
And form a picture to the admiring sight.

*Temple of Nature*, c. 3, 248.

And in his lines on the eagle, from another gem:

So when with bristling plumes the bird of Jove  
Vindictive leaves the argent fields above,  
Borne on broad wings the guilty world he awes,  
And grasps the lightning in his shining claws.

*Botanic Garden*, p. 1. c. 1, 205.

where I cannot but observe the peculiar beauty of the epithet applied to the plumes of the eagle. It is the right translation of the word by which Pindar has described the ruffling of the wings on the back of Zete and Calais.

—ΠΤΕΡΙΟΙΣΙ ΨΑΤΑ ΠΕΦΡΙΚΟΥΤΑΣ ΑΜΦΩ ΠΟΡΦΥΡΕΙΣ.

Pyth. 4, 326.

which an Italian translator has entirely mistaken ;

Uomin' ambi, ch'orrore a' risguardanti  
 Facean coi rosseggianti  
 Vanni del tergo.

But Darwin could have known nothing of Pindar ; and the word may perhaps be found with a similar application in one of our own poets.

As the singularity of his poems caused them to be too much admired at first, so are they now more neglected than they deserve. There is about as much variety in them as in a bed of tulips, of which the shape is the same in all, except that some are a little more rounded at the points than others ; yet they are diversely streaked and freckled, with a profusion of gay tints, in which the bizarre (as it is called by the fanciers of that flower) prevails. They are a sight for on half hour in the spring, and no more ; and are utterly devoid of odour.

### THE OLD SEAMAN, A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

I LIKE a sailor. He is the oldest boy that wears a jacket ;—frank, generous, playful, and somewhat pugnacious. Not that he will fight for nothing :—but he will battle for glory, for that is like a ship's name ; or, if men wear wooden shoes, he will drub them for it, though he should get a leg made of the same leather. Talk of "our Wives and Liberties,"—he will fight for "Doll of Wapping," and get into a French prison. But for laurel—or wreaths of it,—he would rather win rolls of pigtail ; and as for palms—"Palmam qui meruit ferat,"—he has lost his hand and the palm with it. Immortality is not his aim : but he is a Dryad up to the knees ; and, so far, he will not die like "*all flesh*." Gout, or cramp, or rheumatism, what are they to him ?—he is a Stoic as far as the timber goes. Wooded,—but not watered, for he hates grog, except for the liquor that is in it. He looks like a human peg-top : you might spin him with a coil of cable. Talk of your improved rollers, and drilling machines, and sowing machines,—he is the best dibble for potatoes—but that will soon enough be discovered of him when he comes to his parish. One of his arms too is a fin : and he has lost an eye. It is the starboard one, and looks as if it had the wind in it—but it was blown out with gunpowder. He was in the Spitfire, off Cape Cod, when she took fire in the gun-room, and flew up like a rocket ! He went aloft almost to his cherub, and when he came down again he was half dead and half blind : one window, as he said, was as dark as night ;—but he makes light of it. All his bereavements—eye—arm—leg—are trifles to him : one, in-

Fling not those white arms in air;  
 Cast those roses from thy hair;  
 Stop awhile those glancing feet;  
 Still thy golden cymbals' beat;  
 Ring not thus thy joyous laugh;  
 Cease that purple cup to quaff;  
 Hear my voice of warning, hear,—  
 Stay thee on thy mad career!

Youth's sweet bloom is round thee now,  
 Roses laugh upon thy brow;  
 Radiant are thy starry eyes;  
 Spring is in the crimson dyes  
 O'er which thy dimple-smile is wreathing;  
 Incense on thy lip is breathing;  
 Light and Love are round thy soul,—  
 But thunder peals o'er June-skies roll;  
 Even now the storm is near—  
 Then stay thee on thy mad career!

Raise thine eyes to yonder sky,  
 There is writ thy destiny;  
 Clouds have veiled the new moonlight;  
 Stars have fallen from their height;  
 These are emblems of the fate  
 That waits thee—dark and desolate!  
 All Morn's lights are now thine own,  
 Soon their glories will be gone;  
 What remains when they depart?  
 Faded hope, and withered heart  
 Like a flower with no perfume  
 To keep a memory of its bloom!  
 Look upon that hour-marked round,  
 Listen to that fateful sound;  
 There my silent hand is stealing,  
 My more silent course revealing;  
 Wild, devoted PLEASURE, hear,—  
 Stay thee on thy mad career!—

L. E. L.

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 SONG.

Hers was a heart which, when it once had loved,  
 Could but ill brook the many trembling fears  
 That absent love must know.

There's a heart where my image dwells,  
 And will dwell for ever;  
 But the bosom with anguish swells,  
 We part—and nought its grief dispels,  
 Or will dispel it ever.



There are tears in those soft blue eyes;  
 Oh! must they flow for ever?  
 'Tis hard where Love so sweetly lies;  
 The Boy ne'er misery's pow'r defies,  
 But lets it follow ever.

There is a voice, whose tender strain  
 Will on my ear rest ever;  
 Its music soften'd all my pain,—  
 Ne'er can I hear those tones again,  
 No! they are fled for ever.

There *was* a smile made my heart thrill,  
 To be forgotten never;  
 The thought will cheer my spirits still:  
 'Twas a bright gleam 'mid clouds of ill,  
 Hovering o'er me ever.

B. G.

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I'LL DAUT\* NAE MAIR A POSIE.

Once I lov'd a lily hand,  
 A cheek baith ripe and rosie;  
 Once I lov'd a ruddie lip,—  
 I'll daut nae mair a posie;  
 Sweet is a rose to smell and pu'  
 When opening is its fragrant inou',  
 But there's a worm amang the dew—  
 I'll daut nae mair a posie.

Once I met a rosie cheek  
 Amang the dew's of even,  
 An ee that kenn'd nae ill but love,  
 Could wiled a saint frae heaven;  
 Though love's divine delicious lowe  
 Warm in those rosie cheeks did glow,  
 Where pity has forgot to grow,  
 'Tis but a posie living.

Woman, thou art a bairnly playke  
 Wi' nought but beauty's blossom;  
 But thou'rt a flower of heavenly power,  
 Wi' pity in thy bosom:  
 Wi' a' thy smiles and a' thy charms,  
 Wi' a' thy failings and thy harms,  
 Thou'rt lovelier in a bodie's arms  
 Than aught that bears a blossom.

C.

\* *Daut*.—To cherish, to love, to pet.

Ed. P. F.

## A SONG.

Sleep, gentle sleep, ye bring my love  
 In gentle dreams to me;  
 But, gentle sleep, thy fairest shape  
 Is ne'er so fair as she;  
 Her shining ringlets flowing,  
 Her lily-white hand I see,  
 The lights of true love glowing,  
 In my Annie's bonnie black ee.

Sleep, gentle sleep, ye bring my love  
 In visions bright and rare;  
 Ye love to come in my love's form,  
 There's nought so sweet and fair;  
 Though 'tween me and her dwelling  
 Rolls foaming and wide the sea,  
 In slumber she comes smiling,  
 My charming young Annie, to me.


Go, vision'd sleep, I love thee not;  
 For memory, kinder far,  
 Comes with the hour I met my love  
 Aneath the trysting star;  
 The silver stream was roving  
 Adown by the fairy lea,  
 The silver moon was roving  
 Aboon bonnie Annie and me.

O, my love's like the morning-star,  
 Before the sun she shines,  
 And lovelier than the evening light  
 Among Dalgonar pines;  
 And tall is she and tender,  
 And as fair as fair can be,  
 Her dark eyes beam diviner,  
 When young Annie muses on me.

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*Doctors sometimes are not wise.*—Dr. Collet, mistaking *ψυχη* αἰολος for *ψυχη* αυλος, wrote fifteen reasons to prove that the soul was like a flute. Dr. Plot, in the MS. History of Oxfordshire, inserted an account of a gentleman who had one leg smooth and the other rough, a fact of which the author himself had received plain ocular demonstration. The wicked wag, however, before the book went to the press, undeceived his credulous friend by telling him that one leg had been shaved.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

 *Authors and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Editor of the Port Folio, by sending information, (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such books, which will be communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan. It is not to be expected, however, that an opinion on the merits of any work, can be expressed, before it has been submitted to examination. It is the object of the Editor, to collect in this article full and accurate information on the progress of the press in the United States, with occasional notices of Foreign Literature, derived from the best journals.*

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The second edition of *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*, hitherto unavoidably delayed, will be put to press in a short time, and published in July or August. The arrangement, which was considerably defective in the first edition, will be greatly improved, and the quantity of matter nearly doubled.

Mr. W. W. Woodward has republished, the *Life of the Rev. Thomas Scott*, so well known among the religious by his commentary upon the Bible, and his labours in the first Protestant Missionary Society, of which he was the founder. This is the first American from the second English edition. It is ornamented with an admirable engraving by *Ellis*, and a large and distinct type has been employed, for the convenience of aged eyes. Although adapted to interest religious readers only, it will, by pious persons of all denominations, be deemed an invaluable addition to their library. It belongs to a class of books of which we have but too few, and of which, not from the lack of authors, but from the rareness of proper subjects, it is not likely that we shall ever have too many. The lives of Christians of Mr. Scott's stamp, are the best sort of practical commentary on Christianity. Of such persons the Apostle Paul speaks, as being "living epistles," intelligible to all men; and their memoirs bear the same relation to the Bible, as the records of experimental science do to the physical principles they are employed to illustrate. Show me, says the infidel, a man raised from the dead, and I will believe. It is an unreasonable demand. He would not believe, though a man were to rise from the dead. But show me Christianity, the religion of the Bible, realized in the life of a Christian,—is a fair challenge. And how can it be met so well as by referring the sceptic to such men in his own day, as Henry Martyn and Walter Venning, Granville Sharp and John Thornton, Andrew Fuller and Thomas Scott? Such a work as the present is valuable, not only on account

of the evidence it supplies of the power of religion, but as it forms a treasury of practical instruction to the inexperienced Christian. Next to the promises of the Bible, such memorials as these supply the most efficient consolation under those trials and perplexities, which are found to be common to all the family of God. All that is really in ecclesiastical history, too, has come down to us in this shape. The real history of the Church is to be found, not in the history of councils and of heresies, but in the lives of martyrs and confessors, reformers and evangelists, in whose glorious fellowship, the subject of these Memoirs has gone to take his station, where his works will follow him. The biographer has discharged his debt of filial piety, in a manly, judicious, and able manner. He has done himself great honour, and laid the Christian world under lasting obligations, by the ingenuous fidelity with which he has given the history of his father's life, and the admirable use he has made of his materials.

An Asiatic Society has lately been established at Paris, at the head of which is the celebrated Baron Sylvestre de Sacy, well known as one of the first orientalists in Europe. With him are Langles, Klaproth, Remusat, and many other learned men, skilled in that branch of science. The number of resident members exceeds one hundred and thirty. This society was the more necessary at the present time, that the *Mines d'Orient*, which for several years appeared at Vienna, under the direction of the learned Von Hammer, has been discontinued. Von Hammer has been made an honorary member of the Paris society, to which and to that of Calcutta, we must now exclusively look for information on this interesting subject.

Several valuable memoirs have already been presented to this Society, among which one by Klaproth, which proves that paper money was first invented in China, and another by the same author, showing the identity of the Ossites, a people which inhabit mount Caucasus, with the Alani of the middle ages.

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*Dr. Franklin.*—The Directors of the Athenæum have lately purchased a large number of pamphlets which were formerly the property of this philosopher. Many of them are particularly valuable on account of the marginal notes which they have received from his hand. Some are of an amusing cast—On the first page of a collection of extracts from the registry of the faculty of Medicine in Paris, there is a vignette, with this observation in the hand writing of Dr. Franklin: "It is remarkable that the arms of the faculty above, should be three ducks with herbs in their mouths to prevent their pronouncing the motto, Quack, Quack, Quack."

## CHARACTER OF THE LATE MRS. MARIA B. TUCKER.

BIOGRAPHICAL notices are not likely to excite interest, except where its subjects have had a name in the world: and whether they acquired that name by their genius, their virtues, their misfortunes or their crimes, it matters not—all that relates to them, however trivial and minute, is sought with eagerness and received with avidity; while the life of private unpretending virtue, however pure and rare, is allowed to pursue its gentle noiseless course to the grave, unheeded by any but those to whom it was endeared by personal acquaintance. Yet, one would suppose, that such is the native loveliness of virtue, a picture of moral excellence under its fairest form, and its most engaging aspects, could never be viewed with absolute indifference.

Such a picture was exhibited by the late Mrs. MARIA B. TUCKER, the wife of *George Tucker, Esq.*, one of the Members of Congress from Virginia.

Although this lady was admired for many pleasing qualities, both personal and mental, she was still more loved for her goodness. A more generous, affectionate, and benevolent heart, never warmed a bosom. It was this which imparted such a winning sweetness to her manners, made her life a blessing to all around her, and almost converted every common acquaintance into a friend.

It was her good fortune to obtain the love and esteem of her own sex, no less than the admiration and respect of the other. The kindness of her disposition was so stamped on all she said and did, that it rarely failed to beget correspondent good-will in others.

The virtues of this admirable lady, though decided and strongly marked, were so happily tempered, that they never ran into their kindred faults. Her dignity was divested of all pride. Her cheerfulness and overflowing good-humour had never, even in the hey-day of youth and beauty, betrayed her into levity or impropriety. Her piety, though heartfelt and fervent, were devoid of bigotry and austerity. Though no one who had so lively a relish for harmless pleasure, was ever more ready to forego it; yet she had the rare gift of reconciling the purest and most elevated sentiments of religion, with the duties, the occupations, and the innocent enjoyments of life.

The countenance of Mrs. Tucker, was a faithful index of her heart and mind. It expressed sensibility, good humour and benevolence, in language which it was impossible to mistake. This expression, still more than her features, made it one of the most agreeable faces ever beheld, and was the cause why, at the age of thirty-eight, she retained so much of her youthful beauty.

Her talent for conversation was extraordinary. With a voice clear and musically sweet, a ready elocution, a mind well stored with miscellaneous reading, and a lively fancy, she was always listened to with delight; and sometimes, on the few subjects in which she would give the reins to her enthusiasm, she would talk like one inspired.

She wrote with remarkable readiness and ease. Could she have submitted to the labour of revision, she would have attained the highest order of elegance. Even in her unstudied effusions, her language, always chaste and pure, is sometimes felicitously beautiful.

As a wife, mother, daughter and sister, her merits are above all praise. More tenderness, more disinterestedness, more delicacy, were never exhibited than she was in the daily habit of manifesting in these various relations. She practised every species of charity. She was not merely liberal and kind to the poor, but a nurse to the sick, and a comforter to the afflicted. She was ever ready to defend the victims of calumny—to overlook venial errors—and to forgive injuries to herself on the very few occasions, which one, so blameless and so beloved, could have for forgiveness. Indeed, in the enlarged sense in which the word is used by the great Apostle, comprehending meekness, patience, modesty and love, this excellent woman was CHARITY personified.

Her character had acquired in early life a romantic cast, which it never entirely laid aside. But this peculiarity sat upon her so naturally and so gracefully, seemed so to belong to her, that no one could have wished her to lose it. It made her descriptions more glowing, her friendships more enthusiastic, her anticipations more lively, and sometimes her disappointments more acute; though commonly on these occasions, her cheerful sanguine temper would, alchemist-like, turn with renovated eagerness to some fresh object of hope.

Mrs. Tucker was born in the town of Fredericksburg, and there passed the early part of her life with her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Lewis. It was probably owing to this lady, who was the only sister of General Washington, and had much of his practical wisdom, that the natural enthusiasm of her character, had always been controlled by the most delicate sense of propriety. She afterwards lived successively in the county of Culpepper, where she married at the age of seventeen; in Richmond, in the county of Pittsylvania, and in Lynchburg, where she died on the 29th of January last, of an affection of the spleen; with which she had been afflicted from her early years.

In each of these places she had a large circle of friends, friends not in the common acceptation of the term, but who felt for her a lively and lasting affection; and she was every where most a favourite with the most estimable of her sex. In all these changes of residence and situation, she remained unchanged. The same

wish to promote the happiness of others—the same contented disposition—the same success in conciliating affection and respect—the same heavenly-minded piety and benignity, attended her in the sequestered shades of Pittsylvania, as in the polished circles of Richmond or Washington.

The loss of a lovely daughter about four years ago, had disposed her mind, always piously inclined, more towards religious meditation; and too surely presaging the progress of the disease which occasioned her death, she had of late been sedulously bent on preparing for the awful change, until she had attained that happy serenity of mind, which was willing to live, but yet prepared to die. And when she found the awful moment approaching, after giving some pious admonitions to her children, and, in a strain of the most sublime and touching eloquence, testifying to those around her the faith and hope of a Christian, she said, (laying her hand on her bosom,) “*all is pence within*,” and in a few minutes expired. Such were the last moments of one, who was a blessing to her friends, an ornament to her sex, and an honour to human nature.

Let it not be supposed that these are the exaggerations of friendship. It is believed there are few states in the Union, in which there are not persons who would bear testimony, that the sketch here attempted, has done no more than justice to the bright original; though they feel but a portion of that grief, which now wrings the bosom of the writer of this notice.

A learned Judge noted for using the phrases, “I humbly conceive,” and “for look d’ye see,” was presiding at dinner, where Mr. Charles Yorke was present, and insisted that the latter must have written a book, because he had so many briefs more than a young man of his standing could expect. In vain Mr. Yorke assured him he never had; the Judge was not convinced. Mr. Yorke then said he had, it was true, attempted to turn Coke upon Littleton into verse, and he would give a specimen from the *Treatise upon Tenures*:

A man who is seized of his land in fee  
Need neither to quake nor quaver,  
I humbly conceive—for look d’ye see,  
'Tis his and his heirs forever!

#### ERRATA, in our last Number.

Page 226, l. 8 from the foot, for *secundo arte*, read *secundum artem*.

231, 11	<i>wrapt,</i>	rapt.
246, 12 from the top,	<i>prisoner,</i>	people.

deed, is a standing jest. He often takes off his wooden leg.—Diogenes was nothing to him as a philosopher : he is proud even of his misfortunes. Whilst others bewail their scratches, and plaister their razor cuts, he throws open his blue jacket, and shows the deep furrowed scars, and exclaims, “Talk not to me of *seams* !”

To see an old seaman is to see a man. An old soldier, in the comparison, looks like an old woman—perhaps, because his uniform is red like her cloak. But a sailor has fought with more adversaries—the fire of the foe—the ice of the North Pole—the struggle of the winds—and the assault of the wild waters. The elements are his playmates, and his home is the wide sea. “He is,” says Sir T. Overbury—“a pitcht peece of reason calckt and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests.” He has encountered shrieking hurricanes—billows, like mountains with the white sheep atop—and rocks like the door-posts of death ! He has circumvented the quicksand, and been too cunning for the deep ! Wind, wave, rock—showers of shot,—bayonet and cutlas,—he has withstood them all, either by force or skill.—What a fine flesh and blood trophy—(and some wood too)—is he of various victory ! The roaring sea, the howling gale, the thundering cannon,—his old adversaries,—sing his triumph over them. What has he not braved and endured ? We “love him for the dangers he has passed ;” as the gentle Desdemona loved her husband, the Moor, the more he recounted of his perils. He can talk too of—

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav’n—  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

A good lie, to do him justice, is no labour to him : but on the other hand he is as freely credulous. It was he who saw the man hunted by devils into Vesuvius—or Ætna—as it is written and witnessed upon oath in his log-book. Tell him that sparrows may be caught with salt upon their tails, and he will believe you ; for he knows that cod-fish are so taken. He has a great faith in the Kraken. If you will credit him, he has hooked one larger than the sea’s bottom, with the best bower anchor ;—and he has seen the Sea-Serpent and the Mermaid. Some at least of his wonders he can show you : he has a flying fish in his chest, and a young dolphin—besides cockroaches which eat up one’s linen in the West Indies ;—but the blue shark he has given to a friend. The green parrot too he has parted with, but with more kindness than discretion ; for he sent it to an old aunt, and she was pleased at the gift ; but the bird, it turned out, blasphemed, and she was still more shocked at the giver. It is worth one ear to listen to him when, with these marvels, he talks over his voyages, his engagements, his adventures, and, above all, his re-



sidence amongst the savages; and how he made Christians of them—and some of them as he says, d——d good ones too! On this matter he is frequent; won to it, perhaps, by the remembrance of the flattering court paid him by the great king Eea Tooa, and the pearly smiles of the black Princesses. Only on one subject is he more eloquent:—**HIS SHIP!** There he luxuriates: There he talks poetry! It is a doubt whether he could describe his mistress better. She sits upon the spray—speaking pastorally—like a bird. She is the fleetest of the fleet. Tacking, or close-hauled, or under bare poles, there is none can compare with her. To see her in full dress—skyscrapers, and royals, and stud-sails is to fancy one of those lady-ships, who from Trojan galleys were changed into sea-nymphs;—

She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

For all that he has endured, our mariner has only been made a gunner's mate; but "one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle." Poor Bill was not a spoon-bill. He was brought up to the sea; for he was born on board ship, cradled on the ocean, schooled in the fleet, and should have married a mermaid; but, as the tale goes, she jilted him, and he took up with Nancy Dawson, with whom he fell in love because she was so like the ship's figure head. At twelve years old he was wrecked in the *Agamemnon*: at fourteen he was taken in the *Vengeur*; and at thirty he was blown up in the *Spitfire*. What a sea-fortune! But he never quarrelled with his profession, nor—as his good mother sometimes advised him—*threw up the sea*. He was never sick of it. At last, in the engagement off Trafalgar, under the immortal Nelson, he lost his arm by a shot; but, binding it up, he persisted in remaining upon deck, if it were only, as he said, to have satisfaction for it—the next broadside carried away both his legs. He was then grafted. Now he is ancient and quite grey; but he will not confess to age: "it is through going to the North Pole," he says, "for there the hares turn white in winter." Such a fragment as he would be a fit inmate of the noble hospital of Greenwich—but he is an out-pensioner, and wanders through the country; he preferred it. It was at a farmhouse in Berkshire that I met with him, and learned these snatches of his history. The dogs barked as they will do at a beggar; the people of the house said "There comes old Bill!" and in came this Auncient Marinere, thrusting a fistful of ballads before him. He stumped in with a fine smiling assurance, and heaving his old glazed hat into the middle of the floor, took possession of a low elbow chair by the fire. His old bronzed forehead was rugged and weather-beaten like a rock, and the white hair sprinkled over it like the foam of his own ocean. A lean puckered eyelid seemed to squeeze the light out again from one little grey twinkling eye; but the other was blind and blank. His face was red, and cured by the salt sea air, and

warranted "to keep in any climate," but his cheeks were thin, and his nose and chin sharp and prominent. Still he smiled, and seemed to wear a happy heart that had never been among breakers; and he sang one of his old sea songs with a firm jolly voice. He only wanted more rum and tobacco to set the world at defiance; and he thought it hard he could not have them. "Have you no parish?" asked the farmer, who was himself an overseer. "Parish!—aye, to be sure I have," said the old tar, "every man has his parish—but no one likes to go to it that has got his limbs, thank God, and can go about picking up where he pleases." "But they will relieve you."—"Aye, aye, I know that," said the sailor, shaking his head; "they offered me as good as eight shilling a week if I would give 'em up my pension, and go into their House of Correction—but I liked my liberties better." "But you would at least have a house over you; and as much soup and gruel"—"Soup and gruel," said the old man, with a brisk volley of oaths; "soup and gruel!—what! a man here that has fought for his king and country, and lost his precious limbs, and has ate beef and biscuit, to be fed upon pap and spoon-victuals! No, damme—but come, hand us over a drop of that beer to sop my crust in."

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## ESSAYS ON EDUCATION.

### II. *On the Prejudices of Education.*

ARGUMENT or declamation against the absurdities and mischiefs of prejudice is to be found in a thousand authors; and has been received by a thousand readers with approbation or conviction. Local and national prepossessions can hardly be traced more early in the page of the historian, than the ridicule or censure of them in the sarcasms of the satyrist, or the disquisitions of the philosopher. In order to weaken the credit of the opinions of his antagonist, one of the first expedients of a modern disputant is to ascribe them wholly or partially to the prejudices of interest or of habit. When we discover any preference for the laws, the customs, and the manners of our country, or connections, men of other nations are ready to censure or despise the narrowness of our minds, and the prejudices of our education. He who is desirous to introduce novel opinions to the world, on whatever subject, pleads earnestly for the candour and impartiality of his hearers; and seldom fails to insinuate that the sentiments of his predecessors were greatly influenced in their rise and continuance by the prevailing but erroneous notions of the times; but above all, he that wishes for innovation in the doctrines of religion and civil policy; to produce revolutions in the establishments of the church or the state, *he* imputes to habit, authority and prejudice the principles on which these establishments were originally founded, and the sentiments by which they have been hitherto supported. This last expedient, indeed, is universally adopted

by a numerous class of theorists of the present times. They have, it must be allowed, the greatest novelty in their doctrines, and the greatest zeal in their propagation. In order to ensure success to their purposes, however, they are under the necessity of extending the charge of prejudice to almost every sentiment hitherto received as useful, honourable, or sacred, to almost every affection of the heart, and every conclusion of the understanding. Nor has their declamation or their sophistry been without very serious effects. It has been able at least to bring the term into contempt or disgrace. Many of the young, the inexperienced, and the sanguine amongst us, are so eager to show their candour and impartiality, that their strongest prejudice seems to be against all prejudice whatever. They are so hostile to what they call bigoted attachment to ancient institutions or principles, that they become bigots to laxity itself. They are indeed more afraid of the imputation of bigotry or prejudice, than of confutation in argument, or conviction of absurdity. They are indisposed towards every custom which can plead long continuance and prescription; and treat all received opinions with jealousy and suspicion; lest they should contribute to perpetuate error, and to support establishments injurious to the free exercise of reason and the natural rights of man.

Let not all our prejudices, however, be involved without distinction in this general sentence of condemnation. Let some enquiry be made whether what are allowed to be frequent, and appear to be natural, may not admit of apology or justification; whether many of those prejudices are not, indeed, like almost every thing else, useful while moderate and reasonable, and culpable only in their excess. If their cause be as hopeless, as some modern philosophers would represent it, it will by discussion be but the more effectually exposed; and if it have truth and justice on its side, an advocate of ordinary talents may be successful in its defence. It will appear upon examination, it is presumed, that to extirpate all our prejudices, in the present state of human nature, if it were beneficial, is not possible; and if it were possible, would not be beneficial.

Prejudice in its most extensive sense, and in the sense in which it seems at present to be employed, is synonymous with prepossession. It includes every opinion embraced without due examination before hand: every affection or aversion, esteem or contempt, which, whether well or ill founded, whether just or unjust in itself, has been wholly or partially adopted from any other motive than fair consideration and conviction; upon any other evidence than the preponderance of probabilities impartially weighed and rightly determined. The abstract and demonstrative truths of science, and the facts of history or physicks, established upon unquestionable testimony or unequivocal experiment, are not the subjects of the present disquisition. When these are once

known, they are no longer disputed or denied. No man, by whom they are fully understood, controverts them in theory, or acts in opposition to them in practice. Prejudices exist only with respect to points of opinion properly so called; with respect to such doctrines of ethics, politics, or religion, as do not admit scientific demonstration; and are therefore exposed to the influence of our infirmities and passions.

Now if this statement be just, it will not be easy to specify any human opinion, which, in zeal for an hypothesis, or in the irritation of controversy, may not be stigmatized by an antagonist as a prejudice. For few can be named that have been received with such impartiality and indifference, as the phlegm of *philosophiam* seems to require; not one, perhaps, in which the understanding has acted independently of all influence from the affections.

Of the effects of habit something has been said already, and much remains to be said hereafter. Its value, indeed, and its necessity are universally acknowledged. Its importance in producing dexterity in the duties of a profession, and preparing men for the business of their respective employments; in contributing to our contentment and satisfaction in our several stations, and giving consistency and stability to the human character; its utility in creating pleasure and facility in the exercise of virtue, and its danger, from the difficulty of correcting it, in the practice of vice; all these points are too generally admitted to require argument or illustration. But whatever may be the value of habit, one constant effect of it is prepossession in favour of those modes of thought and action, which itself has rendered familiar to us. Habit is indeed the natural parent of prejudice; and prejudice, with a sort of filial piety, supports established habit. An eminent author has observed that *man is a bundle of prejudices*; and the purpose at present is to show that these prejudices have always possessed, and always must possess a considerable share in the origin and in the support of our sentiments and our conduct.

The instincts and propensities of our nature, and the accidental circumstances of our situation; the regard we feel for our parents and teachers, and gratitude to our friends and benefactors; the studies of our early youth, and familiarity with the objects, which have always surrounded us; the coincidence of opinions with those, which we have been accustomed to entertain; or their fitness to gratify our passions, or promote our interest; deference to the judgment of men of acknowledged wisdom, or to the authority of those invested with power; attachment to established doctrines from the love of peace, or opposition to them from the ambition of singularity; these causes, and such as these, have in no small degree guided our reasoning and our conclusions on every subject that has engaged our attention; and have greatly, and almost equally, influenced the feelings of the heart and the decisions of the understanding.

In the operation of almost all our passions may be traced a considerable proportion of prejudice. Fear and hope, love and hatred, joy and sorrow, arise in a great degree according to our habitual modes of thought and feeling, and from objects of which we have been already prepossessed with a good or ill opinion, with sentiments of enmity or favour. Even taste and judgment are by no means exempt from the same influence. That every man decides upon excellence in the arts by some standard which accident or custom has fixed in his mind, however it may be lamented, has seldom been denied; and it has been shown, that our idea of beauty even in the human form, is not derived from any abstract and settled principles of order, colour, and proportion; but that it is annexed to those features which have been most frequently seen; and which are the most pleasing to us, because they are the most familiar.

It is obvious too that sentiments thus imbibed and established are cherished with peculiar fondness, and defended with peculiar zeal. We do not consider them as questionable in point of truth themselves, but rather as the standard by which other truths are to be tried; they are the first we have received, and the last we are willing to lose.

Nor can this be avoided, while mankind continue to be what they are. The human mind will unavoidably contract the strongest attachment to those objects, with which it is the most early and the most permanently familiar. Truth itself cannot easily be taught, without being recommended by the teacher; and opinions must be recommended in order to be taught. Nor can the requisite skill or expertness in the common transactions of life be acquired without fixing such habits, as it will afterwards be both inconvenient and painful to exchange. By what means all these prejudices may be removed, without establishing others in their place, or reducing the mind to the vacancy of childhood: by what arts the affections may be prevailed upon to remain in a state of neutrality, till the understanding has determined to what objects they shall be directed; by what power, exclusive of those affections, the understanding itself may be stimulated to consider the merits of any objects at all; and by what means and at what period this understanding shall be competent to examine and decide upon every subject that may concern our virtue or our happiness; these are points which the writer confesses himself as unable to determine, as he is unwilling that the attempt should be made. And he is unwilling the attempt should be made, because it does not appear, that, if successful, it would be beneficial in its effects. The removal of all our prejudices, were it possible, would impair or destroy many of the best affections of the heart, and not a few of the best virtues in our conduct.

That our earliest attachments are founded, above all others

upon accident and prepossession, and at the same time that they are, above all others, pleasing to the human mind, the sources of many of the purest and most delightful of our sensations, every man readily confesses; and what adequate advantage is to be obtained by the extinction of these attachments, and the substitution of the modern notions of liberality and benevolence in their place, it is the business of the enemies of prejudice to explain.

That a great majority of mankind must always remain in such ignorance, as to be governed in their opinions and conduct more by the authority of others than by their own judgment, by habit rather than conviction, no man of any experience in the world will dispute. Nor will he fail to observe that prejudices in the minds of such men may be changed, but cannot be abolished; that if the principles they first adopted, be once loosened or erased, they are generally either replaced by such as are weaker or more wicked, or succeeded by the loss of all moral and religious principle whatever. To think and reason wholly for themselves neither the information nor the leisure of men in general will permit; and what may be expected from attempts to *enlighten the people*, the efforts of our modern demagogues have too plainly shown. It is what no wise or good man will wish to see repeated.

That reciprocal attachment or esteem, which constitutes friendship, undoubtedly takes its rise in some degree from prejudice. The follies and vices of my friend are probably not less, nor his talents and merits greater, than those of the friends of other men. Yet our mutual regard, however founded in partiality and error contributes always to our happiness, and generally to our virtue; it augments our enjoyments as individuals, and our utility as members of the community. He who would sacrifice the pleasures and advantages of friendship at the shrine of *philosophism* and its philanthropy, would sacrifice to a name and a shadow, what the frailties of our nature have made necessary; what human wisdom has always applauded; and what divine revelation itself has not condemned.

Whatever is true of the esteem of friendship is still more true of the passion of love, with respect to its origin, as well as its effects. And though this passion in its excesses and absurdities will sometimes excite the contempt of the philosopher or the sneer of the satirist; yet will it, under the guidance of prudence and virtue, continue to be the foundation and support of society; and to constitute no inconsiderable proportion of the little happiness which human life admits.

If patriotism be allowed to be a virtue, it must be allowed also that this virtue has its foundation in habit and prepossession. The predilection, which we feel for our own country, is not founded upon the superiority of its physical advantages in com-

parison with those of other regions; upon the salubrity of the climate, or the fertility of the soil; upon its convenience for commerce, or its opportunities for attack or defence. On the contrary, indeed, this predilection seems rather to be increased, in proportion as these benefits have been denied. Where a mountainous district prevents much intercourse with other nations; where subsistence is difficult to be procured; where a barren soil and an ungenial climate render the constant exertions of the inhabitants necessary for their support; and their union and vigilance for the common defence; there it is that we find the strongest attachment to what appears least to deserve it; and for this obvious reason, that it has required and engaged the largest share of their attention, and found the fullest employment for their faculties. Regions every way more favoured by nature than those of North Britain and Switzerland may easily be named. But the national attachment of the Swiss and the Scotch to their respective countries has never been exceeded. On our native soil are found those objects on which accident first bestowed, and custom has confirmed, our affections. That attachment which we feel for the place where we spent the cheerful hours of infancy; for those, who are endeared to us by the ties of consanguinity, or the familiarities of friendship; for those to whom we are united by similarity of sentiments and pursuits, by the same laws, language, and religion; this is gradually extended and matured into the love of our country and our countrymen; into that zeal for their interests and spirit in their defence, which men in all ages and nations have been taught to cultivate, and have agreed to applaud.

He that calls himself a citizen of the world, has generally more affectation than humanity; and proclaims, not so much the liberality of his mind, as the insensibility of his heart. The whole human race is too large an object for the grasp of our affections, and too widely diffused to be much influenced by our actions. The disciple of modern philosophy, indeed, while he pretends to universal philanthropy, neglects the practical duties within his reach. He affects compassion for the miseries of the savages of distant regions; but it is only the disguise of his want of tenderness for his fellow-citizens at home. He can behold, with unconcern, pain, injustice and cruelty inflicted upon his friends or his country, under the fallacious pretext that such suffering is subservient to general good, and contributes to the liberty or the happiness of mankind. Till, however, all enmity between rival nations shall cease; till the duties of humanity shall be practised towards all our fellow-creatures without distinction; till partiality and affection shall neither exist nor be wanted; till that wild theory, in short shall be realized upon earth, which supposes that human nature may be made perfect or made anew; till these wonderful changes in the state of so-

ciety shall have been effected, the love of our own country, in preference to others, will continue to be an useful and honourable principle of action, the source of many of our best enjoyments, and the foundation of many of our best virtues.

Let not the reader disdainfully reject the doctrine, till he has given it a fair hearing, when it is asserted, that what is called natural affection itself, is in a great measure the affection of habit, and therefore of prejudice. The existence of the instinct is not denied. But of the strong attachment of parents to their offspring, it seems to be only one cause amongst many; and that not the principal or the most powerful. Till strengthened and confirmed by habit it is easily opposed or destroyed. The loss of an infant is much less lamented than the loss of a child more advanced in age. Our own children do not possess beauty or merit superior to the children of others; but we love them with greater intenseness, because they have engaged a larger share of our time and attention. The same principle, indeed, will satisfactorily account for what has often occasioned both surprise and censure; that the child most afflicted with sickness or deformity, or the most perverse and vicious of a numerous family generally enjoys more than his proportion in the affection of the parent. What is most frequently in our thoughts acquires at last the greatest interest in our hearts. Between the infant and the nurse will often grow an attachment little less forcible and permanent, than between the infant and the parent; and it is often observed, that there is less maternal tenderness where the child is not either nursed by the mother, or kept within the reach of her constant observation. That the child shall instinctively discover its own parent, or the parent its own child, after an absence from the infancy to the maturity of the latter, or that each shall experience at the sight of the other, while unknown, strong and affecting sensations, which they cannot account for or describe; these circumstances have, indeed, produced interesting scenes on the stage or in a romance; but no such incidents can be traced in the records of authentic history. In the inferior animals not endowed with reason and reflection, the instinctive affection of the parent towards the offspring is indispensably necessary; and has therefore been implanted by the great Creator: and that it is the effect of instinct alone appears, by its operating uniformly and universally; by its blind violence while it lasts; and by its lasting only while necessary for the support and safety of the young. As soon as they are able to provide for their own subsistence, the parent is generally observed to drive them away. In the human species the influence of instinct and of habit are greatly assisted and augmented by the suggestions of reason and reflection; by our consciousness beforehand, that affection and care for our offspring are not more the dictate of nature than of moral duty; and by the hopes we entertain that this



care and this attention will find their reward in the gratitude, the virtue, and the happiness of their object.

That a large proportion of prejudice, however, enters into the mutual attachment between the parent and the offspring is not insisted on with a view to censure, but to defend it ; to show that there are prejudices which even modern philosophy will not easily find reason to condemn. In the parent the affection for his child is not only the source of many of his purest and greatest pleasures, but the principal motive on which he discharges with zeal and delight some of his most irksome and important duties. In the child the affection for his parents is not only the foundation of all the best and tenderest affections of the heart, but the beginning and principle of submission without reluctance to external authority, of ready deference to the opinions and inclinations of others, and of cheerful obedience to the laws of the society in which providence has placed him.

Amongst what have been called the prejudices of education must not be forgotten the momentous concern of religion. By the infidel and sceptic all sentiments of piety and devotion have been ridiculed or censured, as the mere effects of instruction and custom operating upon fear and folly ; and the preference which the natives of one country give to their own system of faith and worship, is often stigmatized, by the inhabitants of other regions and the professors of other doctrines, as the result of superstition, bigotry, and prejudice. The evidences for the truth of the Christian revelation it is foreign to the present purpose to repeat ; and how far it is just and necessary to instruct the rising generation in the established religion of their country, another opportunity will be found to examine more at large. For the present, however, let it be observed, that to leave to each individual the choice of his religion, as recommended in the reveries of Rousseau, and therefore to leave him without any religion at all, till his age and learning have qualified him to make the choice, is a mode of proceeding, of which the absurdity seems equalled only by the danger. A small proportion of mankind only have leisure and abilities sufficient to enable them to compare with each other the different systems of doctrine and worship, that have been established in the world ; a still smaller have talents and inclination to form their own creed from their own observation and reflection ; and that perhaps would be the smallest of all, which would admit any impressions of piety upon their minds, if already preoccupied with the passions of our nature and the business of the world. Nor could there upon this supposition be any prospect of attaining such concord and unanimity, such uniformity in the articles of faith and rites of devotion, as have always been deemed necessary to produce the due influence of religion, and to support the best interests of the community. That man should in every thing be

formed or improved by his habits, was obviously the intention of the Creator. And is that only to be left without the advantages of habit, which is the only firm foundation of the virtue of the individual and of the peace of society; and on which depends the happiness of time and of eternity! Habit only will enable us to perform what our duty and our interest equally require: to regulate every sentiment of the heart by the will of God; to refer every action of life to his commands; and to hope from his promises the final reward of our obedience.

Instances to the same purpose might be multiplied to almost any extent. But a sufficient number has been adduced to show how unfounded in many cases are the clamours of our opponents, and our own apprehensions, on the subject of the prejudices of education. They are often innocent in themselves, necessary to the weakness of our nature, and beneficial in their effects. An education without prejudices is, indeed, a notion dictated by the true spirit of *philosophism*, and expressed in its own jargon; for it is in practice an impossibility, and in terms little less than a contradiction.\*

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. My design in making these observations is not by any means to palliate or encourage those mean and contemptible prejudices, which at once narrow the mind, and harden the heart; but to recommend it to parents and preceptors to establish in their children and pupils, by instruction, discipline and habit, firmness of principle and consistency of character. It is certainly not desirable to prevent the correction of error or the diffusion of knowledge. But it is still less desirable to offer such information as is unsuitable at once to the capacity and the situation of those to whom it is offered; to unsettle those motives of action, which experience has shewn are alone able to support the integrity of the individual and the peace of the community; or to propagate such doctrines, as the state of the world and the influence of our passions will not permit us to carry into effect. The design here is, not to prevent the due exercise of reason, or to restrain the spirit of liberal enquiry; but to censure that wild and unshackled freedom of thought, which disregards, or affects to disregard, all the influence of custom, all respect for ancient usage, and all the wis-

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\* The abolition of all prejudice seems to be the opposite extreme to what is sometimes maintained by the same description of theorists, the doctrine of philosophical necessity. In the former instance they require the understanding alone to direct independently of the affections; and in the latter they maintain that the understanding itself is irresistibly directed by circumstances and motives; and therefore in no small degree by the affections and passions. It would, no doubt, be considered as a favour by the public, if each of these philosophers could inform us, when we are, and when we are not, to believe him to be in earnest; that is, according to the distinction of Cicero, when he speaks with sincerity as a candid enquirer after truth, and when, in the capacity of an orator, he only pleads the cause of his hypothesis or his party.

dom of former times; and which presumptuously decides upon all subjects of policy or morals, by lights entirely its own, without reference to the nature of man, or the frame of civil society, to acknowledged principles, or established practice. The design is, not to encourage that bigotry of opinion, which denies all wisdom to those who dissent from us, and all merit to the natives of other countries; but to censure that laxity and indifference, which disguise their own deformity and spread their poison under the specious names of candour, liberality and moderation. The design is, not to recommend undue warmth in our attachments or aversions, even towards their proper objects, and in the cause of virtue; but to condemn that unnatural and criminal apathy, which can be awakened to action or to pleasure only by such scenes of turpitude and horror, as shock the feelings and the understandings of all the rest of mankind. The design is, not to confine the affections, or limit the duties of humanity to a family, a sect, or a climate; but to stigmatize that romantic affectation of universal philanthropy, which has been found to conceal the most culpable insensibility, and to terminate in the most despicable selfishness. The design is, in short, to place man in that point of view, in which his Creator seems to have intended he should appear; as the creature of education and habit; as responsible alike for the acquisition and the exercise of knowledge; for the religious and moral principles, which he may form, and for their effects upon his conduct, in whatever situation the wisdom of Providence may see fit to place him.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because it is peculiarly liable to mistake and misapprehension; because, if the remarks that have been made appear to be just, they shew in a still stronger light the importance and the necessity of a right education, and because the force of much of my future reasoning will depend upon the truth of what has been now advanced.

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### III. *On the Discipline and Instruction of Infants.*

WITH the care and management of infants a system of literary and moral education may not appear to have any immediate connection. But the former has a material influence upon the latter; and, indeed, upon the whole of their future conduct and welfare in the world. Right habits cannot be too soon begun; and in what degree the faculties as well as the dispositions of youth are affected by the treatment they receive in their infancy, those only, who have paid diligent attention to the subject, will easily understand or credit. But he, who is convinced how much both of the virtue and the happiness of life depend upon the earliest discipline of the mind, will consider the temper and manners of a child as objects of very serious concern. Our educa-

tion as Rousseau has justly remarked, beings with our existence, and our first teacher is the nurse. To education may very justly be applied the observation of the artist upon his picture, that not a little of its ultimate excellence depends upon the first sketches being pencilled with truth.

The physical education of children it is the business of a different profession to direct. I shall no further interfere with it, than by incidental and occasional notice, where it seems materially to affect their moral and literary improvement; and on the latter point, indeed, almost all essential regulations may be included in one general principle. Let the infant be taught submission to the authority of his parents, as soon as his intellect allows him to understand the meaning of a command; and let this submission be invariably enforced. I am aware of the difficulty of the task, which the strict observance of this rule will require from the parent; the severity of the trial, to which his tenderness may be frequently exposed. But parental duties have never been considered as easy; and the reward is surely equal to the toil; the immediate improvement and future happiness of his offspring. Submission, indeed, becomes by habit neither difficult nor painful to our sons; and I may appeal to the experience of every reader, whether he has not observed, that well-regulated children enjoy more satisfaction from acting in obedience to the wishes of their parents, than the perverse and froward ever could receive from the most promising and pleasurable transgression. The infant mind is the most effectually fortified and strengthened against the bad effects of future evils, by being accustomed to trifling and childish disappointments; and every youth must at some time be taught, or be compelled, to bend his own inclinations in compliance with the inclinations of others; for though he may govern the family at home, he cannot afterwards govern all his connections in the world. This compliance will give him no pain, if begun in early life. But it will occasion exquisite misery, if neglected, till the indulgence of his own humour is ripened into habit, and considered as an established right. The weeds of the intellectual, as well as of the natural soil, may be most easily and effectually eradicated before they have attained the strength and firmness of maturity.

The decisive argument, however, for governing a child by authority is the impossibility of governing him by any other means. His imagination is luxuriant, and his spirits impetuous; his understanding is yet weak, and his experience almost nothing. Where then, but in parental influence, shall we find any sufficient restraint upon his appetites and his conduct! To attempt to manage him by reason, as some modern theorists have recommended, is beginning where we ought to finish. Reason is the last of our faculties which attains to its maturity; or rather it is the maturity of all our faculties together. It is the end at which we

aim in education, not the means by which we pursue it. You may with as much propriety, says Rousseau, require your son to be six feet high, as to possess judgment at ten years of age. We must not expect to gather the fruits of autumn while we are contemplating the blossoms and beauties of the spring.

The general reward of good behaviour should be the approbation and caresses of his parents; and the general punishment of perverseness or disobedience exclusion from their presence, or confinement from play, for a length of time proportioned to the nature and circumstances of the transgression. The penalty may always be mitigated at discretion, where unequivocal marks of penitence appear, or due submission has been made. During the years of infancy much personal correction cannot be recommended; nor can it perhaps be wholly excluded. The authority of the parents must at all events be enforced. To dispute it must always be considered as a heavy aggravation of the first offence; and whenever personal chastisement has been threatened for any transgression, if the transgression be committed, the chastisement must invariably be inflicted. Whether of indulgence or severity, reward or punishment, no promise to a child ever should be broken. No violation of known rules, and still more, no offence implying malignity of heart, should be suffered to pass without its proper correction. Impunity will only encourage a repetition of the offence, and habit will harden malignity. When the Athenian mother urged that the fault of her son was but a small matter, Solon replied, that custom was a great one. This steady uniformity, however, will render personal chastisement in a great degree unnecessary. Where punishment is certain, transgression is never frequent.

When the child is smarting under the pain or shame of chastisement, let him not be suffered to seek consolation in the kitchen; to forget in the mistaken kindness of servants that suffering, the utility of which can only be in proportion to the time it is remembered. But above all, on no occasion and on no account whatever should one parent interfere with the discipline of the other. The caresses of the mother, must never alleviate the severity, or disappoint the effects, of the correction inflicted by the father. Such conduct should indeed be stigmatized with every reproach, which weakness and folly can deserve. Not to mention, that it frequently produces dispute and dissention between the parents themselves, and a system of partiality and *favouritism* in the management of their offspring; it will soon teach the children to despise the authority of both; to consider all chastisement as tyranny and cruelty; to play off parent against parent; and to venture on disobedience to the one, in the confidence that the tenderness of the other will save them from punishment. In those artifices, which the weak fondness of parents encourages their children to practise against them, may often be traced the first

seeds of that cunning and dissimulation, fraud and vice; of which the subsequent fruit covers so many characters with misery and shame. When the child has once learnt, and when it is practicable, he always learns it very early, that his tears will purchase caresses; and that he can obtain whatever he desires, by appearing unhappy from the want of it; that child has obtained an authority, which it will afterwards be painful to all parties to restrain; his heart has imbibed a corruption, which it will be difficult, and perhaps impossible, wholly to eradicate. I have often seen the heir of a family its master, before he had completed the second year of his age; and as often lamented that folly in his treatment, which seldom fails to be punished by the disappointment of the parent, and the vice and misery of the offspring.

The wants of nature must, indeed, be constantly distinguished from those of fancy: the former, it is obvious, should be diligently supplied; but the latter generally disregarded or discouraged. I certainly would not give unnecessary pain to a child by frequent and capricious refusals in points of trifling moment. But a denial once made should never be revoked; and the repetition of a request, after such denial, should always disappoint its own purpose. To attempt to gratify all the desires of a child is, indeed, as absurd in itself as injurious to him. Those desires will always multiply in proportion to the frequency and facility of gratification, till compliance becomes impossible. Grant to your son's request, again observes Rousseau, first your cane, and then your watch: and he will soon require you to procure for him the birds from the air, and the stars from the firmament. As indulgence must somewhere stop, let it stop in the first instance at the point which the judgment of the parents shall approve. To give because he solicits, is to encourage him to be troublesome and importunate; to refuse what ought to be refused, is to teach him at once the great principle of human duty, the suppression of improper desire. That man should continue longer than other animals in the helplessness and dependence of infancy, seems to have been ordained for this reason amongst others, that time might be allowed, while both mind and body are yet yielding and flexible, to regulate his temper, and form his habits. The direction given at the source will conduct the stream to almost any point; and let not parents complain, when too late, that those waters are noxious, which their own folly poisoned at the source.

The object next in importance, in the management of a child, is his introduction to literature. He should be taught to read as soon as his organs will permit; because it will both improve his faculties more rapidly, and give him early and valuable habits of application. His lessons should be frequent and regular; both because he will be apt to forget after any long interval what he had been taught before; and because this regularity will stamp the value and the necessity of learning upon his mind. For the

same reason no engagement of pleasure should be suffered to prevent the lesson; no recreation allowed till it is performed. His diligence in these lessons should be rewarded, or his negligence punished, by the same means as his good or ill behaviour in general, by commendation and caresses, or by reproof and correction, from his parents. Here too, as in all other cases, the parent must not suffer his commands to be disobeyed, or disputed. The task appointed must invariably be required at his hands. It will rest with the discretion of the teacher to appoint such only as he knows his pupil able to perform.

That learning should be represented to children as merely play and pleasure; or that play and pleasure should be made the general vehicle of instruction, is a system, which cannot, I think, be safely recommended. No deception ever should be practised with children. It is equally mean and mischievous. It must at some time be detected. They will then probably despise the teacher, who was the author of it, and detest the lesson, which was the instrument. Nor is the system without future danger to morals. Where pleasure is represented as the general aim of his studies, it naturally tends to render the youth luxurious and selfish; and instances of deception practised upon himself must diminish or destroy his estimation of sincerity and truth. Play should be permitted as the reward of diligence; and the future advantages of literature may be promised as incentives to application. But with infants, who do not understand, and will not listen to argument, command is the only efficacious obligation. The authority over them, indeed, should certainly be exercised with discretion; as it is in its nature and principle arbitrary and despotic.

No task so tedious or difficult, however, should ever be required from a child; no punishment of such duration or severity should ever be inflicted upon him, as may permanently depress his spirits, destroy his relish for his usual amusements, or in any degree affect his health. The former may be useful and valuable objects; but the latter are indispensibly necessary. This caution, however, will probably be deemed superfluous. No ordinary rigour can materially injure a child; and in these days there is no reason to fear that too much will be exerted.

If it be enquired, who should be selected to teach the rudiments of learning to infants, there can be no hesitation in pronouncing, that the mother is in the first instance, the most eligible instructor. She may with the most propriety be trusted with the requisite authority; because she will naturally exercise it with the greatest tenderness; and she may reasonably be expected to discharge the task with the greatest diligence, because she is the most interested in its success. I am not so visionary, as to suppose with Locke, that a mother, who does not herself understand the language, may yet contrive to teach Latin to her

son. But the rudiments of her native tongue, so suitable an instructor certainly cannot elsewhere be found. That so few parents are disposed to become preceptors to their own offspring, or to pay due attention to the office when undertaken, has been frequently, and cannot be too deeply, lamented. But when we observe the general dissipation of the age, that insatiate thirst of pleasure, which has seized all ranks of the community, we cannot wonder at their aversion to irksome employment and domestic drudgery. In answer to an enquiry after the health of her infant children, I once heard a lady at the card-table request, with evident marks of impatience, not to be reminded of her misfortunes. That dissipation might interrupt common cares, and diminish the exercise of ordinary virtues, was always supposed; but when we see it undermining maternal affection itself, it excites equal sorrow and indignation.

Though I have given the preference to the mother as the teacher of the rudiments of language to her children, I would by no means exclude the father from the office; if his inclination lead him to undertake it, and his other avocations allow him to discharge its duties with sufficient steadiness and regularity. But I can assign him only the second place in point of propriety, as the preceptor of his infant offspring; because I think he would obtain only the second degree of success. Even where the engagements of business or a profession, where public or private affairs require the principal share of his time and attention, he may still contribute greatly to the improvement of his children by his occasional assistance and co-operation. He may periodically enquire and examine what progress has been made: he may, as often as his convenience will permit, enforce the lessons of the mother by his presence; and he ought upon all occasions to sanction her precepts by his authority. I know not whether examples so antiquated will have any weight with parents in our own times; but I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of reminding them, that Augustus delighted to instruct his grand-children in the elements of science, and that Cato the censor would suffer none but himself to be the teacher of grammar to his son.

Where the parents, for whatever reason, decline the task of instructing their own children, the next eligible character is a prudent and respectable governess. To common servants there are various and unanswerable objections. In order to encourage the child to imitation, and to tempt him to speak the more early, they are apt to practise before him an imperfect articulation; and thus teach him, what he must afterwards be at great pains to unlearn; and what it has sometimes been found impossible to correct. In order to support their authority over him, it is customary to fill his mind, and to alarm his fears, with a thousand extravagant notions of the power and agency of spectres and spirits; of which he cannot perceive the absurdity or detect the falsehood;



and these have often made such an impression upon the imagination, as the utmost efforts of reason could not afterwards, without difficulty, remove. Nor is this the whole or the worst of the mischief. Boys left too much with servants are usually caressed and flattered into insolence and perverseness. They almost inevitably contract an attachment to vulgar manners; and not seldom to vulgar vices too. To hear the child lisp the obscenity and blasphemy, which themselves have taught him, constitutes not unfrequently the amusement of the society in the kitchen.

I have recommended a governess for several reasons in preference to a master. The difference in the expence is not unworthy of attention. With the office of a teacher I would unite some of the duties of a nurse. Men of talents are seldom willing to undertake the task of instructing infants, and still more seldom perform it well. A female treats children with more tenderness; and preserves her influence over them with more dexterity and success. But whoever be the preceptor, his authority should be invariably supported by the parent; and the nearer approaches can be made to the order and discipline of a school, the more regular the distribution of time between business and amusement, between books and playthings, the more effectually will the immediate improvement of the child be promoted, and those habits established, to which in the future pursuit of science he will find it necessary to adhere.

Should this scheme also of domestic education, during the years of infancy, be for any reason disapproved, or found impracticable; I would in the next place recommend what has usually been called a *preparatory school*. In the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and no doubt in other parts of the kingdom, many ladies of equal tenderness and judgment receive into their houses a small number of boys from infancy till eight or ten years of age; where to the cares of the nursery are added the rudiments of language and science, and those scholastic habits which when begun early and steadily continued, are as pleasing as they are beneficial. The system of these seminaries carries with it its own recommendation at first sight, and is known to be truly valuable by its success.

It is hardly necessary to observe that wherever any comparison is made between different systems of education, or one mode of proceeding is recommended in preference to another, it is always supposed to be addressed to men, whose circumstances enable them to make an option, and pursue their own judgment. It were idle to recommend that to a man, which his fortune did not permit him to purchase. The poor man, before he takes my advice, must consult his purse, as well as his understanding.

At what age a boy should be sent to the school, where he is to obtain, or as it is usually expressed, to *finish* his education,

though it is a question of some importance, cannot easily be fixed with precision. Different boys at the same age possess very different degrees of health, strength and facultiess : and these determine the proper season of his being placed at school better than his years. It may, however, be laid down as a general rule, that he should be fixed at the intended place of his education, as soon as he can read his own language with tolerable fluency : and this will generally be the case by the time that he has attained his sixth or seventh year. I do not advise his being sent more early ; because in a numerous school, and these are most to be recommended, the first rudiments are in danger of being neglected ; they require more time than the teachers can usually spare from lessons, which they are more willing to give ; and the child's acquisition of his alphabet is too often left to such attention and assistance, as the seniorscholars are disposed to bestow. But in favour of the period assigned, various and important reasons may be urged. How desirable it is that the habits and discipline of a school should commence in early life, is an observation, which there is continual occasion to repeat. As soon as a decent progress is made in his own language, the youth should enter upon writing, arithmetic, or his accidence, under the instructors with whom he is afterwards to remain. A boy amongst other boys enjoys the most satisfaction, makes the greatest progress in his studies, and acquires the manners most suitable to his age and station. In a school of reputation he will be most effectually guarded against those habits of faulty pronunciation, against those vulgar and offensive tones in reading and speaking, which it is afterwards so contemptible to retain, and so difficult to correct. Above all, beginning his education in the seminary where it is to be finished, he will enter at once upon the mode in which he is to continue. He will at first learn the rules which are to conduct him to the end. The same grammar which introduces him to a language, will guide him through it. And that the acquisition of knowledge should be greatly facilitated by uniformity in the plan was not more reasonably to be expected beforehand, from the nature of science and of the human mind, than it has been decisively proved by the experience and the testimony, as well of the teachers, who have undertaken to give instruction, as of the students, who have had reason to lament the inconvenience of change.

It is, however, frequently taken for granted by parents that an inferior school is the most eligible for the early part of the education of their sons. Men of humble talents are believed to be the most willing to labour diiligently in teaching the rudiments of literature to children ; while preceptors of superior learning are supposed to be either less able to accomodate their lectures to youthful capacities, or less patient of the drudgery of perpetually repeating the elements of art and science. In this country

therefore one seminary is often chosen to begin, and another to finish, our school education : it being generally and justly presumed that in each the talents of the different teachers are in their respective departments proportioned to the learning of the principal master ; that he employs assistants duly qualified to second his views, and to carry his plans into effect. That men far advanced in any science are not always disposed to teach its rudiments to children, will be readily admitted ; but we are here speaking of such only as have actually undertaken the office, or are willing to undertake it ; and with respect to these, the opinion of the parents appears to me erroneous in its principle, and the practise founded upon it prejudicial to their offspring. Some reasons to this purpose have already been assigned ; and more might easily be added. Teachers of inferior qualifications always do something wrong. When the youth therefore is at length placed under a master of ability, much time is lost to himself, and much trouble occasioned to his instructor, in correcting the errors already imbibed, and the faulty habits, that have been contracted. Timotheus, the celebrated musician of antiquity, is said to have doubled the price of his lessons to all such pupils as had been previously instructed in the art by any inferior teacher. And every schoolmaster of eminence has reason to wish that a similar practice could be extended to some of the branches of modern education. It is reasonable to suppose that he, who is the most completely master of any science, must know best by what means it may be the most easily and the most effectually obtained. His own ideas are the clearest : and may therefore be rendered the most intelligible to his pupils : and experience will warrant us in asserting that he who thoroughly understands his subject, will the most expeditiously and the most correctly teach it to others, in all its various parts, as well in its most simple elements, as in its sublimest theories or most complicated demonstrations. The judgment of Philip of Macedon has been a thousand times applauded, who had his son Alexander instructed from his earliest years by Aristotle himself. To suppose indeed that the ablest masters cannot most successfully instruct their pupils in the rudiments of their respective sciences, is not less absurd than to suppose, according to the illustration of the great teacher of rhetoric at Rome, that Phidias could not execute the drapery of his own statue ; or that a physician of superior talents cannot cure an ordinary disease.

If the length or the minuteness of these observations be thought to require an apology, let it be remembered that success in every pursuit depends in a great degree upon beginning well ; and in none more than in the momentous business of education. Learning must have its infancy and its cradle ; and without appropriate treatment will never attain to maturity or excellence. The voice of the most eloquent orator, says Quintilian, was once an inarticulate sound.

THE VOYAGE, A DRAMATICLE.

SCENE.—*A Castle-hall.*

CREDULAR and MENDES, at Table.

*Cred.* Nine hundred fathom, didst thou say? what, nine!  
Prythee, again; that I may glut mine ears  
With admiration. Hundred! Stars above!  
A wave nine hundred fathom high!

*Men.* Ay, from the base to the brow.

*Cred.* O lowly hills! what are ye all to this!

*Men.* Tut! a mere water-bubble.

*Cred.* Bubble! bubble! what a throat has he  
Who'd swallow such a bubble!

*Men.* Lord, sir!—the sea was then  
Scarce in its merry mood. This was a time  
We well might call the silvery time o' the flood;  
So clear, so bright, so sweet, so little dread,  
The halcyon and the sail-blown nautilus  
Might in the glass-green waves their image see  
As gay as in a calm; this was a time  
The wind slept in the cradle of our mast  
And only dreamt of blowing. Hadst thou seen  
The tempest rouse himself, and shake his mane,  
That were a sight indeed! Then we had waves!

*Cred.* Ah! higher than these?

*Men.* As far above their cope,  
As heav'n's sev'nth roof above the floor of hell.

*Cred.* O! wonderous! O, what it is to be a voyager!  
Prythee, good Mendes, pray good signior Mendes,  
My comptator—and my excellent friend—  
Let's have these miracles. Come, sir! a glass of wine;  
Nay, by Saint Jago! but you shall—  
Wine helps the tongue, the memory, and the wit;  
I pledge you, sir. Now for your storms and waves!

*Men.* A—you'll pardon me plain phrase?  
We cavaliers o' the quarter-deck, we knights o' the mast,  
We sailors, are a rough-mouth'd breed; we talk  
Loud as the sea-horse laughs; our ocean-phrase  
Smacks of the shell—Tritonian—somewhat rude—  
But then for truth, hard truth—

*Cred.* No whit more true in fact than choice in phrase  
I'll warrant thee, signior Traveller. Rude!—what, rude!—  
Your breath is worth an atmosphere of that  
Spent by us fireside men.

Come, sir! the Voyage, from the snout to the tail.

*Men.* Sir, you shall hear.—  
We sailed from Genoa; summer-sweet the morn;

The winds that blew ere-night were out of breath,  
Spent with their over-blowing; as a scold  
Seized with a spasm, so stood the storm—stock still.

*Cred.* Good.

*Men.* The amorous breeze sigh'd in our galley's sail,  
And, like a lover, press'd her tow'rs his couch,  
That lay right on the lee.

*Cred.* Aha! the winds can woo:  
How liked your bark this soft persuasion?

*Men.* On flew the sea-bird; fair, and fast, and free;  
Sweeping her way to Spain; the kindling foam  
Stream'd from the sharp division of her keel—

*Cred.* 'Sblood, sir! you talk like a water-poet.  
Sailor-like indeed! Let's have some ribaldry.

*Men.* It is not time for tempest yet, sir; here was a calm.

*Cred.* Ay, ay; Queen Amphitrite rode the waves.

*Men.* Yes, sir,  
And green-tail'd Tritons too; and water-nymphs,  
Pillion'd on dolphins, comb'd their weedy locks,  
Whist the bluff sea-god blew his shrill-shell horn.

*Cred.* 'Tis vouch'd by the antients, mermaids have been seen;  
And dolphins too; and men with horns—

*Men.* O! commonly.

*Cred.* Well, signior Argonaut.

*Men.* What shall be said o' the sun? shall he shine in peace?  
Shall's thrust him by? shall's leave him out o' the bill?

*Cred.* Leave out the sun! in broad day light! impossible!  
Past twilight, signior, and the sun must shine  
Whether we will or no.

*Men.* True.

The heavens look'd like a dome of turquoise stone,  
Athwart which crept (as it might be) a snail,  
With golden shell, emburnish'd till it blazed;  
This was the sun.

*Cred.* Good, good; go on.

*Men.* Now, mark!

Scarce had this sun-like snail, or snail-like sun,  
Paused at the viewless boundary of morn  
Where noon begins and ends, when—mark me, signior—  
Nay, you don't mark—

*Cred.* I do, sir; slit mine ears!

*Men.* When the swol'n storm, recovering all its rage,  
Nay, trebly fraught with elemental rack,  
Burst in a rattling hurricane around!

*Cred.* O! excellent! well—

*Men.* The blustering, bellowing, brimstone-breathing blast,  
(Whipt by some fiend broke loose from Erebus)  
First struck the surly ocean; ocean roared.

*Cred.* O! well done, ocean! brave ocean!

*Men.* Another blow.

*Cred.* O! excellent! Well, sir—

*Men.*

Well, sir, you must think,

The sea, provoked by this assault, grew angry.

*Cred.* Why, if 'twere made of milk 'twould rage at this.

*Men.* Rage! O, for words! It raged, and swell'd as if

'Twould fill the concave, and with impious waves

Burst the empyreal doors!

*Cred.*

O! excellent!

O, what a man might do in a tub! translate himself!

More o' the storm, signior, more o' the storm, if you love me.

*Men.* The groaning sky hurl'd down wing'd thunder-bolts,

Thick as it erst rain'd quails on Israel;

The clouds dropt fire, fast as you'd boulder gold

Ta'en from the Tagus' bed; while th' hair-brain'd storm

Mixed up a second chaos; drown'd distinction;

Mingled the roaring billows with the clouds;

And daub'd the face of heaven with filthy sand

Torn from the sea-bed wild!——

*Cred.* O! excellent! A little more villiany, signior.

*Men.* The hell-black heav'ns grew neighbour to the waves

And cloak'd us in the utter pall of night.

Lightning our only day; and every flash

Lit a grim scene: like Pelions lost in clouds

Stood the tall billows, and the rueful waste

Look'd like a mountain-field of wintry snow,

So beaten into foam and yeasty, they.

*Cred.* O! excellent! O! excellent!

*Men.* Here were a time indeed to cry, O hills!

Why, man, we rode so far above thy hills,

That—if truth's credible—I saw th' Antipodes.

*Cred.* Th' Antipodes!—breath!—

*Men.* Under the great toe; just as it might be here;

As plain's this shoe, I saw th' Antipodes.

*Cred.* Good lack! what wonderous sights these travellers see!

*Men.* There are other puffs i' the wind.

*Cred.* Ha! Have you any more miracles?

*Men.* Good sir, you take the height of possible

By the span of a small experience; coop'd here

Between two neighbouring hills, which lave their feet

In the calm tide of this sequester'd strand,

You mete your earth, your ocean, and your air,

By an unequal measure.

*Cred.*

I' faith, 'tis so.

*Men.* But we, who are men o' the world, who've walk'd the  
waves

On two-inch boards, who've seen the fiends o' the storm

Unmanacled, we know something.

*Cred.* True as th' Apocrypha, true as th' Apocrypha.  
Where did we leave?

Ay—at th' Antipodes. Did the bark bide buffet?

*Men.* Like a tennis-ball.——

Mark, sir; we'd clear'd the gulf; the dying storm  
Throbb'd in heart-sick convulsions; and the sky  
Dabbled its dark with dun. All was yet well;  
When doubling round the shoulders of the Alp  
That knits broad France to boot-shaped Italy,  
Behold!—a sea of storm came rushing down,  
That blew us in a whiff to Barbary.

*Cred.* What! in one whiff!

*Men.* Mark, sir; I'd one hand on the gunwale thus;  
With t'other I had hoodwink'd thus mine eyes,  
Wrapt in mine own profundity; the wind  
Sobb'd heavily; I woke, and saw our Christian hills  
Before me; shut mine eyes in peace; the blast  
Roar'd! I look'd up—and lo! as I stand here,  
Afric seem'd wedded to our continent!  
A Pagan bay shelter'd our Catholic bark.

*Cred.* Holy Virgin! Would you swear 'twas Pagan?

*Men.* Ay, on the Koran. Hark ye—  
I pull'd the Dey of Tunis by the beard,  
Look! here are some o' the hairs!

*Cred.* As God's alive, it is a proof! 'Tis plain  
You could not pluck a beard in Africa  
And you in Italy; 'tis a proof, a proof.  
Well—and what next? saw you no monsters?

*Men.* Frequent as figs. Sir, I've a monstrous tale  
For every notch upon the dial; how  
We fought with griffins, grappled with green dragons,  
Wept with the crocodiles, supp'd with the cannibals,  
Set traps for pigmies, dug pitfalls for giants—

*Cred.* I thought your fairy-tales were only lies!

*Men.* If I lie now, may sixpence slit the tongue  
Of Gasco Mendes!—then, I shall lie doubly.

*Cred.* The doom's too horrible.—Whew! the brass sings clear!

[*Horn without.*]

We'll hear these miracles another time.—

Good night, good signior.—Well—truth's truth—that's plain  
As my own nose;—yet still—I can but cry,—

Good lack! what wondrous sights these travellers see!

[*Exeunt.*]

## AN ENGLISH COCKNEY'S RURAL SPORTS.

Guns, horses, dogs, the river, and the field,  
These like me not.—*Anon.*

I was lately invited by a French gentleman to pass a few weeks with him at his chateau in the Auxerrois, at fifty leagues from Paris. As I am fond of the country, and Monsieur De V—, moreover, being an excellent fellow, I did not long hesitate in accepting his invitation. Ah! when I pronounced the fatal "*Oui*," little did I suspect that, by the uttering of that one word, I had devoted myself to a week of bitter suffering. But that the tortures I endured may be fully appreciated, it is necessary to state what are my notions of the country, and what my occupations and amusements there.

The country, then, is a place where, instead of thousands of houses rising about us at every turn, only one is to be seen within a considerable space;—where the sky is presented in a large, broad, boundless expanse, instead of being retailed out, as it were, in long strips of a yard and a half wide;—where the trees grow naturally and in abundance—by dozens in a clump!—and are of a fresh, gay, healthy green, instead of being stuck about here and there, sad exiles from their native forests, gasping to refresh their lanky forms with a puff of air caught from above the chimney tops, smoke-dried, sun-burnt, and covered with urban dust, the sack-cloth and ashes of the unhappy mourners;—where, for flags and pebbles, one is provided with the soft and beautiful tessellations of nature;—where the air may be respired without danger of suffocation,—and the rivers run clear water instead of mud. This is the country. Its pleasures are to sit still in a quiet room during the early hours of the morning; then to stroll forth and ramble about, always within sight of the house, avoiding long walks, and the society of all such walkers as compute their pedestrian excursions by miles; then to sit down in some shady place with a book in one's hand, to read, ruminate, or do neither; then to take a turn into the farm-yard, and look at the fowls, or throw crumbs into the duck-pond; then to walk leisurely to the bridge, lean over the parapet, and watch for hours together the leaves, twigs, and other light objects floated through it by the stream, occasionally spitting into the water—the quintessence of rural ease and idleness!—and so on the livelong day. These are my notions of the country, and of the pleasures it affords; and though my late excursion has instructed me, that other pleasures than those I have enumerated exist, to me they present no charms; they are adapted to tastes and habits far different from mine. I never loved them; and now, for the sufferings they have recently occasioned me, I hate, loathe, and detest them, and cling with increased fondness to my



own first ideas of rural enjoyment. Would I had but been allowed the undisturbed indulgence of them !

The evening for our departure arrived. We took the diligence to Auxerre. At intervals, during our nocturnal progress, I was saluted with a friendly tap on the back, accompanied with the exclamation, "*Ah, ça, mon ami, nous nous amuserons, j'espère.*" This brought to my mind pleasant anticipations of my friend's clumps, his meadows, and his silver streams. Day-light opened to us the prospect of a delightful country. Every now and then a hare scampered across the road, or a partridge winged its way through the air. On such occasions Monsieur De V—— would exclaim, "*Vois-tu ça, mon cher ?*" his eyes sparkling with delight. This I attributed to his fondness for roasted hares and partridges, and promised myself a plentiful regale of them ; little did I foresee the torments these reptiles were to occasion me. On our arrival at Auxerre, owing to some unusual delays on the road, we found we were too late for the regular coach to Vilette, the place of our destination. "*C'est un petit malheur,*" said my companion (a Frenchman is so happily constituted that he seldom encounters a *grand malheur* :) "It is but fifteen leagues to Vilette, and at nine this evening we'll take the *Patache.*"

Now the *Patache*, though a very commodious travelling-machine, is not quite as easy in its movements as a well-built English chariot, nor as a post-chaise, nor as a taxed-cart, nor, indeed, as a common English road-waggon. It is a square box, without springs, fastened flat down upon poles, and dragged along upon two heavy ill-constructed wheels. The night was dark ; our route lay along a bye-road, not paved, but covered with large stones, thrown loosely and carelessly along it, and our driver was half drunk and half asleep. We were jolted to the right and to the left, backwards, forwards, bumped up to the roof, and, in heavy redounds, down again upon the hard seat. It was making a toil of a pleasure. For some time we laughed, or affected to laugh, but at length our sufferings grew too real for a jest. We were bruised from head to foot, and our situation was not rendered more agreeable by the reflection that it was without remedy. "*C'est égal,*" exclaimed my friend, in the intervals between his groans. I did not find it so. After five hours' pulverizing at two o'clock in the morning, and having made but little progress on our journey, our driver stopt at a miserable village, and resolutely refused to proceed any further till daybreak. "*N'importe,*" said Monsieur De V——, "that will allow us an hour and a half's rest, *et ça sera charmant.*" Charming ! What is there so perversely tormenting as the short period of *unrest* thrust upon one in the course of a fatiguing journey ? It is scarcely sufficient to recover one from the state of feverish agitation excited by long-continued motion, and which it is necessary to subdue before sleep will operate, and the instant it be-

gins to do so one is cruelly dragged forth again. However, any thing was better than the *Patache*. I was lifted out, for I was totally deprived of the power of self-exertion. At day-break I was lifted in again; and at eleven o'clock of the third day after our departure from Paris, we arrived at Vilette. "And now," exclaimed my friend, "*Nous nous amusons.*"

I passed the whole of that day on a sofa, and at night I slept soundly. The next morning, after arraging my writing materials on a table, I selected a book as my intended companion in my rambles, put pencil and paper into my pocket, that I might secure such bright ideas as I doubted not the country would inspire, and went into the breakfast-room. A party of ladies and gentlemen, visitors at Vilette, were already assembled. The repast ended, this was Monsieur De V——'s address to me: "*Maintenant, mon cher, nous nous amusons.* You are an Englishman, consequently a fine sportsman. You will find here every thing you can desire. Fishing-tackle, dogs, guns, horses—*par exemple*, you shall ride Hector while you stay—no one here can manage him, but *you'll* soon bring him to reason. *Allons!* we'll ride to day. *Sacristi!* Hector will fly with you twelve leagues an hour! Only remember, that as we shall not be equally well mounted, you must keep him in a little, that we may not lose the pleasure of your conversation by the way." Then turning to some others of the party, he said, "The English are in general better horsemen than we; *il n'y a pas de comparaison, Messieurs; vous allez voir.*"

This was an unexpected blow. I wished the earth would open and hide me in its deepest recesses. I, who had never in my life caught a flounder! I, who had never pulled a trigger to the annoyance of beast or bird! I, who had never performed any very extraordinary equestrian feat, suddenly called upon "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," and sustain the sporting credit of England!—I, who am the exact antipode to Colonel Th——n, and stand at opposite points of pre-eminence with him; he being the very best sportsman in the world, and I the very worst,—a superiority which, in each case, leaves competition so far behind, that I have sometimes been proud of mine. Now it availed me nothing. What would I not have given for my great opposite's dexterity of hand, his precision of eye, his celerity of foot! How did I envy him his power of riding more miles a minute than any horse could carry him! How did I yearn to be able, like him, to spit with a ramrod a dozen partridges flying, or angle with six hooks upon the same line, and simultanously catch a pike of twenty pounds weight with each! These were vain longings, and something was necessary to be *done*. It seemed to me that the equestrian honour of England was confided to my keeping, and depended on my exertions that day; and with the desperate reflection that, at the worst, I

should be quits for a broken neck, I went with the rest into the court-yard, where the horses were waiting for us. I must here beg permission to digress; for that my readers may fully appreciate the horrors of my situation, their attention to my equestrian memoirs is indispensable. I will be as brief as possible.

Till somewhat an advanced period of my life, *learning to ride* had always appeared to me a superfluous part of education. Putting one foot into the stirrup, throwing the other across the saddle, and sitting astride it, as I had seen many persons do, seemed to me to be the mere work of intuition, common matter of course, as easy and as natural to man as walking. Having principally inhabited the capital, horse-riding, as a thing of necessity, had never once occurred to me. I had never considered it as a recreation; and my journeys, whether of business or pleasure, I had always performed in carriages. Thus I had attained the age of manhood—confirmed manhood reader!—without ever having mounted a horse; and this, not from any suspicion that I was incompetent to the task, nor from any unwillingness to the effort, but simply, as I have said, from never having experienced the absolute necessity of so doing.

It happened that I was chosen one of a numerous party to Weybridge in Surrey;—alas! though but very few years have elapsed since then, how are its numbers diminished! Death has been fearfully industrious among us; and the few whom he has spared are separated from each other, some by intervening oceans, others by the wider gulph formed by the decay of friendship, the withering of affection.—No matter. On the eve of our departure, it was discovered that all the places in the carriages would be occupied by ladies: each man, except myself, was provided with a horse, and the important question arose—"How is P\* to get there?" It was soon settled, however, by some one saying, "Oh! I'll lend him a horse;" and my accepting his proposition, and thanking him for his civility, in just the same tone of *nonchalance* as if he had offered me a place in a post-chaise. No doubts, no misgivings, concerning the successful result of the morrow's undertaking, came across me: I had nothing to do but get upon a horse, and ride him to Weybridge. That night I slept soundly; the next morning I rose in a placid state of mind, ate my breakfast as usual, and conducted myself with becoming decency and composure till the appointed hour of starting. I was the first at the place of rendezvous. The horse intended for me was led to the door, I walked towards it with a steady and firm step, mounted—gallantly, I may say—and, to the last, exhibited no signs of emotion. The carriage drove off. In consequence of some little derangements, a full quarter of an hour had passed before the whole of the cavalry was assembled; I waited patiently at the street-door; and without pretending to rival Mr. Mackean or young Saunders, I may boast

that during the whole of that time I kept my seat with wonderful tenacity: I sat in a way that might have excited the envy of the statue in *Don Juan*. At length the signal for starting was given. I advanced with the rest, neither ostentatiously taking the front, nor timidly seeking the rear, but falling in just as chance directed—in short, as any experienced rider would have done, who attached no sort of importance to the act of sitting across a horse. Our road lay down St. James's-street, (the place of meeting) through the Park and along the King's-road. Arriving opposite the Palace, my companions turned their horses to the right, while my horse turned me to the left. This occasioned a general cry of "This is the way—this is the way;" and already I fancied I perceived among them signs of distrust in my equestrian talents. For my own part, I was all confidence, and just giving my horse's head a twitch to the right, I soon remedied my first error, or rather his, and again became one of the party. We proceeded at a slow walking pace, from the Palace-gate to the entrance of the Stable-yard; and though I would not be considered as prone to boasting, I will say, that for the whole of that distance, I did not meet with the slightest hindrance or accident. By the bye, the police ought to interfere to prevent milk-women with their pails crossing a street when they see a horse advancing. A person of this class came directly under my horse's nose, and but for ———, who rode up and caught hold of the strap which was fastened about his head,\* the careless woman must have been knocked down. She was, however, sufficiently punished by the boys in the street, for I heard them shout after her, "Well done, stupid;" "That's right, Johnny Raw." On reaching the Stable-yard, my horse, instead of following the others, as I imagined he would have done of his own accord, walked slowly towards the mansion of the marquis of Stafford; but a tug to the left instantly brought him into the proper direction. I did not regret this accident, for it served to convince me that I possessed a certain degree of power over the animal; moreover, that I performed the manœuvre with some dexterity, for I observed that the centinels looked at each other and smiled. Indeed, I may say that the people on both sides of the way stopt to gaze at me as I passed along: a compliment they did not bestow on any other of the party. In St. James's-park—may I mention it without incurring the charge of vanity?—a cavalry officer actually stopped his horse, and remained for some time looking after me! At Pimlico-gate there was a general whispering among my friends, and all, except poor R— (now no more!) galloped off. He and I continued our route for some time very leisurely; and, for my part, I was as much at

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\* *Bridle* is the proper term.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

my ease as if seated in an arm-chair. R——, every now and then, cast a glance at me, and seemed anxious to speak, yet hem'd and ha'd, and appeared confused in a way I could not then account for. At length he said, "P.\* my good fellow, we have twenty miles to ride to dinner, and we shall never get there at this rate."—"Well," said I, "put spurs to your horse."—"Aye, but—" (*with great hesitation*)—"but you?"—" 'Tis all one to me."—"My dear fellow, I'm—in short I—I'm d—d sorry to see you on horseback." To this I replied nothing; but, applying a hearty lash to my courser's flanks, he set off at full speed adopting that peculiar one-two-three pace which, I have since been informed, is denominated a *canter*. Why he chose that in preference to what is called a trot, or a gallop, I have never been able satisfactorily to learn; but I was considerably obliged to him for the selection; for though the motion was inconceivably rapid, it was, at the same time, pleasant and easy. I take it that flying must be very like it. He seemed scarcely to touch the ground. The hot-houses that decorate the King's-road, the "Gardeners' grounds," the "Prospect-places," and "Pleasant-rows," and "Paradise-terraces," were no sooner seen than passed—they appeared and vanished! The rapidity of my progress is not to be described: and had I been allowed to proceed, I am persuaded I should have been at Weybridge—at least, some where or other twenty miles off—within the hour. But soon I heard R—— shouting after me: "Stop, stop, for the love of heaven, or you'll break your neck!" He overtook me, and entreated me to return, assuring me, it was fearful even to behold me. Convinced, as I was, that I should have gone on very well in my own, or rather my horse's way, he appeared so seriously uneasy on my account, that I consented to return. "Shall I lead you—that is, show you the way back to the stable?" I desired only to know where it was, and, thanking him for his super-abundant caution, took the road towards May-fair; or, rather the horse took it, for, literally, he walked gently back without any effort of mine to guide him; standing still, as if by instinct, when he came to the toll-gate at Hyde-park-corner, then turning up one street, down another, now right, now left, till he reached his stable. There he stood quietly while I dismounted, and when I was fairly off his back he slowly turned his head, and cast a look at me. It was a look of quiet, good-natured reproach, for having caused him to be dragged from his comfortable warm stable to no purpose. As he walked towards his stall he looked towards where the grooms were assembled, and, by one glance, acquainted them with the whole of my adventures. Their nods and winks assured me that he did so. I ordered a chaise (a means of locomotion I strongly recommend to all such as are not accustomed to horse exercise) and arrived at Weybridge in good time for dinner:—a disinclination to much walking, for

two or three days afterwards, being the only distinct effect resulting from my little expedition.

My next essay was on Brighton Downs. My late defeat (for in a certain degree it was so) had taught me caution. Instead, therefore, of taking a full-grown horse, I selected a pony for this experiment, determining to choose one an inch higher every day, till I should gradually have acquired the power of managing an animal of the hugest dimensions. But I fear it is not in my destiny to excel in equestrian exercises: this second attempt was even less successful than the first. In order to give fair play to the principle I intended to adopt, I chose a pony so small, that when I was across him my feet nearly touched the ground, and it was a moot point whether I was riding or walking with a poney between my legs. Scarcely had he tasted the sharp fresh air of the Downs when he became frisky: he ran, and I ran; but as he was the swifter of the two, he soon (not threw me, but) ran from under me, leaving me for a few seconds standing a-straddle, as if I had been seated on an invisible horse. An attempt to overtake him would have been useless: so I gently walked back to town, calculating what it was likely I should have to pay for the lost poney. But what was my surprise, when on arriving at his owner's door I perceived my frisky and unfaithful bearer standing close at my elbow! Now, though we sometimes speak of horse-laughs, yet horses do not laugh; that is to say, they do not express their sense of the ridiculous by that vulgar convulsion peculiar to man: no, they evince it by a subtle and delicate variation of countenance; and I shall never believe otherwise than that at the moment I caught my poney's eye he was enjoying a sly, Shandean, internal chuckle at the awkward situation his flight had left me in, and my evident confusion at his unexpected return. Since that time I have never been able to look a horse in the face without blushing, from an inexplicable persuasion that the history of my misadventures in their company has got abroad among them, and serves as a standing jest to the whole race.

The reader may now form some idea of the state of my feelings as I approached the court-yard at Vilette. The ladies were specially invited to see me "turn and wind" this untameable courser, *a la mode Anglaise*. In great extremities slight consolations are eagerly caught at. I had never yet tried to ride *in France*! This was not much to be sure; yet it was sufficient to inspire me with the assurance that I should come out from the ordeal at something less than the cost of a broken neck. The very appearance of the animal added to my confidence. It was an immense horse, finely proportioned, nearly seven feet tall from the ground to the crown of his head, of a dark snuff-colour, with a long bushy waiving tail, and a beautiful head of hair floating

loosely in the morning breeze.\* I had just put one foot into the stirrup, and was preparing to swing myself into the saddle, when the intelligent creature slowly turned its head and darted at me a look ——! There was in it more than whole hours of human language; it was eloquence refined into an essence which rendered words unnecessary; its single glance spoke plainly of Weybridge and of Brighton Downs! It combined all the forms of oratory, but persuasion and entreaty were its great characteristics. There was besides an appeal from the animal's consciousness of his own strength to my consciousness of my weakness; and his mute oration concluded with an exhortation, that I would spare him the pain of dislodging me from his encumbered loins; an event which, considering my usual and involuntary deference to the will or caprice of my quadrupede companion, it would be beyond all horse-can power to avoid. To me, experienced in these matters, all this was distinctly uttered. I found it would be useless to proceed; so, submitting to the necessity of the case, I made a start, bent myself double, complained of a violent spasm, and hastily returned to my chamber. "*C'est pour un autre jour,*" said Monsieur de V——, as he motioned for Hector to be led back to the stable; and the equestrian honour of England survived another day.

Au hour or two after the departure of the cavalry, I found myself sufficiently recovered to quit my room and sallied forth to enjoy the country after my own fashion. I sat down first under one clump, then another, strolled about the meadow, the farm yard (taking a long turn to avoid the stable), loitered by the side of a little winding rivulet, betook myself to its rustic bridge, and indulged freely in the *pontial* luxuries I have before alluded to; next I went to the kitchen ground, watched the operations of the gardener, and from him learnt the names of various flowers; also to distinguish roots and plants while growing, such as potatoes, asparagus, turnips, carrots, and others; which I was astonished to find so different from what they appear to be when served up to table. Several fruit-trees, too, he taught me to tell one from another, almost as readily by their forms and leaves as by the inspection of the fruit they bear; the latter mode being so easy and obvious as to satisfy none but the veriest cockney. These are the true uses and pleasures of a visit to the country, at least they are all I am, or desire to be, acquainted with; and in the enjoyment of them did I pass the hours till dinner time.

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\* I take the liberty of suggesting, that the terms Mr. P.\* uses to describe the horse are not those current in the stable. There it would be said, that the horse was bay, brown, or chesnut, of so many hands high, and his beautiful head of hair would be simply termed, the mane. "Floating loosely in the morning breeze," is a very pretty phrase, but highly inappropriate in matters of pure jockeyship.—P. D.

At dinner, many were the expressions of regret at the accident which had prevented my showing the party the English mode of taming the spirit of a high-blooded horse; and impatiently did they look forward to the morrow, when the exhibition might take place. So did not I. In what was called the *cool* of the evening—the thermometer, which for part of the day had been standing at 94, being then about 83—a walk was proposed. I thanked my stars that it was not a ride. After this, the evening was spent in the real French fashion. Every body, old and young, set to playing at *Colin Maillard* (blind-man's-buff); then Madame Saint V—— went to the piano-forte, and accompanied her daughter, Mademoiselle Alphonsine, in some pretty French romances; then every body jumped up to play at puss-in-the-corner; then a game at *ecarte* was proposed, and while some were betting and others playing, a duet on the harp and piano-forte was performed by Mademoiselle Adèle de G—— and her sister Virginie; then every body got up and danced (my spasms came on with greater violence than ever); then every body called for sugar and water; and then every body retired.

I did not sleep well. I suffered an attack of night-mare. In my dreams I saw Hector—I was on Brighton Downs—at Weybridge. Nags' heads passed in rapid succession before me—centaurs—grotesque exaggerations of the horse form—even wooden hobby-horses, as if in mockery of me, joined the terrific procession. As soon as day-light broke I arose, and scarcely was I dressed, when Monsieur de V—— came into my room: I expected to see Hector walk in after him; but it happened that Hector was not the subject of his errand. He and the other gentlemen were all going out a shooting, and were only waiting for me. For me! Under different circumstances this would have been a dreadful visitation upon me; as it was, I considered it as rather a relief. I had never pulled a trigger in my life, except occasionally that of a pistol or an old musket, for the mere pleasure of firing them off. "What then," thought I, "it is as easy to shoot at an object as to fire in the air; you have but to point your piece at a certain mark and pull the trigger, and, that done, the deuce is in it if the shot can't take care of themselves." A flask of improved double-proof gunpowder and (spite of my most earnest entreaties to the contrary) a double-barrelled Manton, with all his latest patent improvements, were delivered over to me. Ordinary powder, or an indifferent gun, would have furnished me with somewhat of an excuse in the very possible case of my failure; now, no chance was left me of concealing or disguising my want of skill; for, notwithstanding my confidence in the facility of the operation I was about to perform, I still thought that the dexterity acquired by long practise might be of some little advantage. I requested; I entreated; I could not think of appropriating to myself the best gun in the collection. It was all



in vain : I was the only Englishman of the party ; the gun had never yet had a fair trial : I was to show what *could* be done with it, "and," added Monsieur de V—— in a whisper, "I wish to convince some of my incredulous friends here, that the stories I have related to them of what I have seen performed by English sportsmen, are not altogether apocryphal."

Finding my situation to be without remedy, I loaded my improved patent, double-barrelled Manton ; and, determined to keep certain odds in my favour, took care to put in plenty of shot. "It will be hard," thought I, "if an *ong* so many *one* does not tell." We sallied forth, and presently turned up a whole drove of partridges.\* I hastily presented my piece, and fired in among them at random, pulling both triggers at once. I killed nothing, but, to my great surprise and satisfaction, lamed three poor devils. This piece of cruelty, however, was unintentional, for so far from aiming at such delicate marks as their legs or wings, I had no intention of striking, *in particular*, any one of their bodies. The effect of this, my first sporting effort, seemed to excite some astonishment among my brother sportsmen ; and well it might, for it astonished me. One person asked me, whether in England it was usual to fire among the birds, as I had done, scarcely allow them time to rise ; and another inquired whether English sportsmen usually fired off both barrels at once. To this I carelessly replied, that "some did, and some did not ;" and proceeded to reload my patent, improved, double-barrelled Manton. Scarcely had I done this, when a hare was perceived sitting at a very short distance : as a matter of politeness it was instantly pointed out to me. I levelled my piece and pulled the triggers : it missed fire. This was, as they all said, a *malheur* ; for the hare escaped. But even a patent improved Manton will not go off, unless certain preparations are made to that end—the truth is, I had forgotten to prime it ; add to which another little irregularity, I had thrust my wadding into the barrels before I put in the powder.—My sight is weak, and of very limited span ; this, as I am informed, is a disadvantage in the field. It is not surprising, therefore, that my third shot was directed against what I mistook for a living creature of some kind or other, but which turned out to be a hat a labourer had suspended on the branch of a tree. Luckily I did it no injury, and Monsieur de V——, supposing I fired at it merely to create a laugh, and fired wide of it to avoid spoiling the poor man's property, laughed most heartily, at the same time applauding me for my consideration. I willingly left him in his error, and was proceeding to reload, when a servant came running up to me with a letter. The letter was from Paris, and *tres pressé*

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\* Sportsmen do not talk of turning up droves of partridges : they spring coverts. When P.\* has occasion to speak of numbers of oxen he may with safety use the word *droves*.—P. D.

being written on the outside, the man thought it might be of sufficient importance to warrant his interruption of my sports. It was of no sort of importance whatever, but, keeping that to myself, I made it my excuse to return to the house in order that I might answer it by that day's post. So delivering my improved, patent, double-barrelled Manton into what I knew to be more competent hands, I left the field amidst expressions of the deep regret of my companions, at finding my specimens of English shooting, like my exhibition of English horsemanship, deferred *till to-morrow*. Happy was I when I found myself once more tranquilly leaning over the railing of my dear little bridge, and consoling was the reflection that, as yet, the sporting honour of my country had suffered no impeachment at my hands; since, for any thing my friends knew to the contrary, I might, had I but chosen to do so, have knocked down all the game in the *arrondissement*.

The next day promised to be to me one of pure and unmixed delight. What was my joy when, on waking, I heard the rain pouring down in torrents, with every appearance of its being what is called a thorough set-in rainy day. "Well," thought I, "I shall see nothing of the cursed horses and guns to-day." We all met at breakfast, and I, by an unusual flow of spirits, revived those of the rest of the party, rather depressed by what they unjustly stigmatized as the unlucky fall of rain. It deranged all their projects. But their regrets were chiefly on my account: "How disappointing, how vexatious it must be to *Monsieur*, that he can neither ride nor shoot to day!" By repeated assurances that I could for once forego these delights, I succeeded in tranquilizing them. No sooner was breakfast ended, than Madame Saint V——— challenged me to a game at billiards. "*Ah ça, prenez garde, Madame*," said Monsieur de V———, "the English are excellent players." My torments," said I to myself, "are to know no end! Confound billiards! I never played a game in my life. Well—one is not obliged to be an Admiral Crichton: up to this time they take me for an able horseman and an expert shot—surely that is enough, and I may venture to confess that I know nothing of billiards."—I did so: I was praised for my modesty. I protested my ignorance: *Madame* assured me that she was not *de la première force*, and consented to take six points at the onset. I persisted that I knew nothing of the game: *Madame* perceived that my objection to play against her arose from my conscious superiority, and said that to make it agreeable to me, she would take eight points—nay ten. We proceeded to the billiard-room. "Did I prefer the Russian or the French game?" Not knowing one from the other, I left it entirely to the choice of *Madame*, who choose—I really can't say which. In the course of about ten minutes' play, *Madame* counted seven, and I—as may be supposed—had not made a hit. My *complaisance* was

the theme of general approbation. Presently, striking my ball with force, it happened to strike another, and by its rebound happened to strike a third, and one of the three happened to roll into a sack at the corner of the table. Here I was overwhelmed with applause, and half stunned with shouts of "*C'est admirable ! Oh ! que c'est bien joué !*" My fair adversary remarked, that hitherto I had been *complaisant*, but that now I was growing *mechant*. My *complaisance*, however, soon returned, and in a few minutes she won the game, without my having again made one ball strike another. Nothing now was heard of but my *complaisance*. *Madame Saint V——* was charmed at my *politesse* : I had allowed her to win the game, playing only one *coup* just to prove what I was capable of doing ; but she begged that next time I would not treat her so much like a child, but put forth my strength against her, as she was anxious to improve. The result of this was the proposal of a match for the next day between me and *Monsieur L——* (a celebrated player), but with a particular stipulation, that I should give him two points at starting. The day now went very rainily and pleasantly on, and I was tolerably at my ease, except when, every now and then, I was appealed to to decide some sporting question, or settle some dispute concerning the breed and management of horses. However, I contrived to get through tolerably well *considering* by saying little and shaking my head significantly—a method I have seen adopted with success in much graver matters.

For three or four days after this, it rained charmingly. Those showers were to me more than figuratively the "pitying dews of heaven ;" for though each morning I was threatened with the infliction of some new party of pleasure on me, either *a cheval* or *a la chasse*, the state of the weather prevented the execution of the sentence. Night and morning did I consult the barometer—(a Dollond suspended in the *salle a manger*)—which for two whole days pointed steadfastly to "much rain." My sleep was tranquil, my spirits were buoyant. On the third day, to my great consternation, the faithless index wavered towards "changeable." My visits to the instrument now became more frequent, and had I had "Argosies at Sea," I could not have watched its variations with a more feverish anxiety. On one of these occasions I was roused from my musings by a tap on the back. It was from the hand of *Monsieur de V——*. "*Ah ! mon cher,*" said he, "I don't wonder at your impatience ; but fine weather is returning, and then we'll make up for lost time—*nous nous amuserons bien, allez.*" The fine weather did indeed return ! The barometer had now reached "fair," and was rapidly approaching towards "set fair." Something was necessary to be done, and that speedily. But what ? I could not always affect a sudden attack of spasms, nor dare I repeat my unintended joke of mistaking a hat for a partridge ; I could not reasonably hope for the arrival of

a letter from Paris always at the critical moment ; and should I continue to treat *Madame Saint V*— like a child, by allowing her to win every game at billiards, my *complaisance* would become an offence.

On the first morning of fair weather, I arose with a heavy heart. All night had I tossed about in my bed, unable to manage a decent excuse for withdrawing myself from my sporting friends. To confess my utter incompetency (apparently the most rational way of putting an end to my torments,) I felt to be impossible ; I was ashamed—laugh, reader, if you please, but I was ashamed to do so. Besides, the character of a keen and expert sportsman had been thrust upon me, and, as matters stood, my most solemn protestations that I was unentitled to any sort of claim, to it would have been disbelieved, and, most likely, attributed to an overstrained and affected modesty. Yet something must be done, and, humiliating as such an avowal would be, should I boldly venture it ? In the event of its being discredited, should I shoot a favourite dog, or maim my friend, or one of my friend's friends, to prove its veracity ? So desperate a case would warrant the application of a violent remedy. I left my room without having brought my mind to a decision, unless the gloomy resolution of running the hazards of the day is worthy the term. On my way to where the party was assembled, I passed the *garde-de-chasse* : he was occupied in cleaning my Manton : I beheld it with such feelings as I should have entertained had I been condemned to be shot with it. The *garde* bowed to me with marked respect : *Monsieur l'Anglais* had been mentioned to him as a marvellous fine shot, and he accorded me a fitting share of his estimation.

"*Le voilà—allons—vite—partons,*" was the cry the instant I was perceived by *Monsieur de V*—. There was no mention of Hector ; that was something ; shooting was to be the amusement of the day. The patent, improved, double-barrelled Manton was given to me, and I received it almost unconscious of what I was about. We had just reached the *Perron*, the double flight of steps leading into the court-yard, when a thought flashed across my mind, as it were by inspiration. I pounced upon it with a sort of desperate avidity, and, as if delay would have diminished its force, I as hastily gave it utterance. "I am not disposed to shoot to-day ; I've just a whim to go a fishing." "*Parbleu!*" said *Monsieur De V*—, "just as you will, my dear ; in the country *liberte entiere* : I'll give you my own tackle." Accordingly he re-entered the house, and presently returned with two or three rods, and different kinds of lines, hooks, floats, &c. "There," said he, "you may now angle for what fish you choose, and you'll find abundance of all sorts, great and small, in the canal." My delight at this relief is not to be described. I knew as little about angling as about shooting, but (thought I) by fishing, or seeming to fish, I am in no danger of compromis-

ing my reputation ; I have seen many an angler, and expert ones too, sit, from morning till night, bobbing into a pond, and after all return with an empty basket, their skill suffering no stain from their want of success. I have merely to say, as I have heard them say, "Curse 'em they wont bite." But my delight was of short duration. Conceive my horror and consternation, when I heard Monsieur De V—— call out to the cook, "Monsieur Goulard, you need not frickasee the hare to-day, Monsieur P.\* is going to fish; so you'll dress a pike or two *a la maitre d'hotel* make a *matelote* of some of his carp, and fry the rest." Here was dinner for a party made to depend upon the rather uncertain result of my first attempt at angling! The misfortune was of my own seeking, and there was no escape. Monsieur De V—— recommended me to take Etienne, the gardener's son, with me, to help me in unhooking the large fish, else, said he, "as they are in such quantities, and bite so fast, you'll very soon be fatigued." We separated: he and the rest to shoot hares and partridges, I to catch pike and carp.

Now was I once again left without any of those excuses for failure, which, like an indifferent workman, I might have derived from the badness of my tools. Hector was the best horse in France; my gun was a patent improved double barrellled Manton; and my fishing-tackle, plague on it! perfect and complete. To add to my distress, the fish abounded; they had the reputation of biting well, and be hanged to them! and the only thing an angler could complain of was, that they bit so fast as to destroy the pleasure of the sport. On my way to the canal I endeavoured to reason myself into composure. "Surely there can be no great difficulty in what I am now about to perform: I have but to bait my hook, throw it into the water, and the instant a fish bites at it, pull him out." From a sort of misgiving, however, which my best arguments failed to conquer, I thought it prudent to dismiss Etienne, desiring him to leave the basket (and they had furnished me with one sufficiently capacious to contain Falstaff,) telling him I would call him in the event of my hooking any fish beyond my strength to manage. Monsieur De V—— had not deceived me. Scarcely had I thrown my bait into the water ere it was caught at: I drew in my line and found my hook void. A second and a third, and a twentieth, and a fiftieth experiment succeeded in precisely the same manner. I no sooner renewed my bait than it was purloined with perfect impunity. Had the cursed fry passed by it without deigning to notice it, I might have consoled myself with examples of similar occurrences; but to catch it, and give me fair notice of their intention to abscond with it by a gentle tug at my line, was provoking beyond bearing; it would have exhausted the patience of Izaak Walton himself. Notwithstanding my regard for Monsieur De V——, I began to tire of feeding his fishes; and sus-

pected that I must be cutting a ridiculous figure in the eyes of the funny tribe; in short, that they were making what is vulgarly termed a dead set against me. I varied my manner; I increased, I diminished, the quantity of my bait; I tried different sorts; now and then I tempted them with the bare hook; but all was to no purpose. After four hours of unrewarded efforts (in the course of which time I was once on the point of calling Etienne to assist me in pulling in what proved to be a tuft of weeds,) I had the mortification to find dangling at the end of my line a wretched, miserable little gudgeon, two inches long, which had caught itself—I have not the vanity to suppose I caught it—upon my hook. Though in itself worse than nothing, I received it as a promise of better fortune, and threw the tiny fish into my huge basket, whence, to say the truth, it looked an epigram at me. But this was the beginning and the ending of my prosperity. At the expiration of another four hours I was joined by Monsieur De V—. On looking into the basket, he said that I had done right in sending *the others* up to the house. I assured him that ~~THE FISH~~ he detected at the bottom was the only one I had caught. He burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, he saw through the jest at once: that I was a *farceur*, and had thrown all the large fish back again into the canal as fast as I had drawn them out, for the sake of the caricature of so small a fish in so large a basket. I insisted that that one fish was the sole result of my day's labour. No, no. The English were expert anglers: the canal was abundantly stocked, I had exhausted all my bait, and he was certain of the trick. Goulard was ordered to cook the hare. The *plaisanterie* of my one little gudgeon in the huge basket was frequently repeated in the course of dinner, and applauded as a most humorous jest. One of the party, however, observed, that though he admired the joke, he thought a *matelote de carpe* would have been a better; and proposed that, as I had deprived them of a service of fish, I should be punished by the deduction of half an hour from my next day's *ride*, which time I should occupy in providing fish for the dinner.

Already was I suffering by anticipation the morrow's torments, when a servant entered with a bundle of newspapers and letters just arrived from Paris. Among them was a letter for me. I read it, and, affecting considerable surprise and concern, declared that I must leave Vilette early the next morning on business which would admit of no delay. Entreaties that I would stay but to enjoy one day's shooting—one day's trial of Hector—were unavailing—I was resolved. But it was not without great difficulty that I succeeded in resisting Monsieur De V—'s pressing offer to lend me Hector, to carry me back to Paris, which mode of conveyance, he assured me, would save me much

time, though I should even sleep one night on the road, as Hector would fly with me like an eagle.

The next morning I took my departure, after having passed a week in unspeakable torments where I had expected to spend a month in tranquillity and repose : and by one of those whimsical chains of circumstances, to which many persons, with a certain prejudice in their favour, have been indebted for the reputation of possessing great talents without ever having given any distinct manifestation of them, I left behind me the reputation of being the most expert horseman, the surest shot, the best and politest billiard player, and the most dexterous angler, that had ever visited Vilette.

P.\*

### EXTRACTS FROM *SIMOND'S TOUR IN SWITZERLAND*.

#### *Constance.*

The following notices of Constance are pregnant with thought and interest.

“ Constantius Chlorus having defeated the barbarians in a great battle fought upon the present site of Constance, restored the Roman station, which they had destroyed, and gave it his name ; but the celebrity of Constance is principally due to the Council which met within its walls eleven centuries after this Emperor, (1414–18 ; ) and the Council itself owes much of its own celebrity to the sad story of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. All Christendom was occupied, during five years, in effecting little that now lives in the minds of men, except the execution of these two unfortunate theologians, in violation of the imperial safe conduct, on the faith of which they had appeared at Constance.

“ As soon as we were fairly established in our quarters, taking a guide, we proceeded, by land and water, on stepping-stones and tottering boards, (the Rhine, higher than it has been for more than a century, overflows part of the town,) to the place of meeting of the Council, an old rambling house where the country people hold their fair or market for yarn. The hall in which that memorable assembly sat is very spacious ; measured by my steps, it appeared to be sixty feet wide, and one hundred and fifty-three feet long ; the ceiling, about seventeen feet high, is supported by two rows of wooden pillars, to which leathern shields, measuring three feet and a half by eighteen inches, are suspended. If the red cross upon them indicates they had belonged to Crusaders, they would be of greater antiquity still than the Council, since the last Crusade preceded it one hundred and fifty years. The thick walls bear marks of partitions between each window, indicating the cells where the fathers of the Council were shut up, while forming those solemn decisions which ultimately decided

nothing. A hole in the gate is still seen, through which provisions and other necessities used to be introduced ; and near that entrance, the places where a count and a bishop stood sentry night and day. The dusty seats of the Emperor Sigismund and Pope Martin V. are there, unceremoniously filled on market-days by old women selling yarn, wholly unconscious of the awe those who filled these seats inspired four hundred years ago, and ignorant even of their names. In the cathedral the spot is marked by traditions, (Mr. Ebel says, by a piece of brass in the pavement, but we did not notice it,) where John Huss heard his sentence pronounced by the fathers of the Council assembled for that purpose. The prisoner being a doctor of divinity, was degraded, after his sentence had been read ; then driven at once out of the door, a few yards distant, by a kick ;\* and the civil power, ready there waiting for him, led him that instant to the stake, where he was burnt alive.

" The very guide who conducted us, a simple man, smiled in contempt, and shrugged his shoulders while repeating the story : yet not one, probably, of the one hundred and fifty thousand persons assembled here on the occasion of the Council, although some might have disapproved of the proceedings, would probably have been struck with their glaring absurdity, as well as cruelty, nor inclined to smile in contempt : so great is the change produced by time, in the mode of viewing the same things. Our guide smiled again, on another occasion, when I asked him whether many of the French regicides had not taken shelter at Constance ? ' Yes,' he answered, ' twenty-four of them ; the *old fellows* are seen strolling together in the sun, nobody minds them now.' ' What, so soon ! the men who could pass sentence of death on the *King of France*, and send him, and soon after send, daily, hundreds of their fellow-citizens, to the guillotine ! Those men of the Convention, who made all Europe tremble, and whose troops laid this very town of Constance under contribution, are already so completely out of date, as to be *old fellows of no consequence* ; and a simple man can now smile in contempt, and see at once the folly of proceedings so serious twenty-five years ago ! This, assuredly, is a great and rapid change ! Walking farther, our guide said, ' *That fine house yonder*,' pointing to the other side of the Rhine, ' belonged to Queen Hortense ! ' and he smiled at the name of *Queen Hortense* ! Another dream vanished, thought we, or fashion gone by. ' But,' added he, ' *she was a good lady, very charitable to the poor* ; ' and saying this, he did not smile ! May it be, then—we trust it is—that there is, after all, nothing serious

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\* John Huss's cloak dropped on the occasion, and escaped burning. It is now shown as a curiosity, and I obtained a scrap of it—a coarse, threadbare, worsted stuff, of a russet black, much such a thing as a *servant* of the fifteenth century might be supposed to wear ; yet the recollection of *Bonaparte's* pen at Fontainebleau shakes my faith in this relic.



in the world but those eternal principles of morality and religion, to which men cling in their sober moments, and to which they return after many criminal deviations—that there is no real greatness, even in this world, but in a firm adherence to those principles; no durable admiration among men, without esteem; and that even the lower part of mankind come at last to set the right value on the advantages this world affords, and distinguish between truth and falsehood.”

*The Falls of the Rhine and Niagara compared.*

Monsieur Simond, having an advantage which few travellers possess, draws a comparison between the fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and that of Niagara.

“The velocity and the bustle, the deafening roar of this *enfer d'eau*, as it has been called, surpass, perhaps, Niagara itself, but there is here less grandeur and majesty. The mass of water of the American cataract is probably ten times greater, its breadth six times as great, and height three times; yet it bends over, and descends unbroken, in its native emerald green, a vertical lake, as it were, instead of a horizontal one. The Rhine on the contrary, is here all froth and fury, from top to bottom; it might be compared to a cataract of snow, but does not make a worse picture on that account; and the height and length are, besides, in juster proportions. At Niagara the scenery is insignificant; but here it is ignoble and positively offensive, the castle of Lauffen excepted, which, however, is not particularly picturesque, and, if I may be allowed the expression, belittles the fall. Had I the honour of being one of their Excellencies of Zurich or of Schaffhausen, I would certainly vote for leveling to the ground a vile mill and miller's house, three stories high, stuck up over against the very cataract, and full in front of it, on an island. I would next pull up by the roots every plant of a still viler vineyard above this cataract, and forming now the back-ground of it: nothing is more paltry than a vineyard in a picture.”

*The Baths of Pfeffers.*

The following account of the celebrated baths of Pfeffers is picturesque and interesting. This spring was discovered by a hunter about 800 years back.

“The sick formerly were let down by ropes, some hundred feet, to certain rude huts, which they entered by the roof, and where they remained a week stewing in hot water and steam; by degrees, communications became better, and about one hundred years ago, the abbot of Pfeffer had the present stone house and baths con-

structed, and a path to it cut zig-zag among rocks and trees. These baths are situated about six hundred yards below the spring; the water, blood heat, and continually running in and out, forms, in fact, a steam as well as a water bath. One part of the ceremony of sight-seeing is to go along a scaffolding, suspended against the face of the rock, to the place where the water gushes out of the mountain piping hot. Desirous to perform my duty on all occasions, as far as I am able, I proceeded about half way, and fully convincing myself that I should return quite wet from the dripping of the rock; finding, besides, the plank so narrow and slippery, and the torrent below so very furious, that a fall (not very unlikely to happen) would leave no hopes of salvation, and the scene appearing altogether frightful, I thought to myself, that a confession of prudence might do full as well in a journal as a confession of rashness, being, at any rate, much more original; therefore, after several awful pauses, I stopped at last near a projection of the rock, overhanging the trembling board which stands insulated from the side, and where the rash adventurer finds himself much in the situation of a rope-dancer, without even the assistance of his pole, and here intimated to the guide that I should proceed no farther. This sort of cavern is formed by the loose rocks already mentioned, piled up above, between the perpendicular side of the cleft; it is about two hundred feet high, and perfectly dark, except from a small opening at the top, through which a single ray of light falling on those who pass under it in their progress to and from the spring, gives them, to the curious eye looking on from a safe distance, the air of shades wandering on the precincts of the infernal regions."

#### *The Fall of the Rossberg.*

M. Simond has given a very good account of the fall of the Rossberg, a species of catastrophe to which Switzerland has been frequently exposed.

"The summer of 1806 had been very rainy, and on the 1st and 2d of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain, a sort of cracking noise was heard internally, stones started out of the ground, detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain; at two o'clock in the afternoon on the 2d of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Towards the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above, and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances; soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed, insensibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow, the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few mi-

Minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger: the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly, as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe, when told by a young man running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling; he rose and looked out, but came in to his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once.

"Another inhabitant, being alarmed, took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third; but she went in for another, who still remained, (Marianne, aged five;) just then, Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room with this Marianne, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress; at that instant, as Francisca afterwards said, 'the house appeared to be torn from its foundation, (it was of wood,) and spun round and round like a tetotum; I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child'—when the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downwards, much bruised and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive at a great depth; with much difficulty she disengaged her right hand, and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called to her by her name; the child answered that she was on her back among stones and bushes, which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light, and even something green; she asked whether people would not soon come to take them out; Francisca answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and be happy in heaven; they prayed together; at last Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Stenenberg; then seven o'clock struck in another village, and she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavoured to comfort the child. The poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper; but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downwards, and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable; after prodigious efforts, she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianne, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the mean time the unfortunate father, who, with much difficulty, had saved himself and two children, wandered about till daylight, when he came among the ruins to look for the rest of his family; he soon discovered his wife, by a foot which appeared above ground; she was dead!

with a child in her arms—his cries, and the noise he made in digging were heard by Marianne, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh, and saying that Francisca was not far off, a farther search led to her release also, but in such a state that her life was despaired of; she was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about 1500 feet from where it stood before.”——

“The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the the vale of Arth was Goldau, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. I shall relate only one more incident: a party of eleven travellers from Berne, belonging to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Art on the 2d of September, and set off on foot for the Righi, a few minutes before the catastrophe; seven of them had got about 200 yards ahead, the other four saw them entering the village of Goldau, and one of the latter Mr. R. Jenner, pointing out to the rest the summit of the Rossberg, (full four miles off in a straight line,) where some strange commotion seemed taking place, which they themselves (the four behind) were observing with a telescope, and had entered into conversation on the subject with some strangers just come up; when, all at once, a flight of stones, like cannon balls, traversed the air above their heads, a cloud of dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard; they fled! As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends, but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish 100 feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors one lost a wife to whom he was just married, one a son, a third the two pupils under his care; all researches to discover their remains were, and have ever since been, fruitless. Nothing is left of Goldau but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. With the rocks torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers; but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground towards the lake of Lowertz, while the rocks, preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley towards the Righi. The rocks above moving much faster than those near the ground, went farther, and ascended even a great way up the Righi; its base is covered with blocks carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down, as they might have been by cannon.”

#### *Hunting the Chamois.*

“The hunter must have an excellent constitution, particularly to enable him to bear the extreme of cold after being heated by

exercise, sleeping on the damp ground, hunger and thirst, and every other hardship and privation ; he must have great muscular strength, to climb all day with a heavy gun across his shoulder, ammunition and provisions, and, at last, the game he kills ; he must have a keen sight, a steady foot and head, on the brink of precipices ; and, finally, patience equal to his courage.

“Chamois are very fearful, certainly not without sufficient cause, and their sense of smell and sight being most acute, it is extremely difficult to approach them within the range of a shot. They are sometimes hunted with dogs, but oftener without, as dogs drive them away to places where it is difficult to follow them. When a dog is used, he is to be led silently to the track, which he never will afterwards lose, the scent being very strong ; the hunter, in the mean time, chooses a proper station to lay in wait for the game, some narrow pass through which its flight will most likely be directed.

“More frequently the hunter follows his dog, with which he easily keeps pace, by taking a straighter direction, but calls him back in about an hour, when he judges the chamois to be a good deal exhausted and inclined to lie down to rest ; it is then approached with less difficulty. An old male will frequently turn against the dog, when pursued, and while keeping him at bay allows the hunter to approach very near.

“Hunters two or three in company generally proceed without dogs ; they carry a sharp hoe to cut steps in the ice, each his rifle, hooks to be fastened to his shoes, a mountain stick with a point of iron, and in his pouch a short spy-glass, barley-cakes, cheese, and brandy made of gentian or cherries. Sleeping the first night at some of those upper chalets, which are left open at all times, and always provided with a little dry wood for a fire, they reach their hunting grounds at day-light. There, on some commanding situation, they generally find a *luugi*, as it is called, ready prepared, two stones standing up on end, with sufficient space between to see through without being seen ; there one of the hunters creeps, unperceived, without his gun, and, carefully observing every way with his spy-glass, directs his companions by signs.

“The utmost circumspection and patience are requisite on the part of the hunter, when approaching his game ; a windward situation would infallibly betray him by the scent ; he creeps on from one hiding rock to another, with his shirt over his clothes, and lies motionless in the snow, often for half an hour together, when the herd appears alarmed and near taking flight. Whenever he is near enough to distinguish the *bending of the horns*, that is about the distance of two hundred or two hundred and fifty steps, he takes aim ; but if at the moment of raising his piece the *chamois* should look towards him, he must remain per-

fectly still, the least motion would put them to flight before he could fire, and he is too far to risk a shot otherwise than at rest. In taking aim he endeavours to pick out the darkest coat, which is always the fattest animal; this darkness is only comparative, for the colour of the animal varies continually, between light bay in summer, and dark brown or even black in winter. Accustomed as the *chamois* are to frequent and loud detonations among the glaciers, they do not mind the report of the arms so much as the smell of gunpowder, or the sight of a man; there are instances of the hunter having time to load again, and fire a second time after missing the first, if not seen. No one but a sportsman can understand the joy of him who, after so much toil, sees his prey fall; with shouts of savage triumph he springs to seize it, up to his knees in snow, despatches the victim if he finds it not quite dead, and often swallows a draft of warm blood, deemed a specific against giddiness. He then guts the beast to lessen its weight, ties the feet together, in such a manner as to pass his arms through on each side, and then proceeds down the mountain, much lighter for the additional load he carries! When the day is not too far spent, the hunters hiding carefully their game, continue the chase. At home the *chamois* is cut up, and the pieces salted or smoked, the skin is sold to make gloves and leathern breeches, and the horns are hung up as a trophy in the family. A middle-sized *chamois* weighs from fifty to seventy pounds, and when in good case yields as much as seven pounds of fat. Not unfrequently the best marksman is selected to lie in wait for the game, while his associates, leaving their rifles loaded by him, and acting the part of hounds, drive it towards the spot. Sometimes when the passage is too narrow, a *chamois*, reduced to the last extremity, will rush headlong on the foe, whose only resource to avoid the encounter, which on the brink of precipices must be fatal, is to lie down immediately and let the frightened animal pass over him. There was once an instance of a herd of fourteen *chamois*, which, being hard pressed, rushed down a precipice to certain death, rather than be taken. It is wonderful to see them climb abrupt and naked rocks, and leap from one narrow cliff to another, the smallest projection serving them for a point of rest, upon which they alight, but only just to take another spring; their agility made people believe formerly that they could support themselves by means of their hooked horns. They have been known to take leaps of twenty-five feet down hill over fields of snow."

## THE LITERARY POLICE OFFICE, BOW-STREET, LONDON.

*Dogberry.* One word, Sir : our Watch, Sir, have, indeed, comprehended some auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your Worship.

*Leonato.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me ; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

*Dogberry.* It shall be suffigance.

*Dogberry.* Go, good partner, go ; get you to Francis Seacoal : bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the goal. We are now to examination these men.

*Verges.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogberry.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you.

*Much Ado about Nothing, Act III.*

Yesterday the magistrates, Sir Richard Birnie, and Mr. Minshull, were employed the whole of the day in hearing charges preferred against literary offenders. Some of them were pregnant with great public interest ; some were unworthy of notice.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, a pedlar by trade, that hawks about shoe-laces and philosophy, was put to the bar, charged with stealing a poney, value 40s. from a Mrs. Foy, of Westmoreland ; but as no one was near him at the time, and as he was *beside himself*, the charge could not be brought home. Another charge, however, was made against him, for converting to his own use a spade, with which Mr. Wilkinson had tilled his lands—but as Mr. Wilkinson was a gentleman of the Quaker persuasion, he would not appear to swear, and William also escaped on this charge. There were several readers of William's books who were ready to swear, but their oaths could not be taken. The prisoner had several duplicates of little childish poems and toys about him, which he said he obtained from his grandmother. But it appearing that he had often imposed himself off as that old lady, he was remanded to allow of some inquiry. He conducted himself very extravagantly while before the magistrates, so as to give an idea that he was was not quite right. He called himself the first man—king of the poets—and wanted to read passages from his own works to prove it. The officers had much difficulty in restraining him from getting out of the dock to beat the magistrates' brains out with a log of the Excursion. Jeffrey, the officer was obliged to *pinion* him.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was brought up for idling about the suburbs of town, without being able to give a satisfactory account of himself. He was taken up for sleeping at Highgate in the day-time. The magistrates committed him to the Muses' Treadmill for two months, to hard labour. It is supposed his feet will be all the better for this exercise. This is the same

person, though much altered, who passed himself off as the Ancient Mariner, at a marriage in the metropolis some time back.

The Rev. Mr. BOWLES was charged with stealing fourteen lines from an old gentleman's garden, of the name of Petrarch, at Putney. But he stating that he was not aware of his own dishonesty, and it appearing that the things were of little or no value—he was reproved and discharged. It was supposed that he had stolen these fourteen lines to hang himself with. This is the same person who was taken up on suspicion of being concerned in the attempted murder of Alexander Pope, at Twickenham, some time ago. But it appearing that he had no idea of what he was doing, and was generally reckoned a harmless man—he was not detained. He said he could appeal to his own character.

O. GILCHRIST gave information of having been shot at while playing a game at Bowles, in his garden at Stamford. It is supposed he would have fallen, but the *cloth* protected him. Several persons have been apprehended on suspicion—not nothing is to be *apprehended* from the gentleman who was most talked of as the ruffian in the neighbourhood.

JOHN CLARE (a comely country-looking man, in a smock frock, and face to match) appeared to resist an order of filiation, made on the affidavit of one of the Muses with whom he had kept company, and who appeared to have been too liberal of her favours to him. The oath being persisted in, his innocence stood him in no stead; and he was ordered to set apart half-a-crown, out of sixpence a-day, to support the child. He pleaded poverty; but the magistrates explained to him that a poor soldier had been known to have managed such an allowance, and therefore they resisted his plea. Clare is said to have a wife, and ten little children all under the age of four years, which makes his case more reprehensible.

TOM MOORE underwent a long examination for picking the pocket of the public of nine shillings, in Paternoster Row, under the pretence of selling a book. But as it was proved that there were five partners concerned in this transaction, and that he was a mere instrument in their hands, he was on this charge discharged. He was, however, put to the bar on several other complaints, one of which was from a pretty looking unfortunate girl, one of the family of the Muses, who stated that she had known him some years ago, when by the most plausible arts he completed her ruin. She had since then been obliged to have recourse to the most distressing means for subsistence. She had been utterly deserted by him lately, and on her applying to him for relief, he had shut the door in her painted face, and informed her through the key-hole that he had married a religious woman out of the Magdalen, and was no longer a dealer in *Old Stores*. The magistrates could afford this poor unfortunate no relief.



Tom was also charged by one Dan Anacreon (a man himself of no very reputable character,) for obtaining odes from him under false pretences:—on this charge he was *committed*. The odes were exhibited in the office, and appeared to be plated goods.

SAMUEL ROGERS, a youth of very prepossessing appearance, was placed at the bar on a charge of putting off several *forged notes* upon a banker in the city. The case involved much difficulty. The banker stated that he was of the same name with the prisoner, and was perpetually subjected to the annoyance of being mistaken for a poet; the notes, however, on being examined, were found to have nothing in them—and the charge of forgery therefore fell to the ground. The prisoner looked very pale throughout his examination, and was observed to conceal something under his coat towards the end of it—on being searched, it was found to be a brace of dedications; which, from a particular mark, were known to have been shot on the banker's grounds. The banker stated that he was compelled to put a *cheque* to these things, and having suffered much by such depredations, or decimations (we could not catch the precise word) he felt it imperative on him to prosecute. The prosecutor was therefore bound over (in sheepskin,) and the prisoner was taken to the strong room.

H. SMITH, and JAMES SMITH, two brothers were put to the bar on a very serious charge of forgery. The office was crowded by those who had suffered from the ingenious arts of these offenders. Some of the papers were produced at the time of examination, and were found to be executed in the most masterly manner. They seemed to be engraved on *steel*! The Rev. Mr. Crabbe could not swear to his hand-writing—and one or two *forges* were dead at the time of the forgeries; upon which the magistrates observed, that post obits of this nature were dangerous cases to commit upon. However, Mr. Fitzgerald swore at the forgery upon him, and the prisoners were committed. One of the brothers has, since his committal to Bridewell, escaped to the continent. The other is very penitent, and exhibits great cheerfulness in his confinement. Jem is a sort of thin melancholy man, with one eye, which is always bent on a joke.

TOM DIBDIN was charged with robbing openly in the day-time, and was sent to the Bench. He sat down with the magistrates.

LORD BYRON, a young person, apparently of ferocious habits, was placed at the bar, under the care of Jeffrey and Gifford, two of the officers of the Literary Police, charged with a violent assault upon several literary gentlemen; when taken, he made a determined resistance, and beat the officers dreadfully. Jeffrey had his head bound up, in a blue and yellow hankerchief; and Gifford carried his *arms* in a *sling*, like David the giant-killer. The office was filled with bruised poets and broken prosers, all

clamorous against the offender. It appeared, that going home on a certain day past, he was accosted by a Muse, and was prevailed upon to take a glass of something at the *Flying Horse and Pan-pipes*, which, getting into his head, made him unruly. On quitting the place, he was met by the party complaining, who remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to convince him of the badness of the company he was keeping; when, without a word, he began laying about him, mauling, and knocking down all that were far or near. Several men were brained for life, and poor Mr. Fitzgerald got an-ode on his head, which it is supposed, will never be subdued; indeed, it increases every year. The prisoner for want of *Bayle* (which he had lent to Mr. Leigh Hunt, to assist him in his philosophical pursuits,) was committed to *Cold Bath Fields*, where it is feared he will soon put all the convicts into hot water. There was also an information lodged against him, by a lady of title, for keeping *unlawful game* in his house, without a license—he was unable to pay the penalties immediately. The prisoner looked scornfully at the Bench; and Southey declared he ought to be *hand cuffed*, but had not the courage to carry his declaration into effect. The prisoner, seeing one of Messrs. Longman's firm near him, protested, if they published his *pal* Tom Moore's Loves of the Angels to the world, he would make that deed and Heaven and Earth come together! The Bench shuddered at the thought, and Jeffrey was ordered to look to him. On retiring from the bar, the prisoner was very ferocious, and the officers were compelled to put his crooked spirit into a straight waistcoat. He was scarcely nineteen when he committed the offence for which *he* was committed.

The Rev. Mr. CRABBE, an old man of very venerable appearance, was examined on a charge of having burglariously entered the parish poorhouse, and stolen therefrom a joint stool—a deal table—a wooden spoon—a smoke jack, and sundry kitchen and washhouse utensils. The case was clearly made out, and the parish was bound over to prosecute. It appeared on examination that this offender had been very hard upon the paupers in the house; and, indeed, while before the magistrates, he made several irreverent jokes upon the occasion.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, alias THE GREAT UNKNOWN, alias BILL BEACON, alias CUNNING WALTER, underwent a long private examination, on a sort of *novel* fraud, which was whispered to be one of a very extensive nature; nothing transpired after the examination, and the prisoner was ordered up for a further hearing. Sir W. S. being a Baronet, and one of the Bench being a Scotchman, the prisoner was allowed to be out on his own recognizance. He is a tall farmer-looking man—something of a Northern Cobbett. He is said to be the same person that was connected with the Longman gang in the great poetical robbery—

and that obtained the King's pardon, by turning King's evidence against his companions.

SARAH SIDDONS, a person well known about the theatres, was placed at the bar under suspicion of having disinterred the body of John Milton, a respectable scrivener, from the church-yard of Cripplegate. Some of the limbs were found in her possession. She told a very plausible story, and much affected the Bench. But her powers this way were well known—and the magistrates wiped their eyes, and ordered her to find bail.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was informed against for sending out his poetical coals to Newcastle, without having the *metre's* ticket. He offered to take an oath, that he had a right to do as he thought best—but the magistrates would not listen to him. His *sack*, however, was found to be *full measure*—which was much in his favour. The officers knew Rob well, and stated that he had often been at that bar before. He is the same person that knocked down Wesley, in Paternoster-row, and that took away Lord Nelson's life in Albemarle-street. On being called upon to account for his mode of living—he declared that he lived upon the lives of others—that he was the only man of unimpeachable morals in the world—that he knew and revered the King, Mr. Croker, and the constitution; and that he would, if the magistrates pleased, write an Ode on the Police-office, which might be stuck up in some conspicuous place, to keep respectable people away. He was fined in the mitigated penalty of 1*l.* and was ordered to be confined until the same was paid. He sold some waste paper, which his publishers held, and got out without a rag being left.

CHARLES LAMB was brought up, charged with the barbarous murder of the late Mr. Elia.\* He was taken late in the evening, at a house of resort for characters of his description, in Fleet-street—and he had with him at the time of his caption a crape mask—a phosphorus (or hock) bottle—a dark lanthorn—a *skeleton* key—a centre bit (out of the haunch)—and a large clasp knife (and fork). The evidence was indisputable—and Mr. Lamb was committed. There appears to have been no apparent motive for this horrible murder, unless the prisoner had an eye to poor Mr. Elia's situation in the LONDON MAGAZINE. The prisoner is a large gaunt-looking fellow, with a queer eye, and a broad overhanging brow. If no witness had come forward—his looks would have appeared against him!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, a dwarf was brought up, under Tom Cribb's care (this is the second act of kindness of the champion), charged with a fraud upon a Mr Cromek. Being young and little, he was handed over to the Philanthropic, as a fit place for such a heart as his.

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\* Elia.—The signature of one of the correspondents in the London Magazine. His death was announced in a late number of that journal. O. O.

**BARRY CORNWALL** was brought up—charged by the officers with having created a crowd, and occasioned a disturbance, at Covent-Garden theatre. On expressing his contrition, and promising to offend again, he was reprimanded and discharged. He seemed to be a young man of very violent habits, and was near *flooring* the officer that stood by him.

**THOMAS CAMPBELL**, a man well known about town, was charged with keeping a Little-go—for unlawful insurances in the lottery of Fame. It was proved that he had taken in several poor authors to his concern—and he not being able to account for himself, was ordered to a year's hard labour, and to stand in the pillory in Conduit-street\* the first day of every month.

**The Hon. Mr. SPENCER—Lord JOHN RUSSELL—Lord and Lady BLESSINGTON—the Duke of RUTLAND—Lord THURLOW**, and several others, all persons of no literary repute, were placed at the bar from the St. James's watch-house, charged with frequenting a masquerade at unlicensed rooms. They were brought up in their several motley dresses, and made the Literary Police Officers grin at the ridiculous figures they cut. Mr. Spencer was an Appollo—the wreath round his head was of artificial flowers, and he sang complimentary odes to ladies of fashion, which he accompanied on his *lyre*! Lord J. Russell was dressed up as Carlos in the *Duenna*: he supported the part pretty well, but he was obliged to do so, for the part would not support him.—Lord Blessington appeared as Lord Colambre, out of Miss Edgeworth's novel of the Absentee, and did not look well—his lady attempted the character of an authoress, and got some *credit* by writing on the *ready Rhine-o.†*—The Duke of Rutland made a very indifferent Mungo Park; and Lord Thurlow was a middling Sir Philip Sidney dismounted! They all pleaded ignorance as an excuse for their bad works, and were fined ashilling each and discharged.

Just as the Bench had got through all these charges, and as the magistrates were rising, **GEORGE COLMAN** was brought in, charged with having attempted to destroy himself with poison. He talked a great deal of skimble skamble stuff—about the Law of Java—and the Upas-tree—but no one could understand him. It appearing, however, that he had formerly been in his senses, and had lived in repute, he was given over to his friends, with strict injunctions, that pen, ink, and paper, and all such dangerous weapons should strictly be kept out of his reach. This was not the first attempt at suicide made by this unfortunate man.

There were some other cases of no public interest heard—and the magistrates rose and left the office. Nothing yet has transpired respecting the D'Israeli burglary:—but Mrs. Opie is suspected of knowing something of poor Mrs. Donatty's death!

\* The New Monthly Magazine, edited by Mr. C. is published in this street. O. O.

† “A palpable hit” at a *Tour on the Rhine*, by Lady B. O. O.

**M. TULLII CICERONIS DE RE PUBLICA QUÆ  
SUPERSUNT.**

EDENTE ANGELO MAIO, VATICANÆ BIBLIOTHECÆ PRÆFECTO.\*

WHEN the rapid disappearance of manuscripts, containing the most admired productions of classical antiquity, had excited the alarm of a few scholars in Europe, none of them was sought for with more avidity and less success than the Dialogues of Cicero on a Commonwealth. That a treasure which had escaped the diligent reasearches of Petrarch in the fourteenth, and of Poggio in the fifteenth century, should at this distance of time be recovered, even in part, is an occurrence equally fortunate and extraordinary.

Some of our readers may not, perhaps, be aware of a practice which in the middle ages contributed, among other causes, to deprive the literary world of its most valuable possessions. This was the custom of erasing what had been already written on parchments, in order to make them fit for use a second time. To materials thus prepared the name of palimpsest† was given in the age of Cicero himself. In the instance before us, a parchment, on which the Dialogue on a Commonwealth had been inscribed, according to the editor's conjecture, as early perhaps as the second century, was employed as a palimpsest for Saint Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms. The first letters, however, in defiance of the washing or scraping which they underwent, were not so far effaced but that they still remain, for the most part, legible; and had not the parchment been, in other respects, roughly handled, so as to accommodate it to its new purpose, without any regard to the old one, by placing the sheets in a different order, folding them in other creases and cutting down the margins, the labours of the decypherer and editor would have been much lessened. As it is, he tells us that it sometimes takes a good hour to make out a line, or even a single word; and that it is necessary to wait for a fine day, in order that the scrutiny may be pursued with the advantage of a full sunlight. To add to these difficulties, a great portion of this manuscript of Augustine's Commentary, and consequently of the Dialogues over which it was written, has been lost. That which remains of them being, as the editor supposes a fourth part; or, if we

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\* [This work was first printed at Rome, by M. Maio, who discovered the manuscript; it was next re-printed at Paris, with a French translation, a preliminary discourse and historical dissertations, by M. Villemain, of the French Academy; and lastly it has been re-published in London in the present year. This last copy not having reached us, we are unable to say whether it is more than a mere re-print;—which we are inclined to suppose it is.]

ED. P. F.

† From the two Greek words *παλιρ* and *ῥιπτορ*, *wiped*, or *rubbed over again*.

include the fragments which he has collected from other writers, a third part of the whole, ought to be received with gratitude, both as a precious boon in hand, and a happy omen of what hereafter may be expected from similar sources.\*

Not to disappoint the just curiosity of our English readers, we shall give a short account of the fragments before us, with a translation of a few passages in them, which have appeared to us more peculiarly deserving of attention.

The style, we should premise, is not quite in Cicero's usual manner. It is somewhat less flowing and round, more measured and stately; which he probably thought suited the subject best. After one of his usual *præmiums*, the opening of which is lost, Cicero reminds a friend, to whom the Dialogues are addressed, but whose name also has disappeared, of a conversation which had been related to them, when they had been in their younger days together at Smyrna, by Publius Rutilius Rufus. This conversation, which forms the substance of the work, was brought about in the following manner. When Scipio Africanus Minor had retired from Rome to spend certain holidays in his suburban villa, there came to him early one morning Q. Tuberus, the eldest son of his sister. After the exchange of a few civilities Tuberus asks his uncle what he thought of the *parhelion*, "*isto altero sole*," the appearance of which had been lately announced in the senate; and when Scipio excuses himself, on the

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\* We learn from the preface that this palimpsest was brought, with other manuscripts, from the monastery at Bobbio, to the Vatican, and, as the editor supposes, about the beginning of the seventeenth century; at the time when Cardinal Frederic Borromeo purchased at a great expense several manuscripts from the same religious house for the Ambrosian library at Milan. From these latter, in the year 1814, the editor, who was then attached to the Ambrosian library, as he is now superintendent of the Vatican, published "*M. Tullii Ciceronis Sex Oratorum Fragmenta inedita, cum Commentariis antiquis item ineditis. Invenit, recensuit, notis illustravit, Angelus Maius, Bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ, æ Linguis Orientalibus.*" This has been republished by Mr. Mawman, with a few additional remarks by C. J. B. (Dr. Bloomfield, the learned editor of *Æschylus*.) The fragments have scarcely enough in them to engage the attention of any except scholars. The most curious thing in the book is a sentence from a speech, by C. Gracchus, at p. 77. The editor's rapture when he discovered these relics was so hearty that we cannot read his description of it without partaking his feelings. See p. 12 of his Preface.

The Benedictine Monastery of Bobbio, in Liguria, amongst the Apennines, was founded by Saint Columbanus, in 612. In the tenth century, Gerbert, who was afterwards Pope Silvester the Second, and whose uncommon learning caused him to be taken for a conjuror, was made Abbot. Muratori (*Antiq. Ital. Med. Æv. T. 3, Dissert. 43, p. 818.*) has given a catalogue of the library, supposed to be drawn up about that date. There is now preparing a catalogue of all the Bobbio manuscripts scattered over Italy. "*Porro Bobiensium codicum, quotquot ubilibet in Italia sunt, exoptatum catalogum a clarissimo viro Amedeo Peyrono propediem expectare licet.*"—*Preface to the Re-publ. p. 25.*

authority of Socrates, for not having given much of his attention to such matters, Tubero reminds him how often Plato had introduced the Athenian sage discoursing on the like questions; whereupon Scipio remarks, that Plato, out of his zeal for the honour of Socrates, had attributed to him much of what he had himself learnt after the death of his beloved master, in Egypt, and Italy and Sicily; from Archytas the Tarentine, and Timæus the Locrian; from the commentaries of Philolaus, and from the Pythagorean philosophers. At this time, L. Furius Philus and R. Rutilius enter; and when the former expresses his fear that they have broken in on their conversation, Scipio tells him what they had been talking of, and asks what his opinion was of these two suns. Again, he is interrupted by the approach of Lælius, accompanied by C. Fannius and Q. Scævola, the two sons-in-law of Lælius, and Mummius his friend. After rising up to meet them in the portico, and saluting them, Scipio, in turning about, contrives to put Lælius in the middle, the place of honour: and when they have taken one or two turns, talking together, proposes that they should adjourn to a sunny part of a little meadow near (for it was winter,) and seat themselves there; which being agreed on, their party is further increased by the arrival of M. Manilius, a man beloved by all present, who takes his place next to Lælius.

The general discourse, which now ensues, is opened by Lælius, who, on learning what subject had been started before he came, asks whether every thing that pertained to their own homes and to the commonwealth had been inquired into, that they were seeking what was carrying on in the heavens; to which Philus prettily answers:

Do you not think that it pertains to our own homes to know what is doing at home; that home I mean, not which is included in these walls, but in this whole world, which the gods have given as a dwelling-place, and a country common to us with themselves?

After a joke passed by Lælius upon Manilius, who was a lawyer, about an order being made to secure these two suns in possession; Philus, with a view of explaining the phenomenon, proceeds to describe a sphere constructed by Archimedes, resembling, as it would seem, what we call an orrery, which Marcellus had got possession of at the taking of Syracuse. In the midst of this description, there is a defect in the manuscript. When we recover it, Scipio is speaking of what he remembered to have happened when he was serving under his father in the Macedonian war; which was, that the same man, C. Sulpicius Gallus, by whom this sphere was shown to Philus, had freed the army from the terror occasioned by an eclipse of the moon, of which Sulpicius explained to them the cause on scientific principles. Tubero inquires how Sulpicius could venture to do this, when he had those to deal with who were little removed from ignorant rustics.

At his answer, the manuscript again breaks off; but the hiatus is probably small, as where it is resumed, Scipio is still vindicating Sulpicius. He then goes on to remark a like instance of sagacity in Péricles, and to observe, from a passage in Ennius that the real cause of eclipses was not unknown to their own ancestors in Rome. The manuscript again deserts us in an interesting part, where Tubero is reminding Scipio of his having a little while before undervalued studies of this kind. It would appear that Scipio in the interval had disavowed any such intention; for, when he appears again, he is making an eulogium on the excellence of knowledge. Lælius, in reply, suggests that there are more noble and useful studies than those to which Scipio has adverted; and on Tubero's inquiring what they are, answers that they are those by which they may learn how it had come to pass that, through the factions introduced by the Gracchi, there were two senates, and almost two people in Rome; a matter of much more consequence to them than the appearance of two suns in the sky. This observation leads to an entreaty that Scipio would unfold to them the true principles of policy. Here then we enter on the subject of the dialogue. Africanus begins by saying, that it is necessary to define what it is of which he is about to speak; and this he does, not like Aristotle, by tracing up society to its first elements, but in a summary manner, thus:

A commonwealth is the affair or concern of the people: by the people I do not mean an assembly of men brought together in any way whatever it may be, but the assembly of a multitude associated by consent of right and communion of interest. Lib. i. § 25.

The three kinds of government, regal, aristocratical, and popular are all liable to objection if unqualified.

In the changes and vicissitudes of states, there are wonderful circuits and revolutions; which, as it is the part of a wise man to know, so, in the government of a state, to foresee them when they are impending, to moderate their course, and to exercise a certain power in the direction of them, belongs to one who is not only a great statesman, but endowed with a faculty little short of divine. "I perceive," continues Scipio, "that there is a fourth kind of state, or commonwealth, which results from the mixture and blending together of the three, and which is to be preferred to them all." L. i. § 29.

In speaking of the changes to which the kingly form of government is liable, Scipio makes these excellent observations...

When a king has begun to act unjustly, that kind of government forthwith changes to a tyranny; a very evil kind, though bordering on a very good one. If the nobles succeed in crushing him, which usually happens, then follows an aristocracy, which is the next to a monarchy; for there is something resembling the power of a good king in a council of the chief men, advising for the welfare of the people. But if the people of themselves have put to death or banished the tyrant, as long as they retain sense and discretion, so long they act moderately, rejoice in that which they have themselves achieved, and are willing to preserve a commonwealth, which has been of their own establishing. Not so, if they have done violence to a just king, or spoiled him of his kingdom; or even, as hath frequently fallen out, have tasted the blood of the nobles, and trampled the whole state under their feet; then beware lest thou



suppose it easier to still the raging of the sea, or to arrest the progress of a conflagration, than to put a stop to the fury of an unbridled multitude. Lib. i. § 42.

Then follows, from the eighth book of Plato's Republic, the admirable description of a thorough ochlocracy; for it is no more to be termed a democracy, than a despotism is to be called a monarchy. From the extreme of popular liberty the natural transition is to as extreme a servitude under either one or a few.

Thus a government is tossed about and caught up, like a ball, from one to another; from kings to tyrants; from them again to the nobles or the people; from whom either factions or tyrants again receive it; so that it whirls round and round in a perpetual change. Lib. i. § 44.

The conclusion is that,

Although of the three simple kinds of government, the kingly is much the best; yet this also will be excelled by the government which is equally mixed up and tempered of the three. For in a commonwealth it is well that something should be pre-eminent and royal; that something should be assigned to the authority of the principal men; that certain points should be reserved for the will and judgment of the multitude. This constitution, in the first place, has a certain equability of right, which free men will not long be contented to want; and in the next, it has firmness and stability, because the other kinds of government are easily convertible into their opposite faults; so that out of a king we have a despot, from an aristocracy a faction, and from a democracy a misrule and anarchy; and that the kinds themselves are easily changeable into each other; which in that tempered and blended system does not happen, except it be through some great mismanagement of the principal men in a state. For here is no cause for change, where each is firmly settled in his own place and degree, and has nothing beneath that may slip from under, and betray him to his downfall and ruin. Lib. i. § 45.

In the second book of these Dialogues, there is a distinction made between a state in which the three kinds are mixed, and one in which they are not only mixed but blended together. He seems to think, that although a perpetual (and if a perpetual much more an hereditary) monarchy may be mixed with the other two forms, yet it cannot be blended with them. The reason of this supposed impossibility may be discovered in what Montesquieu has observed,—that the ancients were unacquainted with the right distribution of the three kinds of power, the legislative, the judicial, and the executive, under a kingly government, and therefore could not form to themselves a just idea of a monarchy. Hume, who, in the English constitution, saw what Cicero supposed impracticable,—the three forms of government, not only mixed but fused together under an hereditary monarchy, saw in it also this just distribution of the three kinds of power; and was accordingly led to conclude, that an hereditary prince, a nobility without vassals, and a people voting by their representatives, form the best monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy.

In this second book, of which there remains much less than of the first, Scipio traces the Roman government through its different stages. We shall do no more than extract a few of the most remarkable sentences in it.

Cato said of the Roman government, that it excelled that of other states, inasmuch, as it had not, like them, been the contrivance of a single man, but the result of the combined wisdom of many, and the experience of many ages. Lib. ii. § 1.

The editor observes in a note, that "the same is said by the Britons of their commonwealth." "*Sic fere Britanni politici de sua republica loquuntur*:"

This is the very main point of civil prudence; to discern the turns and windings in the career of a commonwealth; so that when you are thoroughly acquainted with all its bearings, you may be able to keep it in its course, and not be at a loss in any emergency, but provide beforehand for the occurrences as they shall arise. Lib. ii. § 25.

L. Brutus shook off from his fellow citizens that hard yoke of unjust servitude; who, though he was a private man, held up the whole commonwealth; and first taught us that in this city we are none of us private men. *Ibid.*

We do not much admire the editor's note on this latter passage, though it is well enough adapted to the meridian in which it was produced.

As soon as this king (he has been speaking of a just king) has turned aside to an unjust exercise of his power, he immediately becomes a tyrant, than which no animal can be conceived more foul and loathsome, and detestable in the sight of gods and men; who, though he be in shape a man, yet in the fierceness and heinousness of his demeanour, surpasses the wildest beast upon the earth. For how can he be properly termed a man, who acknowledges no communion of right with any of human kind—who would fain have nothing to associate him with humanity? Lib. ii. § 26.

In the character of L. Valerius Potitus and M. Horatius Barbat, we have in five words a description of the most valuable members of a free state. "*Hominum concordiae causa sapienter popularium*." Men who for the sake of maintaining the general agreement, preserve, without forfeiting their wisdom, the favour of the people.

Do not let that escape you, which I said at the beginning; that unless there be this equable balancing of right, and office, and duty, so that there be power enough with the magistrates, authority in the council of the principal men, and liberty in the people, it is not possible for a state to be secured from revolution and change. Lib. ii. § 33.

There are but few fragments of the third and fourth books remaining in the manuscript. They were taken up with the second day of the Dialogue, during which Fannius appears to have been absent. In the third, the speakers were engaged in a discussion on the abstract principles of justice, which Plato with more propriety made the introduction to his ideal Republic than Cicero subjoined to his account of a real one. The truth is, that Cicero was to Plato nearly what Virgil was to Homer. He was willing to take from him as much as he could; but scarcely knew where to bestow his borrowed riches when he had got them. In the fourth book, the conversation turned on the manners and discipline in a state.

The fifth and sixth comprised the third and last day of the discourse. In the fifth the relics become inconsiderable indeed.

Of the other, which it appears from one of Cicero's letters to Atticus, contained instructions for a statesman, there is nothing left here: but the dream of Scipio,\* probably the best part of it, has come down to us through other channels.

The editor has illustrated the text with notes, which are equally creditable to his diligence and learning. He has further endeavoured to supply some of the deficiencies in the Dialogues by extracts from Lactantius, Augustine, Nonius, and other writers, by whom they had been explained, or referred to in particular passages and words; but candidly owns his belief, that there are yet other remains of them to be discovered in the writings of those two fathers of the church. Much, however as we respect the industry and erudition which have been here employed, we should recommend the printing of the fragments without any addition, and the dispersing of them widely through those nations on the continent of Europe, which have most need to be reminded of the great truths which they enforce. They seem to have emerged at the present juncture almost providentially to admonish all parties of those first principles of policy; that as, on the one hand, legitimate power cannot long be retained without wise concessions to the will and judgment of the people—for that it will otherwise inevitably lead to despotism, debasing to all, but most of all to those by whom it is exercised—so on the other, the popular will and judgment, if they be not moderated and directed by the councils of those whose station in life, intellectual attainments, and virtues, entitle them to the name of "principes" can be productive only of universal confusion and misery.

It may naturally be asked whether every one does not already know this to be very true? No doubt every one does; but it is one thing to know this, and another to hear Cicero starting up in the Vatican from a sleep of near two thousand years, and proclaiming it afresh to the world.

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## POETRY.

### *The Sailor's Life at Sea.*

1. WHEN the anchor's weigh'd and the ship's unmoor'd,  
     And landmen lag behind, sir,  
     The sailor joyfully skips on board,  
     And swearing prays for wind, sir:  
         Towing here,  
         Yeoing there;

---

\* It was also imitated from the Vision of Er in the last book of Plato's Republic an inedited Commentary on which, by Proclus, is promised us by the editor, in one of his notes. P. 311.

Steadily, readily,  
Cheerily, merrily,  
Still from care and thinking free  
Is a sailor's *life* at sea.

2. When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,  
And landmen all grow sick, sir,  
The sailor lolls with his mind at ease,  
And the song and the can go quick, sir :  
    Laughing here,  
    Quaffing there,  
    Steadily, &c.
3. When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,  
And sings to landmen dreary,  
The sailor fearless goes to sleep,  
Or takes his watch most cheery.  
    Boozing here,  
    Snoozing there,  
    Steadily, &c.
4. When the sky grows black and the wind blows hard,  
And landmen skulk below, sir,  
Jack mounts up to the topsail yard,  
And turns his quid as he goes, sir,  
    Hawling here,  
    Bawling there,  
    Steadily, &c.
5. When the foaming waves run mountains high  
And landmen cry, "all's gone," sir,  
The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,  
And jokes with Davy Jones, sir :  
    Dashing here,  
    Splashing there,  
    Steadily, &c.
6. When the ship d'ye see becomes a wreck  
And landmen hoist the boat, sir,  
The sailor scorns to quit the deck,  
While a single plank's afloat, sir ;  
    Swearing here,  
    Tearing there,  
    Steadily, readily,  
    Cheerily, merrily,  
Still from care and thinking free,  
Is a sailor's *life* at sea.

## ADDRESS TO WINTER.

WINTER ! I hail thy empire drear,  
 And see thee with a sigh depart ;  
 Others may deem thy frown severe—  
 I love thee clouded as thou art.

For what if summer shall afford  
 Repose in evening's twilight hour ;  
 'Tis thine to crown the social board,  
 Nor less to charm thy lonely pow'r.

My study clos'd and stirr'd my fire,  
 Hence be the threat'ning tempest hurl'd :  
 Within myself I can retire—  
 My shutters have shut out the world.

## WEEPING BEAUTY.

FROM morn to night, or griev'd or glad,  
 LUCILLA's looks are always sad ;  
 Her 'kerchief she with tears is steeping !  
 Some think the pretty girl gone mad,  
 But lately I the reason had—  
*She looks most beautiful when weeping !*

## ON AN IGNORANT PHYSICIAN—IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.

DEATH and the Doctor to destroy  
 Poor mortals have agreed—  
 But why need both their cares employ,  
 When one can do the deed.

## SANG FROID.

MYRTLE unsheath'd his shining blade,  
 And fix'd its point against his breast ;  
 Then gaz'd upon the wond'ring maid,  
 And thus his dire resolve express'd :

“ Since, cruel fair, with cold disdain  
 “ You still return my raging love ;  
 “ Thought is but madness, life but pain,  
 “ And thus—at once—I both remove.”

"O stay one moment"—Chloe said,  
 And trembling hasted to the door;  
 "Here Betty, quick—a *tail*, dear maid,  
 "This madman else, *will stain the floor*."

---

### TO A FRIEND.

THOUGH many a year may pass away,  
 In joylessness of heart,—  
 As o'er the road of life we stray,  
 On pathways far apart:

Yet still the thought of thee, till death,  
 Shall dwell upon my soul;  
 Nor shall my spirit sink, beneath  
 Despondency's controul.

Though long the wintry tempest blow,  
 Hope's everlasting tree  
 Dies not, the trunk lives on, although  
 The leaves drop witheringly.

But if for me it bloom no more,  
 If we no more may meet;  
 Yet shall this heart be cold, before  
 It cease for thee to beat.

If destined to an early tomb,  
 My latest prayer shall be,  
 That fond Affection's flowers, may bloom  
 On thee, their sweetning fragrancy.

Still may'st thou meet with kindness here,  
 And still a friend be thine,  
 To share each pleasure, calm each fear,  
 And soothe with love like mine.

---

### THE WISH.

[*Oh! si sic omnia*, is the warmest wish that we feel while we transcribe from the pages of a modern tourist, a Sonnet occasioned by the romantic scenery that surrounded the neat little cottage of a Swedish peasant.

HERE, far from all the pomp ambition seeks,  
 Much sought, but only whilst untasted prais'd:  
 Content and Innocence, with rosy cheeks,  
 Enjoy the simple shed their hands have rais'd.

On a grey rock it stands, whose fretted base  
 The distant cat'ract's murmuring waters lave :  
 Whilst o'er its grassy roof, with varying grace,  
 The slender branches of the white birch wave.

Behind, the forest fir is heard to sigh,  
 On which the pensive ear delights to dwell ;  
 And, as the gazing stranger passes by,  
 The grazing goat looks up, and rings his bell.

Oh ! in my native land, ere life's decline,  
 May such a spot, so wild, so sweet, be mine.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*The Pioneers*.—The new novel, entitled *The Pioneers*, seems to have excited a sensation among the artists, altogether unprecedented in the history of our domestic literature. We learn from New York that Mr. Dunlap has on his easel a painting from the work, in oil, five or six feet square ; and there is another, of similar size, by a competitor, whose name has not been mentioned to us. In Philadelphia, Mr. Fairman and Mr. Childs, have several designs in hand, which are intended for the embellishment of *The Port Folio*. We have seen at the Athenæum in this city, an illustration of the Panther scene, which had been particularly selected for the attention of artists by the writer of a review of *The Pioneers* in a late number of the *Port Folio*. It is a painting in water colours by Mr. Thompson, of Susquehanna County. The scenery in his neighbourhood is similar to that of the supposed location of the tale ; and we think in this respect, that the painter is entitled to much praise. His design is also good ; but the figures are not in so commendable a taste. Mr. Cooper has also had the good fortune to call forth the Muse of poetry to sing his praises, as we observe in some of the Eastern papers. In short, poetry and painting seem to have combined with criticism, in rewarding our author for the engaging manner in which he has depicted our own fire-sides. In assigning to Mr. Cooper a high station among the novelists of the present day readers and critics cheerfully concur ; and no discordant notes are heard but from prejudice or malignity.—*Gaz. U. S.*

*Darby's Edition of Brook's Gazetteer*.—This is a new and greatly improved edition of a work, which has long been advantageously known to the public. In those articles, however, which related to this country, it was often deficient and frequently erroneous. These defects have been supplied by the care and industry of Mr. Darby, who has travelled over those parts of our ex-

tensive territory, which are least known, and written much from personal inspection. He has inserted full and minute details of most of the counties in the United States—such as the relative position, size, population, employments, produce, &c.—which being derived from the census of 1820, may be relied on as authentic. He has also described our magnificent streams with more copiousness and accuracy than any of his predecessors. His work is the result of two years painful labour, and when we consider how much important matter he has brought together, we cannot but hope that his industry and usefulness will be liberally rewarded. We do not hesitate to squander thousands upon foreign mimics in the gratification of idle mirth, while we neglect our own citizens, who, amidst privations and perils, explore widely extended regions and develop the various resources of the country.

The Investigator, a new Quarterly Journal, published in London, under the direction of the Rev. W. B. Collyer, the Rev. Thos. Raffles and James B. Brown, L. L. D. concludes a review of Dr. Miller's *Letters on Unitarianism* in the following terms : " We rejoice to be able to say that in Dr. Miller the system of evangelical truth has an able, and we think, from the manner of his writing, an amiable and candid advocate. A man who will contend earnestly, but judiciously and affectionately, for the faith once delivered to the Saints : from him the party he opposes have nothing to fear in the way of unfair or ungenerous treatment ; neither have his own friends cause to apprehend that the truth will suffer in his hands from unguarded concessions, or a false candour. Though the conflict is recent on the other side of the Atlantic, yet our author selects and employs his weapons with the skill of a veteran, and we wish him success in the name of the Lord, with all that elevation of spirit, which his full of ultimate triumph cannot but inspire."

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#### MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Quin, the Comedian, one day passing through Mootfields, was seized upon by a barber of a furniture warehouse, who, without ceremony, pulled him into the shop, and began puffing off his tables and chairs. Quin being old and infirm, made little resistance, but asked the man if he was master of the shop ? " No Sir," said the barber, " but I will fetch him immediately." The man returned with his master, to whom he put the same question—" Are you master of the shop, Sir ?"—" Yes Sir, what can I do for you ?" " Only," replied Quin, " just hold your man a minute, while I go out."



There are 85 light-houses in the United States, lighted with 871 patent lamps and reflectors, which consume annually 33,969 gallons of oil. 29 of these light houses are in Massachusetts. There are 3 on lake Erie and 3 on lake Ontario.

The Rev. Dr. P. visiting a country Clergyman, requested permission to preach to his congregation, which his friend consented to, on condition that he adapted the language of his sermon to the illiterate capacities of his parishioners, and that he used no hard words. After the sermon was over Dr. P. asked his friend whether he had not strictly observed the conditions? The other replied that he had used several words beyond the comprehension of his hearers, and instanced the word *felicity*, for which he would have substituted *happiness*. Dr. P. contended that one word was as plain as the other; and, to prove it, proposed calling in the ploughman, and putting it to him, which was done, "Well, Robin, do you know the meaning of the word *felicity*?" "Ees, Sir," said Robin (scratching his head, and endeavouring to look wise), "ees, Sir, I *think* as how I does." "Well, Robin, speak up," "Vy, Sir, I doesn't know *disactly*, but I thinks it's some' at inside of a pig!"

I know not, says Menage, a greater pest in society than a babler. I remember an epigram I made on the son of an apothecary who was an everlasting talker:

Young Clyster's tongue, in noise abounding,  
Like his paternal mortar rings,  
In mixing heterogenous things,  
His pestle tongue is ever sounding.

#### A Grammatical Question.

Said Anna's preceptor, "a kiss is a noun,  
"But tell me if *common* or *proper*?" he cried;  
"With cheeks of vermillion, and eyelids cast down,  
"'Tis both *common* and *proper*," his pupil replied.

According to a statistical table, the distance from Washington to the new colony contemplated at the mouth of Columbia river, is 4944 miles; almost double the distance between Washington and London.

The Rev. head of one of our seminaries, was, a few days since solicited by two young female relatives, to let them give a ball. The Doctor resisted so long that one of them at length lost all patience, and threatened, like an other Cowslip, "to pull his wig." Finding even this menace ineffectual, she actually proceeded, in a playful manner, to put her threat into execution. The Divine perceiving that some portion of the powder had been removed by this process from his caxon to his shoulders, shook his head

laughingly, as he adjusted his "birds' nest," exclaiming—"Aye, aye, young ladies; as much *powder* as you please, but *no ball*."

On St. Patrick's day, a gentleman met Dennis, an old servant who had long since left his service, but who still retained a strong affection for his family. Dennis had well enjoyed the day, as might be perceived by the badge he wore of the tutelary Saint of Ireland, his swimming eye and rather unsteady gait. He addressed his former master, who happened to be in mourning, and said, "*I'm extremely glad to speak to your honor because I heard some body say you was dead.*" "Well, I'm not dead you perceive Dennis" was the reply. "Nay," observed the genuine Hibernian "I didn't know but it was true, your honor when I saw that *black weed* in your hat."

M. Cailliaud, the French traveller in Egypt, arrived lately at Marseilles, where he had to perform quarantine.

**British Indigo.**—A discovery has been recently made, which promises the most important consequences in a commercial and agricultural point of view.—About two years ago, 280 acres of land near Flint, in Wales, were planted with the common holyhock, or rose of mallow, with the view of converting it into hemp or flax. In the process of manufacture, it was discovered that this plant, yields a beautiful blue dye, equal in beauty and permanence to the best blue indigo.

**Consumption.**—If the writer be not mistaken, he has formerly alluded to a remarkable case which is to be met with in the *Monita et Precepta*, of Dr. Mead. A young and interesting girl was apparently within a few days of death from confirmed consumption, when a vivid representation, by the visiting clergyman of future punishment and pain, produced the effect of positive insanity. She raved furiously, but now breathed freely! The functions of her lungs were restored, as reason was suspended, and until her mind became again tranquil, all manifestation of pulmonary malady, totally disappeared.

**The Magellanic Premium.**—In the year 1786, Mr. John Hyacinth De Magellan, of London, offered as a donation to the American Philosophical Society for promoting useful knowledge, the sum of 200 guineas, to be by them vested in a secure and permanent fund, to the end that the interest arising thereupon should be annually disposed of in premiums, to be adjudged by the Society, to the author of the best discovery, or most useful invention, relating to Navigation, Astronomy, or Natural Philosophy, Natural History only excepted.

In October, 1804, the Society, finding that the fund had great-

ly increased in consequence of the small number of premiums which had been awarded, established an extra Magellanic premium, to be awarded in all such cases, as came within the general view of the donation, and might lead to useful discoveries, inventions or improvements. This premium has recently been awarded to Dr. JAMES S. EWING, for a very important improvement in Hydrants, by which a great saving in water and money is effected.

It would be interesting to ascertain how many premiums have been voted by the society, and for what objects.

American invention, says a late English Magazine, seems to rival that of England and Germany. The names of Fulton and Perkins are followed by that of Church. This last gentleman is now in London, and, in concert with our machinists, is constructing an apparatus, which, if successful, will improve the art of printing as much as printing itself was an improvement of copying with the pen. His improvement extends to casting, as well as composing; and, by simplifying the casting process, and saving the expense of distributing, he proposes to compose always from new type, remelting after the addition is worked off. The re-casting for every new composition is connected with the regular laying of the types; and, when thus laid, it is to compose by means of keys like those of a pianoforte, each key standing for a letter or letters. By these means errors would be avoided in the composition, and the progress would be far more rapid than at present.

In the month of December last, a cat belonging to Mr. Woodhouse, a respectable farmer at Child's Ercall, in Shropshire, brought forth a litter of kittens, which was taken from her and drowned; shortly after she was observed to make frequent visits to the barn, and on following her to her retreat, she was found suckling eight young rats; the old rat at the same time was seen at a short distance.

Pere Joseph was a great favourite of Cardinal Richlieu's and was consulted on all occasions. One day when Duke Bernard was called to the Council, Pere Joseph ran over a map with his finger, saying, "Monsieur, you must take this city, then you must take this, then that——." The Duke having listened some time, at last said very coolly, "M. Joseph, they don't take cities with the finger." The King used to be much amused with this anecdote.

While Napoleon was yet a subaltern in the army, a Russian Officer with much self-sufficiency remarked, "that his country

fought for glory, and the French for gain." "You are perfectly right," answered Napoleon, "for every one fights for that which he does not possess."

Some thieves lately broke into a house at Walworth, England, while the family were at church, and robbed it of several articles, with which they decamped, leaving the following inscription in chalk on a table in the kitchen, "You must *watch* as well as pray."

*Public Buildings in Washington.*—The expenditures on these buildings, during the last seven months of 1822, amounted to \$116,795 72 cents; of which \$114,040 74 was expended on the centre of the Capitol, \$2,974 73 on the President's House and Culvert, and \$780 29 on the Capitol Square. [How much more is to be sunk in this barren waste?]

On the farm of Israel Loomis, of Herkimer, N. Y. about 65 miles west of Albany, 11 miles south of the canal, and half a mile north of the third great western turnpike road, is a small spring or run of water, which to all appearance, never alters, in quantity, either in wet weather or in dry. The water is perfectly soft and is considered the best in the region.

Now to the phenomenon—Invariably, before a northeast storm this spring becomes turbid. This muddiness commences about 24 hours before the storm, and continues from 4 to 10 hours, according to the power of the storm which is coming; this invariably takes place previous to a northeast storm, and at no other time. Previous to a moderate storm, however, this muddiness of the water does not continue more than two hours, and then runs clear again. There can be no possible error in this statement. The water is now conducted in aqueducts, and the spring is covered, so that no possible external cause could produce this effect. I have now stated facts as they are—The respectable aged people who have used the waters of the spring more than 20 years, tell me that they can predict a northeast storm as certainly as they can the rising and sitting of the sun; and that when the weather is perfectly mild, and the wind in the south or in the west, the perceptible signs of any storm at hand, still, if their spring becomes muddy, they are perfectly sure that a northeast storm will commence within twenty four hours.

This spring is situated at the north foot of a small hill, which is the most northerly spur of that range of hills whose waters feed the Susquehanna. The hill appears to be composed of clay and schist, and the spring pours out its water near its north foot, about two rods above the plane, where the limestone region commences. This water flows to the Susquehanna; although, in a direct line, it is within 9 or 10 miles of the Mohawk river.

Before Roquelaure was made a Duke, one day when it rained in torrents, he told his coachman to drive him into the Louvre, where no carriages were permitted to enter except those of Ambassadors, Princes and Dukes. When the coach reached the gate, it was demanded, "Who is there?" He answered, 'A Duke.' "What Duke?" rejoined the sentinel. "Of Epernon," said he. "Which?" Roquelaure replied, "The last who died." Upon this he was allowed to enter; but fearing that it might be made a matter of consequence, he went straight to the King. "Sire," said he "it rained so hard that I came in my carriage to the very bottom of your stair." The King inquired what fool had suffered him to do so. "A greater fool than your Majesty imagines," replied he, "for he allowed me to enter under the name of the last dead Duke of Epernon." The jest tickled the King's fancy, and he laughed away his anger.

The army of Mayence was attacked at Tofrou, in 1793, by Charett and Bonchamp, and, unable to resist the superior forces of the Vendéans, retreated and lost its artillery. The Republicans were on the point of being destroyed, as their retreat was about to be cut off. Kleber called the Lieut. Col. Schouardis; "Take (said he) a company of Grenadiers; stop the enemy at that ravin; you will be killed, but your comrades will be saved." "*Oui, mon general*," replied Schouardin calmly. He marched; held the Vendéans a long time in check; and after prodigies of valor, died with his men on the spot. This "*Oui, mon general*," equals the finest specimens of antiquity.

### EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING.

The Embellishment in this Number is intended to illustrate one of the scenes in the new American tale, entitled "The Pioneers." It is that in which Elizabeth meets Mohegan on the mountain, and the time selected by the artist is the period in the conversation at which the aged chief adverts to the loss of his family.

"Daughter, the Great Spirit made your father with a white skin, and he made mine with a red; but he coloured both their hearts with blood. When young it is swift and warm; but when old it is still and cold. Is there difference below the skin? No. Once John had a woman, she was the mother of so many sons; he raised his hand with three fingers elevated."

PIONEERS, v. II, p. 255.

### ERRATUM.

In the affecting Sonnet on a Goose in our last, for *waiting* read *wailing*. We wail over these blunders but they cannot be prevented.

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